THE LIFE & WORK OF E. J. PECK AMONG THE ESKIMOS

ARTHUR LEWIS

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E. J. PECK.

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By the REV. ARTHUR LEWIS, M.A. Author of "A Memoir of G. M. Gordon," etc., formerly a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society. With Eighteen Illustrations

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To the wives of our missionaries who, being compelled from various causes to remain at home, are ungrudgingly giving their husbands to the work of Christ in far-off lands, as well as to those who, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, are constant partners with their husbands in different climes, this book is dedicated.

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PREFACE

THE subject of Foreign Missions is so prominent on all sides in the present day that no apology is needed for the publication of a book dealing with a remote field, concerning which little is known beyond the limited circle of those who read Missionary magazines and newspapers. Some apology, however, may be needed for the author who has compiled the following pages. Conscious of lack of power; ignorant, as far as experience goes, of all the conditions of Eskimo life; personally unacquainted, until a short time ago, with any of the missionaries engaged in evangelistic work among the Arctic people; the book was taken in hand at the request of the Rev. E. J. Peck, whose sole desire was to quicken interest in missionary work and to deepen the sense of responsibility in the Church of Christ concerning the great commission with which it has been entrusted.

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A large amount of matter had previously been collected by one of Mr. Peck's friends, who wishes to remain anonymous. To this gentleman the thanks of the author are due not only for numerous selections from Mr. Peck's diaries, but also for many original passages which have been incorporated in the narrative, especially in the earlier chapters.

That there are many blemishes in the following pages the author himself is conscious, but he hopes that the reader will be lenient when he remembers that there was no possibility of consulting those who alone could have given help, had they been at hand—the missionaries. Working, as they are, among the Eskimos, they are hopelessly cut off from the outer world. How complete is their isolation may be well illustrated by what is passing in the author's mind as he writes this preface. In July, 1903, Mr. Peck sailed from Peterhead on the return voyage to Blacklead Island. About three or four weeks later, on August 13, his little daughter died at Boscombe. He has not yet

(August 3, 1904) received any news of his terrible loss. The annual ship has sailed once more, but still some weeks must elapse before he hears that Jesus has called the little child unto Himself, for " of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Among other things, this isolation has made it necessary for the author to assume responsibility in certain matters which certainly would otherwise have been submitted for approval to those most concerned. One of them in particular is the title of the book. Mr. Peck's earnest wish was that his name should be kept as far as possible in the background. His one desire was that all glory should be given to God, and the human instrument remain unhonoured. He had hoped that this volume would have gone forth under another title.

But reasons which appeared to be irresistible were brought forward for overruling these wishes, and it was decided accordingly to make use of Mr. Peck's name. When, however, he discovers this, more than a year hence, it will probably be another cross added to his life, which, it is hoped, he will

cheerfully bear for the Master's sake. And so, such as it is, this biographical sketch is sent forth to the public, with the earnest prayer that though mistakes of authorship and errors of judgment in editorship may be detected and condemned, God's Name may be glorified, interest in the extension of Christ's kingdom may be deepened, and the power of the Holy Ghost in convicting of sin and imparting newness of life may be recognised.

It should be stated that a portion of the first chapter, illustrating the life of a seaman on a British man-of-war more than thirty years ago, has been reproduced, by kind permission, from *Life's Look-out* by Sydney Watson.

LITTLE BREDY, DORSET.

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CHAPTER I

THE EARLY LIFE OF E. J. PECK.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

IN Cæsarea, Cornelius and his household were seeking the truth. In Joppa, God was preparing Peter to impart the truth. Saul, on the road to Damascus, was in great need of sympathy. Inside Damascus, God was taking away the fears and doubts of Ananias, so that he might give the sympathy needed.

Far away in Northern lands the Eskimos were waiting for the Gospel, silently yet eloquently making their claim on the Church of Christ. Thousands of miles away God was preparing the messenger who was to go to them carrying the tidings of salvation.

Edmund James Peck was the chosen instrument.

He was not by any means the first missionary from Christendom to the Eskimo race, for the Moravians have laboured long with great devotion

among the inhabitants of the Greenland and Labrador coasts.

He was not even the first representative of the Church Missionary Society to come in contact with the Arctic wanderers. Bishop Bompas, Bishop Horden and others had visited them at various points, but no one had hitherto devoted his life to them.

A brief sketch of his life previous to his call to a most arduous and self-sacrificing work will be instructive, as showing what means God chooses for the preparation of a Peter or an Ananias in these days.

Edmund James Peck was born on April 15, 1850. His parents at this time lived at Rusholme, near Manchester. His father was an energetic, conscientious, straightforward man, occupied in a linen factory. His mother was a sweet, happy Christian woman, whose influence was largely exercised upon her son. Edmund was the eldest of the family. There were three other children, a boy and two girls, making up, to borrow Mr. Peck's joke, a bushel of them. When the eldest child was seven years of age the family moved to Dublin. About three years after their arrival at the Irish capital the mother died. Her death, as is the death of every good mother, was an irreparable loss to the family, but she lived again in at least one of her children.

Soon after this, young as he was, Edmund Peck manifested a spirit of fearlessness and a desire for truth in matters of religion. He was surrounded by many Roman Catholics, and noticing among other things their great neglect of the observance of the Sabbath, though only eleven years of age, he would speak to some of them about it, and express a decided opinion that a religion which did not bring forth the fruits of holiness must be worthless in God's sight. In other ways also, especially in conversation with his father, the same kind of attitude was evident. And though this zeal for God was lost for some years afterwards in a careless life, it is interesting as pointing to the real bent of his character, and proving the truth of the old adage that " the child is father to the man."

When he was thirteen years old another sore trial befell the boy—the death of his father. Speaking of that time, he says : " The most vivid and sorrowful picture of my life was when I stood by the open grave of my father, with the tears rolling down my cheeks, as I remembered that I was now left utterly orphaned in a lone, lone world." Perhaps this was a foreshadowing of his future loneliness in a world of ice.

But help was at hand. Edmund Peck had attended the church of St. Matthias ; he had also been a member of the Sunday School of that church. The clergyman was the Rev. Maurice Day, after-

wards Bishop of Cashel, and he interested himself so that the lad was enabled to enter the navy. The kindly action of this clergyman made a deep impression on the boy's mind. Many years later, he had the great pleasure of meeting him again. The Bishop was the chairman of a meeting in Dublin for the Church Missionary Society, at which his former Sunday School scholar was one of the speakers. Their joy was great and mutual.

After having been received on board the guardship, H.M.S. *Ajax*, lying at Kingstown, Edmund Peck was very soon drafted to the training ship, *Impregnable*, stationed at Plymouth. Here he arrived on January 12, 1865, and remained until May 12, 1866. Then he joined H.M.S. *Caledonia*, which was under orders for the Mediterranean. It was in the Great Sea of the Old Testament, amid the historic surroundings of the ancient world, that the spiritual life of the future missionary was awakened and fostered.

At the end of about two years he was laid low with Mediterranean fever, and was brought very near to the gate of death. In the weeks of prostration that followed, one of the ship's officers used to come and see him frequently; and though we do not hear of these visits causing the patient more than passing pleasure, we can hardly doubt that they had a permanent effect.

As he returned to a slow convalescence, the young

sailor began to read a Bible which his sister had given him when they parted. Illness had awakened him to his need of spiritual and eternal things, and, in his own words, he "made great efforts to secure peace to his soul." These efforts, however, were in vain, for they were made in his own strength only, and "in the energy of the flesh." Mr. Peck concludes the review of this portion of his life with the expressive sentence, "While weakness lasted, I went on in what I may term the trying-to-be-a-Christian state."

As his health did not improve, he was invalided home to England in the autumn of 1868. After some time on furlough he was sent to Nelson's old flag-ship, the *Victory*. Speaking of this time, Mr. Peck says: "Many strange thoughts stirred within me as I looked upon that spot upon the *Victory's* quarterdeck where England's noblest naval hero fell fighting the battle which freed England from her foes. But little did I think at that time that the Lord would call me to a conflict mightier than that of earthly battles, because eternal destinies hang upon the triumphs of the host of God."

When drafted from the *Victory* he joined his old vessel, the *Caledonia*, though with a new crew. At this time there seems to have been some retrogression in the struggle for spiritual life. With returning health, as often happens, good resolutions grew

weaker, so that we find him writing: "For a time, at least, I gave up private prayer and the study of the Scriptures." But the wanderer was not allowed to wander unwarned. "In the midst of life we are in death," and this is especially true in the case of a sailor. Dangers and accidents are always eloquent, even when we cannot hear the voice of ordinary passing events. One day he was ordered aloft with one of his shipmates. The latter got into the rigging a moment before him and a race upwards ensued. Suddenly a ratline gave way under the foot of his shipmate, who was dashed upon the deck a maimed, crushed mass of humanity. This roused thought in the one who was spared: "Why was it that I was spared? Why was I led to the opposite side of the rigging to that which my poor shipmate had taken? Why? Because God had a life-task for me to perform."

On another day, when a heavy sea was running, he was sent to the large wheel, which had three tiers of spokes. A mighty sea caught the rudder and wrenched the wheel from the grasp of all the men who held it, dashing upwards, against the deck above, one poor fellow who was on the weather side. We who were on the lee-side were saved from hurt. The injured man died soon afterwards as a result of the accident.

Whatever effect these and similar accidents had upon the young sailor at the time, they were brought

to his remembrance later and used by the Holy Spirit for the guidance and moulding of his life. If it be true

> That not a worm is cloven in vain,
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain,

how much more the sudden death of one with whom we are closely associated! God's voice is always to be heard by those who have ears to hear.

It was, as a matter of fact, some time after this, on board his next ship, the *Excellent*, that the pearl of great price was found. Mr. Peck says, "One evening, when reading 1 John v. 9–13, this glorious passage was made the means of bringing peace, perfect peace, to my troubled conscience. With what power and force did these words of God speak to my poor longing, trembling heart! What a mine of comfort they held for me, and still hold, not only for myself, but for all those who will accept them!"

Truly, the spirit breatheth where He listeth. We understand readily enough that the whispered breath may be wafted to the weary soul in the hush of the sanctuary; in the stillness of the prayer-chamber; in the solemn hours of the night. We understand the louder message of God being heard in the inspired voice from the Church pulpit or the pleading tones of the Mission Room. We can understand the awful call of God to repentance coming

from the earthquake or the thunder as on Sinai. There is a certain agreement and harmony between them.

But we should be inclined to say that the confused discords of Babel were no surroundings for the Spirit of Pentecost. And yet it was a veritable Babel on board ship between thirty and forty years ago, in which the Holy Breath came into the life of young Peck and took possession of him.

There was no nook for quiet meditation where a seaman could be alone. Every place was public, every place was noisy. Here is a group playing a forbidden game of cards under cover of a barrier formed of piled-up "*ditty boxes*," a mess kettle, and other unshorelike obstacles. There is a man playing his banjo with his eternal tumma-tumma-tum-tum. In another part is a concertina in full swing playing "Jack's the Lad," while a score or more of step-dancers execute wonderful performances with their bare feet on the deck, their rough soles sounding like the rasp of a knife being cleaned on a brick-dust board. In another part are seen two young fellows, locked in each other's arms in orthodox ballroom fashion, whirling gracefully round in the dreamy mazes of a valse, the music being hummed by the pair in turn.

Yet again a sombre-minded sailor chants dolefully that dreariest of all ditties, "Babara Allan," beloved of Jack years ago. Close by him, another

tar with a hammer is whack, whacking a leather sole before clumping it, as well as any shoemaker, on to the waiting boot, and thus proving that "a sailor can do anything." A little knot of men is in hot and fiery argument over the Tichborne Case; another over the merits of a new gun. Here is a man writing to his sweetheart; another is making a twine cabbage-net for the mess; a third is mangling his washed clothes with the bottom of an enamelled basin or rolling-pin. The gangway is blocked here and there by men with fathoms of spun yarn and canvas-wrapped leaf-tobacco, "heaving" it into those huge cigar-shaped rolls much appreciated by sailors, envied and coveted by shore smokers—a hundred or two of men laughing, talking, skylarking; this is the scene into which the Gracious Spirit enters, and seeking out amid the din of that deck the young sailor who, defying all opposition, sits reading his Bible, whispers to him the word of peace and assurance.

On January 7, 1874, he was transferred from the *Excellent* to H.M.S. *Hector*, the guardship in Southampton Water, and here he formed a friendship with John Martin, sailmaker, Sydney Watson, carpenter's yeoman, and Tom Yeadle, seaman. These four eventually came to be like-minded in spiritual things, and so were also inseparable, meeting together night after night for prayer and praise. But they could not remain satisfied with mutual edification. They must offer their good things to

others also. Referring to these days, Mr. Peck writes: "A little band of the Lord's people, being thus brought together, we were almost immediately led to try and do something for our unconverted shipmates. Very soon we had interested one or two more seamen to join us, men for whose conversion we never ceased to pray. Then as the days went on, and our little nightly gathering grew more and more precious, we divided the hour spent, making the definite study of the Bible a part of the exercises; for each felt the need of feeding in the green pastures.'"

But they were not allowed much peace outwardly. They were hunted about constantly from place to place by many in authority who seemed to take a pleasure in persecuting them. Among their bitterest enemies was a ship's corporal, who, though he drove them like partridges, was forced to give an unwilling testimony to the effect of their meetings. The corporals' mess was cleaned and cared for by a smart but ungodly lad, who held the rating in the ship of first-class boy. This lad came down on one occasion to a meeting which was being held in the seclusion of the carpenter's store room. He was decidedly impressed, and this proved to be only the first of many gatherings that he afterwards joined. For he came again and again. Whether he was truly converted or not was not manifest, but certainly his whole life was changed. One night, as three

of the band of men were emerging from the store-room, their old enemy the corporal saw them, and beckoned them to him. As they ranged up close to his table, he said: "What in the name of fortune do you do down there with the fellows? They go down devils and come up saints." The words speak for themselves, and prove that God was manifested in these humble but happy gatherings.

The petty persecutions directed against these men, who had banded themselves together for devotion and spiritual edification, after a time became so constant that they could find no cave of Adullam as a permanent refuge. Accordingly they summoned up courage enough to make an official application for a spot where they might meet, "none daring to make us afraid," and in response to their appeal they were granted the use of one of the bath-rooms. What precious times they spent there; how sweet their memory still! One of these evenings stands out vividly to this day. The iron room is about twelve feet by nine; along three sides are massive iron baths, surmounted by huge pipes, and great glittering brass cocks. The deck under foot is covered with three-inch wooden gratings, sodden with water which, swayed with every motion of the vessel, rushes up over the men's bare feet. There is a general sense of cold, chill damp pervading the place, but it does not damp or chill the ardour of the little band of ten or a dozen sailors gathered there. The

little company are pitched (the Americanism "fixed-up" would be perhaps an appropriate word) in all sorts of odd positions; some are seated on their low ditty boxes (ten inches long, eight wide, seven deep, their size) placed on the wet deck gratings; some perch upon the cold, damp iron edge of the long baths; some stand leaning against the rough iron plates of the walls of the room. The gathered drops on the iron plates overhead and on the plates which form the sides of the room, make the whole place a kind of "nautical dripping well." All the men have Bibles in their hands, and there is a look of eager interestedness upon the faces. The subject of the Bible Reading is "Heart Religion," the place of reading the latter part of Deuteronomy v., and the early part of the next chapter.

"Listen to these words again, chums," says the old sailmaker as he repeats his reading. 'I have heard the voice of the words of this people, which they have spoken . . . they have well said all that they have spoken. O, that there was such an heart in them, that they would fear ME, and keep MY commandments always."

"Ah, chums," he goes on, "it makes all the difference whether a man has a head or a heart religion. Head religion is like *moon*light; that is pretty and cold, and romantic like, good for courting couples and for pictures, for poets and book-writing fellows when they want to make a pretty scene,

but it has no notion of melting ice or warming the earth. And it is just like that with head religion—there's no warmth, no life in it. There ain't ne'er a one of us here as would be so green as to hold our hands out to the moon to warm them; *but there are folks foolish enough to try and heal broken hearts, and to warm their cold souls with head religion.* Then when they find it is all a failure, they blame God and the Bible. They say there's nothing in any religion, it's all a farce, and *they*'ll have nothing to do with it. Poor things! They're *moon*-blind, or they would see the truth as God tries to teach it all through the Bible, that 'it is with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness.'"

Here the good old man tucked his book under his arm, rubbed his hands together with an almost boyish glee, as he continued: "Hallelujah! for the sunshine—God's sunshine—the joy of theLord! Why, look here. The other night when that little chap was singing his ditty on the upper deck, 'I love the merry sunshine,' you remember how everybody clapped him, and *encored.* I could not help wishing that a few of them would learn to love God's *heart*-sunshine. Thank God, He has made it so easy to have heart religion! Everyone has the power to trust, to believe."

A few more words from John Martin, and on they read: "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand."

"What does that mean?" asked a young sailor. "How can we carry religion on our hands?"

"Well, the idea comes to me like this," replied another: "If a gent has a regular tip-top ring, a diamond, or something like that, he's not only not ashamed of it, but he takes good care that everyone shall see it. You'll see, he'll stick out his finger when he lifts up his glass of wine to his lips; an' if he's twistin' his moustache, somehow you don't see the twist of the hair, but you do the twirl of that diamond. And it strikes me that God means to say to us, if our religion is worth anything people will see it as readily as though it was a diamond ring bound upon our finger."

Then, with a smile at the young sailor who had made the inquiry, the expounder continued: "Don't you remember, chum, when you an' me was shipmates in the *C*——, and we went ashore together at Madras, how we saw the different sects of Hindoos with their castemarks in their foreheads, and how proud they were of them, and how plainly the marks showed up to everyone?"

"Right yer are, I remember! But what's that got to do with religion on the hand?" said the young sailor.

"Nothing to do with the hand," replied the other. "But that same verse has something about the foreheads, too," and, lifting his Bible, the seaman expositor read, by the light of the lantern

which swung from the ceiling, "And they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes." "That is plainer still, chums; a fellow might lose his *hands* or hide them in his pockets, but with God stamped on his brow, I suppose everyone will know he is born again."

It will be seen from this faithful description of this meeting, which is but a sample of many like it, that though the men who were gathered together may not have had much critical knowledge of the Book of the Old Testament which they read, they had nevertheless grasped the simple truth of God's love, and realizing this they could give back love and praise to Him who had made them new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Besides the sustaining of spiritual life there was another result in the case of Edmund Peck and one other member of this little society of godly men. These two determined to improve themselves from the educational point of view. Morning after morning they were up and dressed and at their studies by four o'clock. The first half hour or so was spent in private devotion and Bible reading. After that they would read and write for the cultivation of the mind and intellect. But just as the meetings of the original four men for spiritual edification found a wider expansion when they began to invite their shipmates to join them, so there was a similar result in this more secular matter. The two

friends found so great a delight in their books that it became their increasing desire to share their privileges with others. So they began to cast about in their minds for some plan of action. After much thought and prayer as to what they should do for their shipmates, they decided to send a few pounds to London to their friend, Mr. Wm. Cheshire, Engraver, of Holborn Viaduct, and of Stirling Villa, Sutton, Surrey, asking him to lay the money out in suitable books for lending to the crew.

There *was* a ship's library, of course, on board the vessel, but it was a very small affair, and very dry, and very, very stale, so that scarcely any one thought of asking for a book. (Things in the Navy, in this respect, have somewhat improved, but in those days, a ship's library was an Ezekiel's Valley, "*full of dry bones.*")

On receipt of the letter and postal orders for two or three pounds, Mr. Cheshire was so delighted with their notion that he started off to see Mr. Samuel Partridge, of the well-known Paternoster Row firm. Showing that good man the letter, he asked: "If two man-of-war's men can do this much out of love for the souls of their shipmates, I feel that some of us who are Christians and in the book trade ought to help them a little. What will you do, Mr. Partridge?"

"Do!" said that gentleman. "I'll do this: For every pound's worth of books you can get in the

Row *gratis*, I'll add a pound's worth at the same rate."

Mr. Cheshire called upon other publishers, and two others specially helped him, Messrs. Shaw, of 48, Paternoster Row, and Mr. Haughton, author of *Heaven, and How to Get There*, and other kindred books.

The price of books thirty years ago bears no comparison with that of to-day. They had supposed that a parcel in size about two feet by one would have been about the kind of thing they should receive; their surprise when the parcel actually came was beyond all expression. The vessel was lying off Cowes at the time, in attendance upon her Majesty, who was at Osborne. The case was addressed to Sydney Watson, carpenter's yeoman, and he was summoned on to the quarterdeck one afternoon, and was asked what that huge case contained which was alongside, and addressed to him, and who gave him permission to order goods to that amount, since he was not entitled by rank to have any box on board other than his tool chest?

He replied that he had not yet seen the parcel, but that he and a chum certainly had sent for a few pounds' worth of books, to distribute on loan, to their shipmates in their messes.

The officer fumed, and said that the Government found all stores needed for the men, and that the owner could order the case to be sent ashore again, as it certainly should *not* come on board.

The carpenter's yeoman, dismissed from the presence of the irate officer, went to the gangway to see the *parcel*. It measured quite *three feet each way*—a stout, wooden case, iron-banded.

Passing down into the lighter on which it lay, he explained the difficulty to the man in charge, gave him a tip for his trouble, and asked him to request his manager at Cowes to let the case stay in his warehouse until he could get ashore, which would probably be the next day.

It was the commander who had refused permission for the case to come on board, and shortly after, when on shore, he was taken seriously ill with gout. This was the opportunity. Formal application was made to the next in command, and he readily allowed the box to be brought on the ship. They had to put a stout whip on the mainyard end to hoist the box (all nautical readers will understand this allusion), and after some considerable excitement the thing was housed in the store-room, though it only just passed down through the square of the hatch. The unpacking and sorting of that box was a wondrous time, for the contents were altogether beyond their conception of book wealth; and when, two days later, on the Sunday afternoon, immediately after dinner, the two chums carried a number of books, on loan, to each mess, their shipmates were as delighted as they were amazed. Only one thing was needed to complete the joy of that first distribu-

tion of loan literature, namely, the presence of Messrs. Cheshire, Partridge, Shaw and Haughton, that they might have seen how the sailors appreciated their kindness and generosity. That case of books proved an untold blessing to the ship's messes.

Interesting as are the scenes on this side of naval life, and tempting as they are to linger over, the narrative must hasten on to that which was in particular one issue of them. We glance at Mr. Peck's notes, and he takes up the story which links the Eskimos and their spiritual destinies with a British man-of-war :—

" About this time Tom Yeadle, the seaman gunner, informed me that he had heard from a clergyman, the Rev. T. Romaine Govett, Vicar of Newmarket, asking him to leave the Service and go, if possible, to Newmarket, as Scripture Reader. Tom Yeadle, for certain family and personal reasons, finding it impossible to comply with his friend's request, referred the clergyman to me (E. J. Peck), saying that he thought I might be able to go. After prayerful consideration and some correspondence with Mr. Govett, I was able—through the permission of the naval authorities, of course—to purchase my discharge, and I finally left the Navy on May 7, 1875, and went to Mr. Govett a few days after.

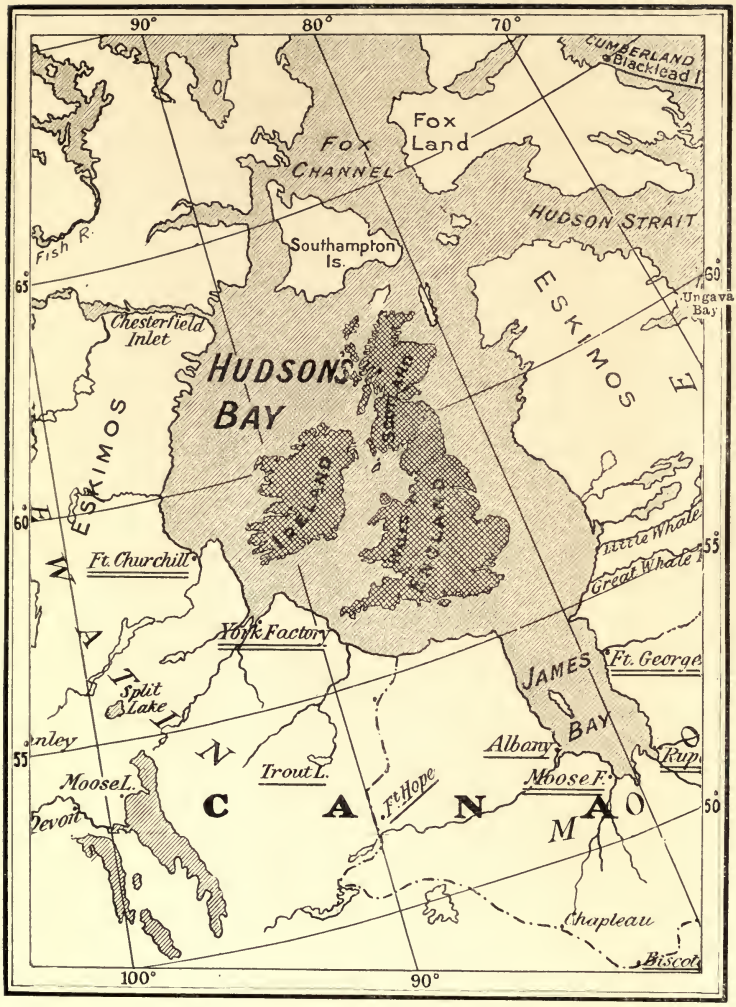
" The Rev. T. Romaine Govett was, in many respects, a remarkable man of God, and I could

never, if I tried, tell all that I owe, under God, to his wonderful influence upon my life and thought.

"My time at Newmarket was chiefly spent in study, visiting from house to house and reading God's word to the people, holding cottage meetings, and doing what I could for the racing men and others engaged in the 'horsey fever,' and all of whom seemed to live only for pleasure and gain.

"I had conceived a desire to be a missionary, and the desire grew stronger every day, while Mr. Govett rejoiced to foster it, offering to help me forward in my project in any way possible to him. One morning he called me up into his study and informed me that he had thought deeply over my missionary wishes, so much so, that on the previous night he could hardly sleep, and spent much of the night in prayer and deep thought upon the matter. He also informed me that he had decided to write to the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, and invite them to take me into their training institute. With feelings which I cannot describe I went up to London to see members of the committee, and after a very searching examination I was accepted for training, and entered the Society's preparatory institute at Reading in the latter part of 1875.

"I had been studying some months, when one morning I was startled by receiving a call to proceed to the Society's offices in London (Salisbury Square). On my arrival I was ushered into the



MAP OF THE DIOCESE OF MOOSONEE.

[The map of the United Kingdom, *on the same scale*, has been inserted to show how vast are the distances to be traversed.]

presence of the Rev. H. Wright, and pointing to the shores of Hudson's Bay, he told me that Bishop Horden needed a man to go forward to preach the Gospel to the Eskimos. With the holy enthusiasm of the true missionary he reminded me that it might be the Lord's will to gather, through my instrumentality, a people from these inhospitable wilds to be sons and daughters of God.

" ' Will you go ? ' he asked.

" Moved, doubtless, by the Holy Ghost, I immediately replied that I was willing to go. A short time was placed at my disposal to bid farewell to my loved ones, and to prepare for the voyage—a voyage, be it remembered, which *can* only be made once a year, at one special season. Mr. Wright and his family showed me not a little kindness, and it was from their never-to-be-forgotten home that I finally started for my port of embarkation in the beginning of June, 1876."

CHAPTER II

THE ESKIMOS—THEIR ORIGIN, GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION

"I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians."
"Come over into Macedonia and help us."

NOW that we have seen the man whom God had prepared for His call and work, let us visit the people for whom he was prepared, and learn something of their needs.

Shall we try to imagine a scene which may have taken place some 300 years ago or thereabouts? The French had begun to colonise Canada. The city of Quebec was about to be founded. One day a French settler had penetrated perhaps further north than usual. He met a strange-looking man. He was broad-faced, flat-featured, smiling, good-tempered, sallow complexioned, rather short, quite unlike the Indians by whom the Frenchman was accompanied, and with whom he had been quite familiar. He asked his companions:

"Who is this?"

With a contemptuous curl of the lip the Indians answered:

"Ieschimou," which being interpreted is, "He is a raw-flesh eater."

As the French became more and more familiar with the people from the North, the word in a somewhat altered form passed into their language, and they became known henceforward to all Europeans as Esquimaux, or, as the word is now generally spelt, Eskimos.

It will then be readily seen, if this be the correct derivation of the name, that a term of contempt, such as it is, would not be likely to be in use among the Eskimos. It is a mere nickname bestowed upon them by the outside world. They are quite satisfied about their own superiority over the rest of mankind, as were the Jews and Greeks of old. At least, we should be inclined to say so if we may judge from the name which they apply to themselves. This is *Innuet*, which may be translated by *The People*, though the root meaning seems to be *owner*. We are told in the old Hebrew record of the Creation that God saw everything that He had created, and it was very good. "No," say the Eskimo, "that is not true," if we may credit a tradition that is said to come from the region of the Mackenzie River: "God first made different tribes of Indians and different nations of White men, and He was not at all pleased. At last He made the Eskimos, and then rested from His labours perfectly satisfied." So they are *the* People.

But after we know the origin of both names—the one by which they are known to the outside world, and that by which they speak of themselves—we wish to know more. Who are the Eskimos? Where do they live? Whence did they come?

It is easy to ask questions, as every parent of a three-year-old child knows. But it is not always easy to give satisfactory answers. And the first and last of the above questions in particular receive by no means one and the same definite answer from different authorities. It is, of course, impossible to deal exhaustively with the origin of the Eskimos here. It is altogether beyond the range of this book.

A few facts, however, may be stated, and a few opinions, worthy of respect, may be quoted, which will, perhaps, be suggestive of a correct view to the mind of the reader who is interested in the subject.

The extent of the surface of the earth which they inhabit is very wide. Professor W. Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., says: "The Eskimos occupy the coldest parts of the earth in America and Asia, and their civilization is of a rude and primitive type. To the south of the Eskimos in America is a debatable land belonging neither to them nor to the Red Indians, between which races a feud exists." A stretch of about 3,200 miles of continent from East to West is occupied by these people, who claim to be the aristocracy of God's creation. But though their territory is so vast, the

number of the occupants—as, perhaps, is natural, seeing that perfection can be attained by few—is very small. Various calculations make the total of all the Eskimos range from 20,000 to 40,000.

Some authorities make five divisions of the Eskimos, according to the distributions of their tribes, extending from Greenland on the East to Alaska on the West, and going as far south as the Eastern and Western shores of Hudson's Bay. But there is not enough certainty about these divisions to make it worth while to discuss them. It is sufficient to say that those to whom the reader will be introduced are almost exclusively those of the central division on the Eastern shores of the Hudson's Bay and Cumberland Sound.

Before the advent of the white man there was more movement of the tribes-men than now for purposes of barter and exchange. The peculiar stone used for making kettles, driftwood, ivory, and kindred articles were all objects of value and caused intercourse for purposes of trade. But now, owing to the establishment of whaling and other stations, the geographical areas of the tribes are more circumscribed and confined, as each station is a centre of trade where most of the necessaries of life can be obtained.

As to their origin, it is extremely doubtful whether they came from Asia or America. There are different authorities of, perhaps, almost equal weight who support each theory.

They are found on the east of the American Continent at an early date. In the eleventh century Eskimos were met with there, according to the Saga of Eric the Red. The Norsemen of those days sailed forth from their Greenland colonies on voyages of discovery. After striking a fresh coast and sailing southwards they arrived, we are told, at the mouth of a large river, which they entered at high tide. There are wonderful tales of their finding self-sown wheat fields and of vines growing on the hillsides. The voyagers remained where they landed for some time and fed on the fat of the land, until one morning a great number of natives paddling skin canoes made their appearance. These new-comers and the Norsemen exchanged signals of peace, which resulted in a friendly intercourse extending over some length of time. The description of these natives corresponds with that of the modern Eskimos. They were evidently the tawny broad-featured Mongolian type of men with whom we have become familiar.

After a time, however, strife succeeded peace, and although the Norsemen defeated the Eskimos, they resolved to evacuate the new country rather than live in continual conflict with the inhabitants. Accordingly they returned to their own land.

At what time the Eskimos made their way to Greenland it is impossible to say. The colonists from Scandinavia do not seem to have come into

collision with them for 400 years after they had effected their settlement, and, if an argument may be drawn from silence, they did not even meet any inhabitants. They did, however, find ruined dwellings and stone implements which had belonged to some previous occupants. On them they bestowed the name Skroellings, or Weaklings, for they thought that the people who had such possessions as these must have been but a feeble folk.

It is probable that the Eskimos had their settlements further north, and that these ruined huts represented temporary sojourns only in the more southern districts of Greenland.

Perhaps it may be safe to conclude that the Skroellings were established in the higher latitudes of Greenland by the eighth or ninth century.

It is, however, in the fourteenth and the early part of the fifteenth centuries that they come forcibly into history. The Scandinavian colonies were then annihilated. This annihilation is said to have been due to the attacks of the Skroellings, though there were probably other causes at work as well, such as famine and plague. But whatever happened, Greenland became from that time forward an unknown land until it was opened up once more by the Mission of Hans Egede in the year 1721. The Arctic Wanderers, too, remained in obscurity until they were re-introduced to the larger world under the French name of Esquimaux.

But this, of course, proves nothing as to their place of origin. Those who hold the view that the American continent was the first home of the Eskimos believe that they must have been a tribe of fishing Indians who formerly lived on the banks of the rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean, and that they were gradually driven northwards by the pressure of the Southern tribes.

It is also said that their language bears some affinity to the Indian languages on the ground that it, like them, is agglutinative in character. But this, as Professor Boyd Dawkins says, is not sufficient proof to establish relationship. And the Rev. E. J. Peck writes: "I have had unusual facilities for comparing the language of the Eskimos with those of various Indian tribes—at least, with those of the Indians living on the shores of Hudson's Bay and Ungava Bay—and there is no possibility of believing that these were originally an Indian tribe, who might have been driven north by war or other causes."

Dr. Rink, who is a high authority, believes that many Eskimo weapons and implements are of American origin, and that this fact can form the foundation of a weighty argument. But we are hardly on firm ground here.

There is one weapon, indeed, which is very remarkable, and if any argument for relationship might be based upon the possession of it, would

go to prove the existence of cousinship between the Eskimos and some people who live in parts of the earth very widely separated from them. This is the throwing-stick, which, although most useful and ingenious, seems to be known only in two other countries. It is practically identical with the womera of the aborigines of Australia, and it is also said to be known to some tribes on the banks of the Amazon. It is probably safer, then, to assume that the mere possession of a weapon really proves nothing. This throwing-stick is a device for hurling a dart with far greater force than could be brought into play by the unaided arm. In fact, it practically lengthens a man's arm, and so gives him a vast amount of artificial leverage. It is eighteen or twenty inches in length, fitted with a pivot or loose hinge at one end upon which the detachable dart can work freely. It has a thumb-hole and finger-grooves so that it can be firmly grasped in the right hand. It is used both for harpoons and bird darts.

On the whole, the weight of argument seems to be against an American origin for the Eskimos, and in favour of an Asiatic one. They are closely allied with the inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands, and so perhaps Keith Johnson is right when he believes that they crossed from their own continent to America by the "natural bridge, or rather stepping-stones," which these islands form.

The word "Kayak," which is the skin-covered canoe of the Eskimo, may perhaps point to their origin. Dr. Isaac Taylor derived it from a primitive word common to the Yakut and Seljuk races in Asia. According to him the original meaning would be a *birch-covered* canoe, but in lands where skin has of necessity to take the place of other material, the name has been retained though the fabric does not exist. There may, to say the least, be some history contained in this very small nutshell.

Again, it seems likely that the perpetual feud existing between the various Indian tribes on the one hand, and the Eskimos on the other, as well as the debatable land which separates them, points to a difference of race. We should also bear in mind the tone of contempt which the former adopt in speaking of the latter—a fact of which use was made in opening this chapter.

Perhaps argument from physical characteristics may not be worth much, for these may be influenced largely by climatic and other conditions. But whether worth much or little, the features of the Eskimos are in marked contrast with those of the Indians, and would seem to speak of Japanese and Chinamen being near of kin.

Dr. Rink believes in an Alaskan origin, but after weighing the pros and cons carefully, Dr. Boas sums up: "I believe that an Alaskan origin of the Eskimo

is not very probable. If pure type and culture may be considered as significant, I should say that the Eskimos west and north of Hudson's Bay have retained their ancient characteristics more than any others. If their original home was in Alaska, we must add the hypothesis that their dispersion began before contact with the Indians. If their home was east of the Mackenzie, the gradual dispersion and seeming contact with other tribes would account for all the observed phenomena. A final solution of this interesting question might be obtained by means of archæological research on the coast of Bering Sea."

And there, as far as these pages are concerned, the problem must be left.

As to government among the Eskimos, there is almost nothing to be said, except that outside the family it is practically non-existent. There are no chiefs over tribes, no rulers and no laws. It is true that sometimes a man will be recognized as a sort of leader, but this is due to his own personal character, his skill as a hunter, or some other almost accidental circumstance rather than to any hereditary right.

Warfare, though perhaps not uncommon in former generations, is now really unknown, and disputes between tribes do not occur. Custom is the only ruler, and is the one unwritten law which is held up to be obeyed. Should a man make himself

persistently objectionable by constant violation of what is regarded as right in this way, he is generally punished by a sort of ostracism; but this is rarely resorted to. In extreme cases offenders have been known to be put out of the way by a sort of judicial murder.

The love of peace characterises not only the tribes in their relations with one another, but also the individual members of each community. "I have known," says Mr. Peck, "cases where, rather than quarrel, the offended party has refrained from retaliation in the slightest degree, and, with some simple conciliatory remark, has walked away."

It may be pointed out in passing that if the accounts of the extermination of the Scandinavian colonies on the Greenland coast in the fifteenth century, to which allusion has already been made, be at all accurate, that chapter of history, as well as the records of tribal wars among themselves, would indicate that the temper of the modern Eskimo is vastly different from that of his Skroelling progenitor.

Perhaps the most important inquiry we can make about any people is concerning their religion.

And here a great deal might be said, for many facts are known, but we must content ourselves with a brief summary.

There is no system of worship, and the religious ideas of the Eskimos are connected with the nega-

tive position of propitiation rather than with any positive reverence or love for God or gods. The cause of this is perhaps that the world is regarded as governed by supernatural powers, each of which is the owner of some particular object, or animal, or passion. The unseen owner is the *innua*. We have had this word before as applied to the Eskimos by themselves. Now the innua seems to have a very intimate connection with its object, just as the soul with the body, and, supernatural though it is, it seems very ready to take offence if all its prejudices are not strictly regarded. And so the religion of these people consists chiefly in the observance of a vast number of taboos, wearing of charms, and other superstitious practices in order to avert misfortune.

A very long list of the taboos might be written, but let a few, enumerated by Dr. Boas, suffice:—

"No work on seal-skins must be done during the caribou hunting season. Seal-meat and caribou meat must not be eaten on the same day."

"Hair of caribou-skins must not be cut during the musk-ox hunting season."

"The tusks of walrus caught during the winter must not be taken out of the skulls until the latter part of April."

"A person who has recently lost a relative by death must not pluck ducks, else the birds will keep away from the hunters."

"No work must be done for three days after a bear or a ground seal has been killed. The women must not comb their hair."

"The bedding must not be disturbed until late on the day when a ground seal has been caught," and so on *ad infinitum*. The origin of these taboos is impossible to find, though in some cases there are stories concerning them. For instance, walrus and caribou must not come in contact any more than seal and caribou, as in the first taboo mentioned above. This is accounted for by the dislike of these animals for each other as indicated in the following tradition: "A woman created both these animals from parts of her clothing. She gave the walrus antlers and the caribou tusks. When man began to hunt them the walrus upset the boats with his antlers and the caribou killed the hunter with his tusks. Therefore the woman called both animals back and took the tusks from the caribou and gave them to the walrus. She kicked the caribou's forehead flat and put the antlers on it. Ever since that time it is said that the walrus and caribou avoid each other, and the people must not bring the meat of these animals into contact."

In further explanation why portions of the dead animals must not be brought into proximity, it is said that the soul or innua of some sea animals stays with the body that has been killed for three days. Then it goes back to the chief goddess

from whom it originally proceeded, Sedna. If during these three days any transgression of a taboo has taken place, the transgression becomes attached to the animal's soul and causes it pain. And, moreover, it is compelled to take this transgression back to the abode of Sedna.

There are terrible accounts of starvation following as a punishment upon the violation of these taboos. No seals or whales or caribou or game of any kind can be bagged by the hunter.

In their extremity the people call in the services of the angakok, who is the magician, sorcerer, or medicine man. This man is able to see the souls of people and animals, and he does so through the help of guardian or familiar spirits (tornak). These familiar spirits are themselves ruled by one supreme spirit.

In the case of sickness, which has perhaps resulted from some unconscious transgression, the angakok seats himself in the snow-house or tent with a screen between himself and the people present. The lamp is almost extinguished. He takes off his outer fur coat, and begins to sway his body backwards and forwards in the most violent manner, at the same time making the most unearthly yells. Having worked himself up to a state of great excitement, he announces the arrival of his familiar spirit. The angakok then questions this spirit as to the cause of the present sickness and trouble.

In return the spirit gives directions for the wearing of certain charms, abstinence from particular food, and other matters. Of these charms there is a considerable variety, bones and teeth of animals, pieces of deer skin in which are stitched up bits of deer flesh and sundry articles equally efficacious. It is worthy of note that in cases where the wilful transgression of a taboo has taken place, confession on the part of the offender invariably removes the calamity that resulted as a punishment. In the case of a famine, for instance, the guilty person is sought. If he confesses, the seals will allow themselves to be caught. If he obstinately maintains his innocence, his death alone can appease the offended deity.

Mention was made of Sedna as one of the chief deities. She has special dominion over the sea, the weather, and certain sea-animals the creation of which is attributed to her. There are variations in her story in different localities, but the main features are generally the same everywhere.

"Sedna lived with her father in the Eskimo country. She was a beautiful girl, and was wooed by many of the Eskimo youths. But to none of her lovers would she give her heart. At last, a fulmer, a kind of sea-gull, wooed and won her affections. The bird promised her a lovely tent, plenty of food, and everything that would gladden the heart of a fair Eskimo lady. Trusting his

promises, Sedna travelled far away with her fulmer lover, and at last came to its home. But she was grievously disappointed, for there was no suitable dwelling provided for her, and the food, which with great difficulty she obtained, was of the very coarsest, poorest kind.

"Sadly she bewailed her lot, and regretted having rejected her many lovers in the far-off land of her birth.

"At last her father, in the following year, and when the weather was fine, went to pay her a visit, and thus became aware of the bitter deception practised upon his daughter by her worthless husband. Filled with rage the father killed the fulmer, and taking Sedna into his boat, he proceeded over the sea to the place from whence he came.

"The other fulmers on returning to their home beheld with sorrow and rage the body of their dead companion, and started in pursuit of Sedna and her father.

"Flying with swift and vengeful wing across the seas they speedily overtook the two fugitives, and intent upon their revenge they caused a mighty storm to blow. Giant waves rose and threatened to engulf Sedna and her father. The father, thinking only of his own safety, cast the unfortunate girl overboard, but she clung desperately to the gunwale of the boat with both hands.

"The inhuman father then took up a hatchet and chopped off the tips of his daughter's fingers up to the first joints. These finger ends dropped into the sea and turned into seals.

"Again the girl gripped the gunwale of the boat, and again her father brought down the hatchet upon her fingers and severed the second joints. These mutilated fragments also dropped into the sea and became bearded seals.

"Once more, in despair, the wretched Sedna seized the boat, and for the third time the unnatural father let his weapon fall and cut through the last joints. The stumps of the fingers in a similar manner were turned into whales.

"The fulmers, supposing that Sedna was now drowned and settled with, caused the wind to cease; and when the storm was thus suddenly stilled the father took his maimed child back into the boat.

"But Sedna's soul was now filled with hate of her father, and she nursed her purpose of revenge for all his diabolic cruelty. After they returned to their own land, she took an opportunity, when her father was asleep, to set a pack of hungry dogs upon him, who devoured the soles of his feet.

"In a fierce wrath the father cursed Sedna, himself, and the dogs, whereupon the earth opened and swallowed up Sedna, her father, and the dogs, and ever since they have lived in the lower parts of the earth."

The Eskimos thus not only attribute to Sedna the creation of the sea animals named, but they also believe that she is the cause of the storms which so often sweep over their icy land and prevent them from successfully pursuing their hunting expeditions.

An annual festival known as the Sedna Ceremony is celebrated in the autumn. The object of this is, as the people say, "to order and command that there shall be no more wind, and that the weather shall be only such as shall go to the making of a successful hunting season."

There seem to be two parts of the festival, one for the maiming or driving away of Sedna, the other consisting of rejoicing in the accomplishment of this object.

In this ceremony the angakoet play an important part.

Proceedings commence in a tent by a line being coiled upon the floor in such a manner that the upper part of the coil forms a small circular hole. Over this hole two angakoet stand, one holding a harpoon, and the other the line which is attached to the harpoon.

Another angakok, seated in another part of the tent, sings an enticing song with the object of alluring Sedna from the under world. Her arrival is known by a blowing noise, and the angakok then drives the harpoon into his victim, who, though grievously wounded, manages to escape, and

to descend to her dreary abode in the nether regions. She is, however, supposed for a time to have power to hurt the Eskimos, so they don charms, which they wear upon their heads to counteract her sorceries.

Sedna having been thus placed *hors de combat*, the event is celebrated next day by the performance of the following ceremonies :—

A circuit is made of the settlement by the people, those who were born in the winter wearing partridge feathers in their head-dresses, and those who were born in the summer the feathers of the eider duck. Imitating the calls of the birds which they severally represent, the people pass round from tent to tent.

The keeper of the tents (a woman in every case) is expected to give them some presents, which she throws among the noisy crew, who scramble for the scattered gifts, and then pass on to the next tent.

The next performance is the "Tug of War." A seal-skin line is used, and those having partridge feathers in their head-dress take one end of the line, and the eider ducks the other.

The hauling and struggling begin, when, if the partridges win the day, fine weather for the winter will be the result.

Next comes the ceremony of water sprinkling, and telling of the name and place of birth. Each person

holds his or her drinking cup; the oldest man then steps forward, takes up some water, sprinkles a few drops on the ground, turns his face in the direction of the land where he was born, and speaks his name and the place of his birth. This is next done by a woman, and so on with the sexes alternately, until the whole of the community has performed this extraordinary rite.

After this follows the last part of the ceremony, of which the details are too revolting, by reason of their immorality, to place before the readers of these pages. Suffice it to say that they form an illustration of St. Paul's indictment of the Gentile world in the opening chapters of his epistle to the Romans.

In connection with this story of Sedna and religious doctrine generally, it is worthy of note that the Eskimo's conception of the Spirit of Evil is unlike that of any other nation. The devil is feminine instead of masculine. It may be suggested that possibly this is a distorted idea derived from the Biblical narrative in which Eve is the channel by which sin is introduced into the world.

Notions of heaven and a future state seem to be somewhat hazy. There is a certain conviction that this life, with its limited sphere of action, does not represent the final end of existence. There is probably, in the mind of every Eskimo some conception of a material heaven with abundance of seals and the absence of blizzards, and to this he

may some day attain. For the good go to this place, viz., those who have been kind to their neighbours, those who have been drowned, those who have been killed while hunting; also women who have died in child-birth.

On the other hand, murderers, and those who have been angry with, and generally unkind to, their neighbours go to the land which is below. In this region storms rage; the cold is intense, and animal life is scarce.

Stories told by the people themselves illustrate their hopes of a better world more graphically than any words of explanation. An old Eskimo, who in his time had been a mighty hunter, told Mr. Peck one day that many years ago he had seen a very wonderful seal. Its fat was so thick and it made the creature so buoyant that it could not dive when pursued by the hunters. This aged Nimrod explained matters by assuring his visitor that such seals fall down from heaven, and that the bliss of the future state consists in the number of fat seals, reindeer, and other coveted animals that will be found above.

Another day an Eskimo woman narrated with evident sincerity how she had been away inland with a number of people who were hunting reindeer. Suddenly they heard a wonderful noise close at hand, and, looking in the direction of the sound, they saw the carcase of a fat reindeer which, she

said, had fallen down from heaven. We use the phrase "it is raining cats and dogs." Is there any connection between this and Eskimo ideas? Possibly some, though probably not many, among us hope to find heaven very thickly populated with our domestic pets.

These fat animals, however, are special foretastes of what is coming. They are samples of the heavenly seals and reindeer. The ordinary sea monsters which the Eskimos hunt day by day have a lower, an earthly or watery origin, as we have already seen.

Another interesting feature in the creed of the Eskimo is a shadow of the doctrine of propitiation by means of sacrifice.

On the north-eastern shores of Hudson's Bay, parts of an animal killed in the chase are cut off, and the Eskimos speak of this slain one's *akkinga* [i.e. its pay or ransom], and it is considered to be a means of appeasing the creature for the life taken. This has doubtless a reference to the *spirit* or innua of the animal

Again, in Hudson's Bay, in cases of sickness, the angakok questions the sick man as to his past life and deeds, and, after receiving the confession, he will order one of the sick man's dogs to be slain, in the evident belief that the life of the dog makes an atonement for the man's evil deeds, and that atonement having been made, the sick man will recover.

"I have known," writes Mr. Peck in this con-

nection, "a sick man who was scarce able to crawl, and who had no angakok at hand, managed to load his gun and with great difficulty shoot his dog, hoping to recover by merit of his sacrifice, though the sequel to his act was not a cure, for he died of the malady of which he was suffering."

Again, the Eskimo has a tradition of the flood. According to Dr. Boas, in his work on *The Central Eskimos*, the following account is given of their tradition of the Deluge :—

"A long time ago the ocean suddenly began to rise until it covered the whole land. When the flood had subsided the ice stranded, and ever since has formed a cap upon the mountain summits. Many shellfish, fish, seals and whales were left high and dry, and their shells and bones may be seen to this day. A great number of Eskimos died during this period, but many others who, when the waters rose, had taken to their kayaks were saved."

There is also a remarkable story of the creation of the first woman, which may be some hazy relic of the Biblical record. Though worthy of insertion, it must be stated that it seems to be a somewhat local tradition, and possibly it is not accepted by all Eskimos.

"The man (no tradition is given of how man was created), feeling very lonely, went out one day when the sun was shining, and when the earth was in

some measure thawed. Taking some clay, he made an image like unto himself. He was not, however, satisfied with his workmanship, and blew upon the mass of clay with the object of blowing it down. But as he blew upon the clay image it suddenly became endowed with life and beauty, and he thus obtained a wife and companion."

Enough has been said, perhaps, to give the reader some general idea, at any rate, of the religion of the Eskimos. It is impossible to be exhaustive, for volumes might be written upon this subject. The few incidents, stories, and practices here narrated tell us this much, that there is in the northern and desolate regions of the earth a man of Macedon raising his cry to the great Christian Church, " Come over and help us."

CHAPTER III

THE ESKIMOS AT HOME AND AT WORK.

"Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?"

"Work . . . for the meat which abideth unto eternal life?"

"Give ye them to eat."

IF we wish to make friends with people we must know them in the home circle and family life. Now we wish to become the friends of the Eskimos. Then we must enter their homes and live with them. We shall have to go down low on our hands and knees to crawl through the doorway, not much more than a hole, which is the entrance to the Eskimo's *iglo* or snow-house—his winter dwelling-place.

Frozen snow is easy to work, and therefore very adaptable for building purposes. So this is the Eskimo substitute for bricks and mortar. When a man wishes to build his iglo he describes a rough circle and places his blocks of snow round in order. Then tier upon tier of blocks rises in circle after circle, each layer of smaller diameter than the one below, until at last one block fills up the empty

AN ESKIMO IGLO OR SNOW HOUSE.

space and the dome is complete. Interstices between the blocks are filled up by the women and children, while the men build the walls. It is amazing how quickly a family will get under cover. A house capable of accommodating a family of six can be finished in two hours, while one to accommodate one or two hunters when travelling, which is needed only for a long night's shelter, will rise, like a mushroom, in an hour.

The sleeping place in such structures is formed by leaving a portion of the snow-drift out of which the blocks for the walls were cut. This original bank serves as a couch. On it is spread a mat made from a kind of willow. Two or three layers of thick reindeer skin are placed on top of the mat, and the blankets, made of softer reindeer skin, are wrapped round the sleeper.

Speaking of snow-houses, Mr. Peck says:

"I may say that they are fairly comfortable provided the weather is calm, and when one is well provided with plenty of good reindeer-skin, socks, etc. But in stormy weather one's position in a snow-house is not to be envied. In any case, it stands to reason that, should the temperature within the house rise above freezing-point, the inmate has then the comfort of feeling drops of water cooling his head and face, and in cases of a pronounced thaw outside, I have known the whole roof to collapse. How delightful!"

Such is the chief kind of winter dwelling of the Eskimos on the coasts of Hudson's Bay, Cumberland Sound, and many other parts. Elsewhere different modes of building are met with.

Into one of these houses let us enter and form part of the family circle. The head of the house, like every Eskimo, is a hunter. As the days are short, the hours must be economized. Long before the dim light makes itself evident the hunter is up. His wife puts a fresh supply of blubber into the lamp and trims the wick, and the sledge is made ready. Should the household larder contain any meat, the hunter takes a morning meal; but if, as is often the case, the larder is of the Mother Hubbard type, then the poor Eskimo has none.

Fastening his dogs to his sledge he then drives over the frozen waste till he arrives at a favourable spot for sealing.

During the time that the hunters are away the women employ themselves in making or repairing the clothing or footgear of their husbands and children. When we remember that every article of wearing apparel is made of the skins of the captured animals, and that before they are fit to be sewn they have to be prepared at a great cost of time and labour by the women, it is easy to understand that, as in civilized England so in the land of snow-houses and skin clothes, "a woman's work is never done."

The women have other duties, however, besides making and mending clothes. There are the lamps to be thought of, and these make no small demand on their time.

In many regions the Eskimo lamp is still made of stone; the wick is generally prepared from moss, and is kept at a proper height by means of a stick, so that the lamp will not smoke. A vast amount of practice is needed before this object can be attained with any degree of certainty.

Blubber supplies the oil that is needed. It is prepared by beating it with a large bone with a heavy end, and when beaten almost to a pulp, it is either placed in the lamp in this form or hung on a cross-piece of wood some little distance above the flame of the lamp. The heat of the flame then melts the blubber and causes it to drip into the lamp below.

It must not be supposed that cooking is considered to be a necessary accompaniment of food. An Eskimo can thoroughly enjoy a good meal of raw seal's flesh and blubber, as we inferred from the meaning of the name mentioned in the last chapter. But nevertheless the food, or a portion of it, is sometimes cooked, and if there is meat in the house, the wife often is engaged in preparing it against her lord's return. Kettles, like the lamp, made of stone, are kept for this purpose.

The children spend most of their time in play.

Out of doors they make miniature snow-houses, slide down small inclines upon sledges, or engage in their favourite game of football. This last, however, should more strictly be called *hand-ball*, for the seal bladder, which takes the place of the ball, is thrown from hand to hand.

If the weather should be bad, and in consequence they should be confined to the hut, they have various games corresponding to our cup and ball, cat's-cradle, and others which will keep them amused for hours. The parents of smaller children make toy sledges, bows and arrows, garments (made of wood) for the dolls, and such like to keep the little ones happy.

But amid all their play, whether it be out of doors or in, the return of their father from the hunt is scented long before he reaches the snow-house, when, if he should have proved successful, a very lively scene ensues. With shrieks of delight the children yell: "Netsukpok, netsukpok!" (He has caught a seal, he has caught a seal!)

The wives turn out and help their husbands unharness the dogs. The harness is coiled up inside the house, while the sledge is often put upon the top. The spoil also is hauled inside out of the way of the dogs.

The seal is then skinned and cut up, quite a number of people sometimes congregating in the successful hunter's house, and partaking with very evident gusto of pieces of the gory meat.

ESKIMO WOMEN WITH DEAD SEAL.

After supper the men generally have a chat about the day's hunting and their successes, and if they do not draw the long bow quite as strongly as the proverbial fishermen who, at the riverside inn, dilate upon their piscatorial successes, they at least prove that, when it comes to sporting talk, the Eskimo sportsman is very near akin to his civilized confrère.

Over these chats the friendly pipe is smoked with evident relish, both women and men indulging in "the immortal weed."

The Eskimos, like sailors, will endure any hardship, forego almost any necessary of life, if only by such means he can secure his much-loved tobacco.

At these smoking concerts the people will sit up quite late, especially if there be plenty of meat in stock.

When the last lingering visitor has taken his departure, a block of snow is fitted into the tiny door in the base of the house. This is done to keep the place warm ; a small hole, however, is made in the roof by way of a ventilator.

These preparations for the night having been completed, the people strip off *all* their garments, then wrap themselves in fur blankets, and sleep as sound all through the night as a twelve-year-old boy at get-up time.

In dealing with the home life it must not be forgotten that the Eskimo is distinguished for hospi-

tality. Most travellers agree that he will suffer almost any personal inconvenience rather than fail in this respect.

Custom allows a man to make free with his neighbour's house. If he enter an iglo and there happens to be seal's meat or blubber at hand, he will take his knife, cut off a huge piece, and eat away with perfect sang froid, and this, too, at times without the introductory remark of, "*because I am hungry, therefore shall I eat.*"

Such are our friends in winter, and most of their year is winter. In summer they live in tents, and their outdoor life necessitates variations from the above descriptions. Searching for shellfish, netting salmon and trout, hunting reindeer, are all familiar occupations in different localities which fill the day.

Let us next enter the outfitting department of the Eskimos and look round. With God's wondrous harmony of Providence, food and clothing singularly allied are found to hand, and of the most, nay, the *only*, suitable character for the climate. The most closely-woven woollen garments of the thickest and of the very warmest, choicest quality are at times utterly inadequate to keep out the piercing winds of those awful Arctic wastes, and this even if garment should be piled upon garment until the human form be almost mummified in its wrappings.

But clothed in God's special provision, the skins

of reindeer, seal, eider duck, an Eskimo can brave the fiercest winds or the most piercing cold.

Two suits of clothing are used, the inside suit being made so that the fur is turned inwards next the skin. The outer garments are made in the opposite manner, viz., with the fur turned outwards. It is necessary for warmth to have these two fur suits; and not only so, no fastenings or openings are made in either the front or back, otherwise the penetrating cold would effect an entrance. The coat is slipped over the head in a sack-like fashion. Fur socks protect the feet, and over these are worn long boots made of sealskin.

The only practical difference between the dress of the women and that of the men consists in a kind of tail, a flap-like appendage to the coats of the former, and in the addition of a large hood, which is fitted to the collar, in which their babies are carried. This is the quaintest of infant perambulators. The little round, flat face, and the beady dark eyes of the baby peep upon the wintry wilds outside from the snug depths of the great fur hood of the mother. The latter shuffles along with a peculiar motion of the shoulders, humming all the time one of those lullabies which only mothers know how to sing and babies to understand. If these efforts are not successful in pacifying the little one, a piece of raw seal's meat or blubber takes the place of the teething ring or the "lollipop" with us. The gory

or oily morsel generally produces a magical effect.

Skins of the eider duck, which are also made up into clothing, are reserved almost exclusively for the babies.

The Eskimo displays a great accuracy of eye, as was experienced by Mr. Peck. He was in want of a new fur suit, and accordingly the tailor was called in. He took no measurement; he simply turned Mr. Peck round and studied his figure, went away, and in due time brought the clothes, which proved to be an admirable fit.

No picture of the home life perhaps ought to be regarded as complete without some few remarks concerning that which produces it—marriage. Children are usually betrothed by their relatives at a very early age; but these engagements are sometimes broken off later on. When the children reach maturity the girl learns the duties of a housewife. As soon as the boy is able to provide for a family and the girl can do her necessary work, the couple are allowed to marry. In cases where no betrothal has taken place in childhood, men look out for wives as soon as they arrive at the age of maturity. Sometimes the services of a mediator or matchmaker are secured. After the marriage has taken place the young people generally begin life with the parents of the bride: and if the husband and his wife belong to different tribes the former must join that of the latter. It is not until after

ESKIMO WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

the death of his parents-in-law that the man is completely his own master.

The list of things necessary for starting housekeeping is an extremely limited one. The lady needs her sewing materials — a circular knife for cutting out skin garments, a stone kettle, and a lamp. The gentleman's outfit consists of his dogs' sledge and hunting weapons. He joins no building society; purchases no building site; knows no landlord, no tax-gatherer, no rate-collector; leases and agreements are farther removed from him than the myths of the Greeks; he knows only one system of dwelling upon the earth, namely, that of God's freehold, and he builds his snow-house or pitches his tent, according to the season, where he will; and when game is fairly abundant he appears to lead a very happy life.

Polygamy is not common among the Eskimos; it is not, however, regarded as improper. It is probably the difficulty of providing for more than one wife and family which keeps the practice within bounds. Divorce is quite common, and wives are put away at times for the most frivolous causes. It may be readily understood that the sanctity of the marriage bond cannot be held in very high estimation when religion itself or friendship can not only sanction, but demand, a temporary exchange of wives.

Widows are generally cared for by their relatives.

Orphans are often adopted by the relatives of the deceased. It is also by no means uncommon to find orphan boys adopted by those who have no male children of their own. The prospect of the boys being able to keep them in their old age is an incentive to this action. The treatment of children is generally very mild. They are not scolded, whipped, or subjected to any corporal punishment. Infanticide has been practised, but probably only female children or children of widows and widowers have been murdered in this way. The reason for it is the difficulty of provision only.

We next turn to the outdoor life of the Eskimo, and examine it in some of its details. Let us look first at his means of locomotion.

The sledge is his carriage; dogs are his motor power.

Speaking of the West Coast of Hudson's Bay, Dr. Boas says that in old time, when wood was scarce, sledges were sometimes made of walrus hide, cut lengthwise, rolled up tightly and then frozen. Now they are frequently made of wood where it can be obtained. They vary in size according to the material available. The authority just quoted tells us that they are about 16 feet long, and the runners are placed from 18 to 22 inches apart. These are sometimes made of steel, which is obtained from traders; sometimes they are of bone.

In extremely cold weather these runners are often

cased with clay, and over the clay water is poured. When the watered clay has been carefully smoothed with a knife, a glass-like surface is secured, which makes the travelling peculiarly easy.

The runners are kept upright and in position by cross-bars of wood, which are lashed to them. The fore-part of the runner curves upwards about three feet from the front to prevent its sticking in the hummacks of snow or ice.

It is almost needless to point out that sledging often makes the greatest demand upon one's powers of endurance, but the imperturbable cheeriness of the Eskimo is always equal to it. Through blinding drifts and blasts of cruel cutting wind the traveller has to press on to his goal.

Once a party of Eskimos started over the frozen sea for Little Whale River from an island fifty miles away. A terrific gale arose after their departure, and so blinding was the drift that they could not possibly see the route they should pursue. Knowing, however, the direction of the wind, they steered a rough course landwards.

The first night they built themselves a rough shelter of snow, and made another start next morning. The wind and drift were again against them, but still they pressed on, and finally succeeded in reaching a point some two miles to the north of Little Whale River.

They were disappointed to find that they had

just missed the actual entrance to the river. Two miles out, of course, after so perilous and difficult a journey, was a very trifling matter; yet, though very few, even natives would have persisted in facing the drift as they had done, their chagrin at missing the actual mark was great, and they were not spared the mirth of their chaffing countrymen whom they found at the post, and to whom they frankly confessed their blunder.

The dogs are a very important feature in the life and occupation of an Eskimo. They vary in number, according to the wealth of the owner and his ability to keep them from starving. Each dog has a separate harness. This is generally made of sealskin. One part is fitted over the dog's head: two other pieces go over the chest and under the forelegs, and are joined together at the back of the dog. At the point of junction is attached the *peto*, which is a very strong line or trace, fastened to the sledge. These traces are not all the same length, but they are tied so that the leading dog is well in advance of the one coming after.

"Dog driving," says Mr. Peck, "is certainly enough to try the patience of any man. The long seal lines by which the dogs are attached to the sledge often become a perfect tangle, caused by the habit of the animals of wildly rushing about from one side to the other, especially when they imagine the long whip, which the Eskimo driver

uses with such skill, is on its way through the air for their particular benefit. If the hauling lines are not cleared in time, a hopeless muddle ensues. One or more of the tails of the dogs will become entangled in the lines, another will get his foot tied up, and so on, until the howling and yapping becomes something fearful, and the sledge is stopped, the dogs are liberated from their several plights, the lines are cleared once more, and all is fair sailing.

The difficulty a European experiences in driving a sledge and Eskimo team of dogs is well described by Kane in his book on Arctic exploration.

"I have been practising till my arms ache. To drive such an equipage a certain proficiency with the whip is indispensable; which, like all proficiency, must be worked for. In fact, the weapon has an exercise of its own, quite peculiar, and as hard to learn as single-stick or broadsword.

"The whip is six yards long, and the handle but 16 inches—a short lever, of course, to throw out such a length of seal hide. Learn to do it, however, with a masterly sweep, or else make up your mind to forego driving sledge; for the dogs are guided solely by the lash, and you must be able to hit not only one particular dog, one of a team of twelve, but to accompany the feat also with a resounding crack. After this you will find that to get your lash back involves another difficulty; for it is apt to entangle itself among the dogs and lines, or to fasten itself

cunningly round bits of ice, so as to drag you head-over-heels into the snow.

"The secret by which this complicated set of requirements is fulfilled consists in properly describing an arc from the shoulder with a stiff elbow, giving the jerk to the whip-handle from the hand and wrist alone. The lash trails behind you as you travel, and when thrown forward is allowed to extend itself without an effort to bring it back. You wait patiently after giving the projectile impulse until it unwinds its slow length, reaches the end of its tether, and cracks to tell you that it is at its journey's end. Such a crack on the ear or fore-foot of an unfortunate dog is signified by a howl quite unmistakable in its import."

The average day's journey in the winter time is thirty miles, but in the spring, when the days are longer, and when the ice is in good condition, distances of sixty miles in a day have been travelled.

Eskimo dogs are of a most pugnacious character, and if they think they can take liberties with the driver they will stop and engage in a kind of free fight among themselves—a sort of canine Kilkenny. This is particularly liable to occur should there be any strange dogs in the team.

The dog is also remarkable for sagacity and powers of endurance. When travellers have thought themselves lost in blinding snow-drifts, they have

been saved again and again simply by allowing the dogs to have their heads. With unerring scent they bring them safely to some encampment.

And how cunning they are. One day, after he had been living among the people some time, Mr. Peck describes how he was travelling over the frozen waste. One Eskimo companion was with him. They had been spinning along at a capital rate, but then, he says : " As our feet became chilled we both (this was xceedingly unwise, I confess) got off the sledge at the same time. The leading dog, a knowing old fellow, realizing what the sudden diminishing of weight meant, looked back, and seeing both of us running by the side of the sledge, suddenly set off at a flying pace, and in spite of all our cries to stop the runaway team and the use of all our racing powers, we were soon left far behind.

" Our position was not to be envied. Everything we possessed was on that sledge ; we were far, far away from all human habitations or settlements, and the wind cut like a knife. Fortunately the weather was clear, and we could see the track of the sledge across the snow ; so, panting and blown, we followed the fugitives, hoping, praying that the sledge would get stuck up somewhere amid the hummocky ice, which, to our joy, as we pressed on, we saw piled up ahead in the immediate track of the runaways. We knew that our deserters could never draw the sledge unaided through that rugged

ice mass that loomed in the distance, and sure enough, presently, the sledge got jammed under a boulder.

"The dogs tugged and howled, but at last gave up the job in despair, and when we finally arrived on the scene they looked up at us in the drollest manner, as much as to say, 'You've got us, it's true, but it is not our fault.'"

Then, too, how rapacious is the Eskimo dog. "I have known," writes Mr. Peck, "one of them die from the effects of eating a dishcloth. Another, on a certain occasion, actually made a good meal of a dress belonging to Mrs. Peck's servant, a girl we had at our first station, Fort George. The dress had been hung out to dry."

We now glance at the hunter. He has to search for his chief game, the seal, over the frozen sea. The neighbourhood of his prey is indicated by a hole in the ice. While the ice is still thin the seal makes holes for breathing, and he keeps them open by repeated visits during the winter.

Having discovered a hole (and each seal has several) the hunter builds a wall of snow to shelter himself from the piercing wind, and patiently sits watching, hour after hour, with his harpoon ready for use, until a peculiar, unmistakable blowing sound announces the arrival of the seal.

Silently, stealthily he rises, poises his harpoon over the breathing hole—which in the winter

IN A SNOW SHELTER, WATCHING A SEAL-HOLE.

time is not larger than a crown piece—and drives his deadly weapon down through the hole.

If he is fortunate enough to have struck the seal (and they really make comparatively few misses), he clears away the ice round the tiny orifice with his *tok* (ice chisel) until the hole is large enough to haul the seal through on to the surface of the frozen sea.

If the hunter possesses a sledge and has it with him, he loads his game upon it, and with the Eskimo equivalent for "Now then, away with you!" to his dogs, he is soon tearing homewards with a ten-pound-weight-of-seal-meat appetite. If he has no sledge with him, he secures his harpoon line to the game, and with the line over his shoulder he hauls home his catch.

It is not at all an uncommon thing for an Eskimo, sheltered only by his wall of snow, to wait a whole day, and even through the night, at a seal-hole while the temperature is ranging from 30 to 40 degrees below zero.

Cases are not wanting where, sleep having overtaken the hunter, he has become partially or wholly lamed for life from frost-bite in his feet.

After all his watching, should he not succeed in capturing his game he will even then return to his snow-house, bright, cheerful, philosophical, making some common, free-and-easy remark in reference to his non-success, and then proceed to repair or

arrange his hunting-gear, or prepare his dog-harness for another journey.

In some localities, on account of the strength of the sea current and the winds, the ice floe does not extend far from the land, and as the seals prefer to blow in open water, the Eskimos repair to the edge of the floe and shoot the seals that may happen to come within range.

Besides hunting seals, the Eskimo lays himself out for the capture of reindeer, Polar bears, wolves, and in fact anything that he can by any means entrap. Bravery and daring characterize him in all his pursuits. If he does not possess a gun, he will lash a knife to the end of a stout staff and attack a bear with this rude weapon of offence. It almost reminds us of the stripling going to fight the giant with the sling and pebble from the brook.

A man named Augeak, a native of Hudson's Bay, was walking along the coast one day in the vicinity of Little Whale River. He carried with him a single-barrelled gun, which fortunately happened to be loaded. Quite suddenly he noticed a large pack of wolves racing down the rock-bound coast direct for him.

Perfectly cool he watched them, and saw that the leader of the pack was a very old beast, with a ragged and far from beautiful coat, and therefore anything but suitable game for purposes of the fur trade. Coolly noting all this, the Eskimo deliberately singled out

another wolf with a beautiful coat, and fired. The shot took effect, and the beast fell dead, when fortunately for Nimrod the whole pack of wolves, as though seized with panic, fled by the way they had come.

Whatever our ideas of the ferocity of the wolf and Polar bear may be, the Eskimo evidently shares none of our fear or dread, as is instanced by the way he will sometimes lure wolves, which he sees in the distance, towards him, that he may have a shot at them. Lying down upon his back on the ice he will kick and move his legs about in a peculiar manner, imitating certain movements of the reindeer's antlers when the deer is browsing. The wolves, beguiled by the deception, come warily down, the hunter gets his shot, bags his game, and the scared and discomfited survivors of the pack make off to ruminate upon the extraordinary power possessed by *some* reindeer.

In summer the kayak is a necessary part of an Eskimo's equipment both for travel and the hunt. It is a roomy canoe, which is made by stretching sealskin over a framework. Before the advent of the white man, this framework used to be made of whalebone. But as the natives learned the value of the bone in trade, a very inferior substitute took its place, and the skeleton was made of wood. The diminishing yearly catch of whales also helped to bring about this result. Long and perilous journeys are often undertaken in these frail craft.

Dr. Nansen, in his book on *Eskimo Life*, gives a most spirited account of what can be done and is done every day in the use of the kayak in Greenland waters. The hunter attacks successfully from it the monsters and treasures of the deep. Sometimes he will come home in triumph towing as many as four seals behind him—a good bag for a day's sport. Sometimes he will have had a battle with a walrus, or even a grampus. It needs a very cool head and no little daring to hold the weapon ready to seize the favourable moment for hurling it from the hand while a 16-foot ferocious monster, with formidable tusks, is coming upon him apace. All the time, too, there is the knowledge that others may rise up out of the deep at any moment, and the huntsman in his frail canoe may be surrounded by enemies on all sides. His method of catching seals is ingenious and exciting. A long line is attached to his harpoon. To the end of this line, remote from the harpoon, is secured an inflated bladder or sealskin. With this apparatus he paddles cautiously over the water towards the game he has sighted. With a well-directed aim he presently hurls his harpoon at the seal. If struck the animal dives, but the inflated sealskin soon brings the wounded, exhausted thing to the surface, when it is finally despatched with a kind of lance.

Cheap firearms have found their way among the natives in many localities, and then they will

often hunt their seals with shot instead of harpoon.

The Eskimo can brave any sea and any weather in his kayak. Should he capsize he can right himself again with a stroke or so of his paddle, or even without his paddle, with his open hand, and sometimes even with his closed fist. Indeed, his dexterity is so great and his confidence so complete, that not infrequently, when he sees a heavy sea coming, he will deliberately capsize so that he may receive the force of the breaking water on the bottom of his vessel, and then right himself when the crisis is past.

CHAPTER IV

HUDSON'S BAY

"I was in prison and ye came unto Me."

ABOUT half a century has elapsed since a Church Missionary Society's missionary first had the opportunity of presenting the Gospel of Christ to the Eskimos. On April 29, 1853, a party of them visited Fort George, on the eastern side of Hudson's Bay, where the Rev. E. A. Watkins had lately arrived. That post, however, remote and solitary as it was, was too far south to be much frequented by them; and subsequently Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Horden more than once travelled northwards to Little Whale River, the furthest point to which the trading agents of the Hudson's Bay Company have advanced, and was privileged to admit three or four into the Church. Three native teachers in succession were sent by him to work among them; but all three died, and for several years nothing could be done.

Here, then, we must return to Mr. Peck, whom we left in the first chapter responding to the call, "Who will go for us?" The Eskimos had been waiting long, but at last a missionary was to be sent

to them. The new messenger left the Thames in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *Prince of Wales*, on July 11, 1876, with the object of making the Evangelisation of the Eskimos his life's work.

Speaking of the voyage, Mr. Peck gives some interesting glimpses. The crew was of a decidedly cosmopolitan character, though nearly all could understand the English tongue.

"Every one in the ship treated me with the greatest kindness, and I was permitted to hold meetings in the forecastle almost every evening. Some of the crew, as a result of these meetings, I believe, experienced spiritual blessings, and the voyage, in spite of the special dangers of navigation encountered that year, was one of spiritual profit and blessing to others beside myself.

"Before leaving England I was able to obtain from the Moravian Brethrens' office in London a copy of the New Testament which had been translated by the Brethren labouring on the coast of Labrador. This, to me, great treasure I studied when on the trackless deep, and by carefully comparing it with our English translation I was able—especially where there was a repetition of the same words, as in St. John, chap. i—finally to hit upon the meanings.

"The words which I felt I had thus acquired I marked, and though on arriving at my station at Little Whale River I found some differences of a

dialectical nature, still I never once regretted the time spent in that study of the Moravian translation.

"To return to that voyage. It was on entering Hudson's Straits that I saw icebergs for the first time, mountains of glacier ice that floated down, majestic to the eye, but dangerous for the ship, upon the Arctic current into the Gulf Stream that flows out by Belle Isle. Passing through the iceberg region we came upon some fields of drift ice. Drift ice is ice which has become loosened, by the coming of the brief Arctic summer, from the frozen coast line, and has floated out from the more northern bays and inlets. Driven by the winds and currents, until miles upon miles of sea are covered with almost impassable areas of the frozen blocks, the drift ice becomes *pack*-ice, and forms a fearful danger to the vessel caught in its icy talons. For every ship is not a 'Fram,' fitted to crush her way through this hideous Arctic barrier.

"But God was with us on that voyage, and though we had difficulties, we came safely through these seas of ice.

"Our course was now shaped southerly, and we sailed right down Hudson's Bay. Navigation became very critical here, and oftentimes dangerous, on account of the number of shallows and shoals. The lead had to be kept going for soundings day

and night, but finally, on September 7, 1876, we reached Moose Factory."

The new missionary was warmly received by the Bishop and Mrs. Horden, but as winter would soon be coming on, and he had yet in front of him the most trying and difficult, not to say dangerous, part of his journey, he felt it impossible to remain long under their hospitable roof. After one week of refreshment, therefore, he set his face stedfastly to reach his Ultima Thule, Little Whale River.

This last portion of the journey had to be accomplished in a small sailing boat. It made what way it could during the day, but at night it was run ashore when the travellers pitched their tent on land until the morning light enabled them to resume their journey.

The party consisted of Mr. Peck, an Indian crew and a Christian Eskimo, a native of Labrador, Adam Lucy by name, as interpreter.

As in imagination we follow in the wake of the travellers, we realize that the modern apostle can apply to himself the words of St. Paul. For he too is " in journeyings often, in perils of waters . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

This coasting voyage was not to be accomplished without serious mishap. On October 9 they had

rounded Cape Jones, and were drawing near to a smaller cape when the wind shifted. On this account they could not make much progress, and as it was getting late they determined to make for the shore, which was reached by pulling. By the time they landed it was dark. Mr. Peck therefore had to leave all arrangements to the Indians, who knew the coast, and would, he thought, take the boat to a place of safety. She was at last anchored in what seemed to be a sheltered bay or creek. The party then went to their tent in the woods, taking a few necessaries with them from the boat.

It must not be supposed that a tent in this part of the world is similar to the beautiful and picturesque canvas structure we see at home. The travellers light upon some old poles that have been used by previous parties of Indians. They then proceed to clear away the snow, or to beat it down with their feet. The tent poles are set up, and a rough shelter formed with deer skins, canvas bags, and sundry other articles all kept in place by ropes. A small hole is left at the top for a chimney, while at the southern and lower part is a space for a door. The door itself is another old bag, which can be lifted so that the men of the party can crawl in or out at pleasure. In the centre of the tent is placed a circle of stones for the fire-place.

In such a place as this Mr. Peck and his party retired weary and cold. Realizing that they had

no continuing city, but that they were pilgrims journeying to the mansions prepared for them, the evening service of prayer must have come home to them with special comfort, and they laid themselves down in peace and slept.

But in the night sounds were heard of a sighing and moaning wind rising. But they were not sufficient to warrant the rousing of that tired band, but only just enough to cause the sleep of the sailor missionary to be broken by fitful dreams and slight misgivings. He woke up early, and with the morning light went down to the place of anchorage. Alas! a strange sight met his eye, for strewed along the rocks were portions of his goods; the boat was also driven up high and dry on the beach. He saw the cause of the disaster. The place, in which the Indians had anchored the boat, was exposed to the northward and westward; the wind sprang up from this quarter during the night, which caused a heavy sea; the boat grounded at low water, and then the sea had made a clean breach over her, sweeping the things out of her or else breaking them in her. Sad to say, the boat was much injured, her keel being driven out of its place, several of the planks being also started. Mr. Peck called his Indians and sent them to collect what they could. The contents of some boxes were considerably damaged, although most of his clothes were saved; this was a great mercy.

The next consideration was to repair the boat. Knowing that there was resin to be had from the small shrubs which grew here, the missionary sent the Indians to gather some; they know how to gather and prepare it, as they use much for their canoes, and it does not make a bad substitute for pitch. Having got some nails by breaking up one of the boxes, and having a little spare canvas, he purposed mending the boat with these materials.

It was a trial of faith, and many a man of less persevering energy and trust in God might have given way under it. But knowing that the life of every one of the party might depend upon that boat, and that by obstacles to be overcome God intends the character of his servants to be developed, Mr. Peck, nothing daunted, set himself to accomplish what may seem to us a hopeless task. The first day was spent in preparing the materials necessary, and it closed as before with prayer that faith might be deepened and patience given, and in confidence that God, who was the keeper of Israel, would supply all their needs out of His riches in Christ Jesus.

On the next day, October 11, the actual repairs were taken in hand. A fire was lighted and the resin melted. The boat was turned bottom upwards, and the damaged parts scraped. A coat of resin was put on, and canvas was placed on top of

this and nailed to the boat. Again another coat of resin was laid over the whole, and it seemed to the sailor eye of the missionary to be a very fair bit of work. The next day they could not put to sea as the wind was contrary, and this caused a little anxiety, for provisions were running short. The flour had been most of it destroyed when the boat was swamped. Mr. Peck and Adam had saved only a very small quantity. Biscuits, though they had been soaked with sea water, had been saved. The flour was economised by being mixed with broken biscuits and made into cakes. The result was eatable, though not wholly palatable. In the afternoon of October 13, the wind changed to light and fair. So the boat was launched, and all made ready for the start. But to the grief and dismay of the party she leaked considerably, and was unseaworthy. So once more it was a case of unloading and going through a second course of repairs. Finally, on October 14, they really got away. There was heavy weather to face, especially for such a cranky, patched-up craft as this. But trust in God was not misplaced; the winds and the sea were braved, and at last they were brought to Little Whale River in safety.

This, as has been mentioned, was the extreme northern station of the Hudson's Bay Company. Consequently it was at that time the best base for operations upon the Eskimos. For they came

in considerable numbers to this place for purposes of trade, exchange and barter.

The officials of the company were most kind in their welcome to the newly arrived missionary. They hospitably received him into their own houses until his hut could be built. This, too, was built for him by the company. Trade, when it is thus the handmaid of Christ, is an unmitigated blessing. It is a pleasing duty to give a tribute of praise to men who bring the Gospel into the business life as in this case. If all the boundless trade of England went hand in hand with the spiritual welfare of the world, the mountains would soon be made low and the valleys, exalted, and the highway for the Empire of Christ prepared.

The logs of which Mr. Peck's hut was built had been brought from an immense distance. They were placed in a framework of other logs; the spaces between them were packed with oakum. The whole of the hut was encased in weather boarding. Inside, the place was warmed and cheered with a little stove, and as the hut had to be kitchen and drawing-room in one, all the cooking must needs be done at that stove.

"Mine was a real bachelor's life," writes Mr. Peck, referring to this period, "and I had to learn to do all my own cooking, presently even mastering the mysteries of bread-making, though it is right to confess (and ladies will appreciate the confession)

that the first two or three batches were like stones."

A few articles of food, such as sugar, oatmeal, preserved meat, etc., could be obtained from the company's store at Moose, but nothing on the spot. Preserved milk could also be got, so that sometimes he indulged in a rice pudding. The most venturesome and highest flight of ambition was a plum pudding.

The first great work of every missionary is to acquire the language of the people as well as gain their confidence. With regard to the latter, Mr. Peck at once reaped some fruit from the seed sown in former years by the Rev. E. Watkins and Bishop Horden. For owing to the visits that had been paid to the Eskimos by them, he found the people most friendly and willing to receive him. One old man whom Bishop Horden had had the pleasure of baptizing, John Molucto by name, became a tower of strength both to the missionary and the mission. He would gather the people together in his iglo to be instructed by the missionary. As to the language, we have already seen Mr. Peck studying his Moravian Testament during the voyage. He used it with such effect, both on the journey from England to Moose Factory and thence in the sailing boat to Little Whale River, that he was able to set to work among the people without delay. Rejoicing in this, he says, "How soon God finds instruments! I little thought this Testament would

be of such service as I studied its pages on the trackless deep or even when Adam assisted me to read it."

The Testament, as has been stated already, was written in the Labrador dialect, and Adam, the interpreter, was also a native of Labrador. Consequently there were grave doubts as to how far it would be intelligible among the Eskimos of Hudson's Bay. But it was found that the chief difference lay in the pronunciation of certain letters rather than in words or idioms. And thus one difficulty which might have been a mountain was removed by the faith which caused Christ's servant to study the Testament though written for the Labrador Eskimos. But a great deal is necessary for the missionary beyond reading. An intimate knowledge of language is everything. It is probable that a man can never be regarded as proficient in a language until he is conscious of not translating his thoughts from his native tongue into the foreign one—or, in other words, until he thinks in the language of the people among whom he is living. For this result to be obtained daily practice in speaking, side by side with reading, is indispensable.

This, by the arrangement of his domestic establishment, Mr. Peck secured. For after a time he was so much oppressed by the utter loneliness of his life at which we have glanced, that he invited

a little Eskimo boy about ten years old to come and live with him. This step, in his own words, proved an "incalculable blessing" to himself in the acquisition of the language, and the sequel shows that it was no less fraught with blessing to the boy.

It is not difficult in imagination to paint a picture of some scenes that must have taken place in that lonely hut. We see the wonder of the boy overcoming his shyness as he gazes upon each object of furniture or ornament new and strange to his native eyes. We see the missionary and the boy beginning to school each other by the only means in their power. Mr. Peck points to some article familiar to the lad and speaks its English name; the boy, with a nod of his head and a smile upon his broad Mongolian face, repeats the English after him, and then in turn tells the Eskimo word for the same thing. We seem to hear the merry peal of laughter that breaks forth as the mutual teacher and scholar discover that they have been playing at cross questions and crooked answers—laughter bringing a ray of sunshine into the dark, lone, icy dwelling. But best of all we seem to see a holier light breaking in upon the dark, hopeless soul of the lad as he hears, and at last is able to understand, that he is the heir to a great inheritance, that there is an abiding city in which is prepared a mansion for him where there is no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

The name of this Eskimo lad was Anoat, which means *clothing*. This seems appropriate in the light of his subsequent history. For the result of this life in close association with the Servant of Christ was that after many years in 1900 he put on the Lord Jesus Christ and was clothed with Him. The Rev. W. G. Walton speaks, in a recent report, of his power and influence. Though his name is Anoat, for some inscrutable reason he was known among the traders as Nero. Happily there is no likeness in character to justify this.

The Eskimo language is by no means easy of acquisition. The chief peculiarity in it is its agglutinativeness, and this also causes the great difficulty which is not so much the learning to express one's own thoughts as understanding what others are saying. All manner of parts of speech may become joined to the verbal root, and then this compound may be conjugated in all moods and tenses like a simple verb. So great is the length to which words may grow under this treatment, that Mr. Peck has often exhibited to English audiences a canvas two and a half yards long which contains one word only—a good object lesson of some of the linguistic trials that missionaries have to face.

Here we may anticipate a little, while speaking of the language, and say that whatever difficulties

had to be faced, the patient industry of the missionary overcame them all. About a month after his arrival, November 6, 1876, he wrote: "My plan is to write down over night some simple words and sentences. I then get the corresponding Eskimo words from Adam Lucy or Molucto; the Indian words are gathered from one of the Company's men, David Loutett. I find all very willing to help me, for which I am indeed thankful. My daily collection averages from eighty to a hundred words. These are learned the following day and brought into actual use as soon as possible, thus impressing the same on my memory, as well as making me familiar with the peculiar sound. I have now got some thousands of words, mostly Eskimo, which I gathered by study of the Testament and from my different friends." At first it was mere gathering, massing little by little a great quantity of material. Then came both conscious and unconscious sorting of the heap, nouns separated from adjectives, verbs from adverbs; gender from gender, tense from tense; until at last, after seven years of six hard, studious hours every day, not only is he master of the situation, but is able to produce a grammar of 200 pages, thus making the rough smooth and the crooked straight for those who come after and enter into his labours.

But the missionary cannot rest satisfied with merely mastering for preaching purposes and con-

versation the language of the people among whom he lives. He must always remain sensible of deficiency until he has placed the Bible in their hands in such a form that they can read it for themselves. With this object in view, as soon as the first winter was over Mr. Peck determined on transcribing portions of the Moravian Eskimo Testament into what is known as the Syllabic character.

This system was the invention of the Rev. James Evans, a minister of the Canadian Methodist Church and a missionary to the Indians at Norway House. Without such a method as this it is difficult to conceive how the roving tribes of Eskimos could ever have learned to read. By this means, however, an ordinarily intelligent native can be taught to read in eight or nine weeks. This would be quite impossible with the Roman characters, especially considering that many of the people come into the trading ports for a few days only at a time. In such high esteem is this system held, and so great a debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Evans for his work, that a few words in connection with its history will not be out of place. The Rev. Egerton R. Young, in his book, *By Canoe and Dog Train*, gives a full account. He says: "The great work of Mr. Evans' life, and that with which his name will ever be associated, was undoubtedly the invention and perfecting of what is now so widely known as the Cree-syllabic characters.

"What first led him to think of this invention was the difficulty he and others had in teaching the Indians to read in the ordinary way. They are hunters, and so are very much on the move, like the animals they seek. To-day their tents are pitched where there is good fishing, and perhaps in two weeks they are far away in the deep forests where roam the reindeer, or on the banks of streams where the beavers build their wonderful dams and curious homes. The constant thought in the master missionary's mind was, 'Can I possibly devise a plan by which these wandering people can learn to read more easily?'

"The principle of the characters which he adopted is phonetic. There are no silent letters. Each character represents a syllable; hence no spelling is required. As soon as the alphabet is mastered and a few additional secondary signs, some of which represent consonants and some aspirates, and some partially change the sound of the main character, the Indian scholar, be he man or woman of eighty or a child of six years, can commence at the first chapter of Genesis, and read on—slowly, of course, at first, but in *a few days* with surprising ease and accuracy.

"Many were Mr. Evans' difficulties in perfecting this invention and putting it into practical use, even after he had got the scheme clear and distinct in his own mind.

"He was hundreds of miles away from civilization; very little indeed had he with which to work. Yet, with him, there was no such word as failure. Obtaining, as a great favour, the thin sheets of lead that were around the tea-chests of the fur-traders, he melted these down into little bars, and from them cut out his first types. His ink was made out of the soot of the chimneys, and his first paper was birch bark.

"After a great deal of effort and the exercise of much ingenuity, he made a press, and then the work began.

"Great indeed was the amazement and delight of the Indians. The fact that the bark 'could talk,' was to them most wonderful. Portions of the Gospels were first printed, and then some of the beautiful hymns.

"The story of this invention reached the Wesleyan Home Society. Generous help was afforded. A good supply of these types was cast in London, and, with a good press and all the essential requisites, including a large quantity of paper, was sent out to that mission, and for years it was the great centre from which considerable portions of the Word of God were scattered among the wandering tribes, conferring unnumbered blessings upon them."

In later years, the noble British and Foreign Bible Society has taken charge of the work; and now, thanks to their generosity, the Indians have

the blessed Word scattered among them, and thousands can read its glorious truths.

Perhaps a little more may be culled from the same source showing how greatly impressed Lord Dufferin was by this character. When he was Governor-General of Canada he had an interview with Mr. Young and Mr. Crosby, a missionary from British Columbia. The former says: "I showed him my Cree Indian Testament printed in Evans' syllabic characters, and explained the invention to him. At once his curiosity was excited, and jumping up he hurried off for pen and ink, and got me to write out the whole alphabet for him; and then, with that glee and vivacity for which his lordship was so noted, he constituted me his teacher, and commenced at once to master the characters.

"As their simplicity and yet wonderful adaptation for their designed work became evident to him—for in a short time he was able to read a portion of the Lord's Prayer—Lord Dufferin was much excited, and getting up from his chair and holding up the Testament in his hand, exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. Young, what a blessing to humanity the man was who invented that alphabet!' Then he added, 'I profess to be a kind of literary man myself, and try to keep posted up in my reading of what is going on, but I never heard of this before. The fact is, the nation has given many a man a title, and a pension, and then a resting-place and a

monument in Westminster Abbey who never did half so much for his fellow-creatures.' Then again he asked, 'Who did you say was the author or inventor of these characters?'

"'The Rev. James Evans,' I replied.

"'Well, why is it that I never heard of him before, I wonder?'

"My reply was, 'My lord, perhaps the reason you never heard of him before was because he was a humble, modest Methodist preacher.'

"With a laugh he replied, 'That may have been it.'"

The adaptation and use, then, of this method for transcribing the Scriptures was an early work for the missionary. So soon as April 9, 1877, Mr. Peck is able to write :—

"I have succeeded in teaching several of the Eskimos to read in the Syllabic characters; they are very eager to learn. One of them said that he was 'mad to learn.' Let us hope that this unusual complaint may prove infectious. There are twelve Eskimos who can now read the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel in their own tongue." Molucto and his son were at this time able to read as much as five chapters, some parts quite fluently.

Having experimented successfully in this way, Mr. Peck resolved as soon as possible—i.e., as soon as ever he should feel quite certain of the sounds himself—to transcribe the whole Testament.

CHAPTER V

PROGRESS—ORDINATION

"Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

WRITING under date, April 9, 1877, Mr. Peck stated that the Eskimos who had up to then heard the Gospel message numbered about one hundred.

It may be said that this is very small. Perhaps so, if we compare Eskimo work with that among the teeming millions of India or China or some other mission field. But it is a large proportion of the sparse population of seal hunters. And to be continually teaching one hundred persons here and there, besides learning their language and doing literary work, is no mean record for the winter. And soon more were expected to come to the trading post. Before the break up of the ice at least as many again would arrive, and these from the distant shores on the north side of Hudson's Strait. And thus we see that the number of those

who hear the Gospel can never be measured by the number of those who come into direct contact with the missionary. By reason of the migratory and trading habits of the people, his influence spreads far and wide beyond the limits of the sea-girt portion of the continent in which he lives. Far over the frozen waters the traveller drives his sledge, so that from Little Whale River or any part of Labrador the tidings of salvation may sound forth to Baffin Land, and thence to Melville Peninsula, and so on down the west side of Hudson's Bay or elsewhere. The Word of God is not bound, and there is no limit to its free course. In northern regions we might put a new word into the mouth of the old prophet, and say. " The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the ice covers the sea."

Each man who has heard and valued the message for himself passes it on. Thus, as the widening ripples on the surface of the smooth waters show that there must have been a stone cast into the lake, so conversely the missionary finds evidence that, though hidden from vast numbers of those living in the regions beyond, the smooth surface of their careless lives has been disturbed by the vibrations of his teaching.

Mr. Peck has found this in his own life. He has had the satisfaction and joy of discovering Eskimos, whom he has never met before, able to read as a result of his own teaching. He has instructed some

one at Little Whale River. The man who has learned has then wandered away in pursuit of game or for trade, and has imparted to his friends that which he has received.

The teacher should himself always be learning the lesson not to despise small numbers. Had the greatest of all teachers not appreciated this, the world would never have been evangelized. For it was not when Jesus Christ had the multitudes hanging on His words; not when He was feeding the thousands in the wilderness; not when He was entering in triumph into Jerusalem, that He was making a marked and permanent effect upon mankind. But it was rather when weary and footsore by the roadside; when storm-tossed on the sea; when presiding over the last sad supper in the upper chamber, pouring His teaching into twelve ignorant fishermen who misunderstood Him, and saturating them with it, that He was fashioning the weapons to break down the opposition of sin and win the world for God. Let this be the comfort of the lonely worker, and a sufficient answer to the caviller concerning inadequate results to expenditure of energy and money.

The experience of the first few months among them was distinctly favourable as regards the receptive temperament of the people. Mr. Peck is able to say, "I find nearly all the Eskimos eager to hear the things of God." This was, of course, largely

due to favourable impressions that had been made upon the minds of the natives by the visits of former missionaries and Bishop Horden, as well as to the example and influence of some of the European traders. In this respect Mr. Peck's work began under very favourable auspices when compared with that of Hans Egede and the Moravians of the eighteenth century among the Eskimos of Greenland.

But the sojourn of a new white man at the trading settlement called forth much comment from among the Eskimos, and especially among those who were constantly coming in for barter. They knew the Company's agents as men who had goods for exchange. But here was another most extraordinary agent who had no merchandise for traffic, but merely a wondrous message from which self-interest seemed to be entirely absent. "Ho! come, buy without money and without price!"

Many were the surmises made by these heathen as to the origin of so strange a being. Where had he come from? Why had he come? etc.

"Once, when speaking to a party of these people," Mr. Peck says, "I overheard a few of the newest-comers asking some of those who had first arrived where I came from.

"One of the questioned, in the most sincere and simple manner, replied: 'He fell down from heaven to save the Eskimos.'

"Many of them, when I entered their dwellings,

LITTLE WHALE RIVER IN SUMMER.

would say to me: 'Thou *art* good to come to such loathsome creatures as we are!' referring to their peculiarly dirty dwellings and surroundings.

"Others again would say: 'This is our father; he has come to save us!'

"Their inquiries about my country and my condition were also sometimes very amusing. Some of the ladies were most desirous of knowing whether I was a married man or not.

"I remember the blank amaze depicted upon the face of an Eskimo when I told him that in my country the sea was not frozen over, and that we had but little snow.

"Their manifested surprise when they entered my little house, and beheld the many articles their eyes had never looked upon before, was very great. A looking-glass was a source of intense interest as well as amusement.

"I remember one unusually grimy party of this far from cleanly race entering my little habitation. It is no exaggeration to say that some of them were coated with dirt and grease—*wore hides of it.*

"Taking them to the looking-glass I invited them to take a good look at themselves. Then, having set out a large tub with a plentiful supply of water, soap, etc., I further invited them to indulge in a bath.

"With much fun and pleasant badinage one with the other, they managed, after much scrubbing,

to get some, at least, of the filth from their greasy faces.

"Another peep in the glass, and their surprise was unbounded as they began to realize the transforming power of soap and water. (Note.—What a picture here for PEARS! An Eskimo, say, before and after a bath with PEARS' SOAP! What a striking advertisement it would make!)

"The people also manifested much desire to know how various articles, uncommon to them and to their own rude fashionings, were made. Earthenware jugs, tea-pots, etc., greatly excited their curiosity, and when I explained that such articles were made of a particular kind of clay baked in great heat, they would gaze at me with something of awe in their manner, as though they regarded the white man as the embodiment of all wonders.

"Such an article as a watch, they could scarcely conceive as being *made*, but supposed it to be a living, sentient thing. When it ticked they said it was alive; when it ceased its ticking, they spoke of it as dead."

But however receptive of teaching the people might be, or however curious about the stranger, it must be remembered that the first object they had in view was, of course, not learning from the missionary, but trade. Consequently, their time was taken up with business pursuits during the day. There is a brief reference to this in Mr. Peck's

notes. "I have accordingly to work much at night. God's workers must not give comfort the first place: Christ alone must have that." Simple as these words are they speak volumes to many at home who value the quiet rest of their evening fireside, and are reluctant to sacrifice it upon the altar of their service, even though they are surrounded by thousands of luxuries, which they may consider necessaries, unknown to the dweller in frozen lands. Yet it is only Christianity with a Cross, and that Cross evident in the life of each professor that can make the world believe in Christ. It is no use now, any more than it was in Apostolic days, to preach the Gospel of love while we shut ourselves up in comfortable selfishness. Were it otherwise, we might evangelize the world by distributing tracts.

And so a self-sacrificing love is rewarded, and in a letter written in July we read again: "God has helped and blessed me much in my work. I have already ministered to about 300 of the Eskimos. Most of these received the Word with gladness; they always gave me a hearty welcome when I visited them in their snow-houses."

The last words in this extract should not be overlooked. "In their *snow*-houses" is the locale of the evening work. We have spoken of the English fireside above. If that is sacrificed it may be for a well-warmed ventilated church or mission-room,

or even for a clean cottage where a meeting is to be held. Mr. Peck forsakes his own room night after night through the long winter to go forth into the piercing cold, to crawl on hands and knees through the low tunnel or porch of snow that leads to the circular and domed dwelling chamber. Inside the atmosphere is hot, the stench is intolerable, for there is no ventilation, and the European visitor almost feels that he must turn back or be suffocated or be sick. The place is dirty and gory, and raw seals' blubber is lying about, the remnants of the family's dinner, or that which is to be to-morrow's meal. The scene is not appetising. But the missionary, constrained by the love of Christ, forgets these surroundings as he describes a gathering in one of these iglos :

" Books in hand we bend low, and by the light of the Eskimo lamp sing praises to God, read portions of His Word, and commend ourselves with loved ones, far away, to the care of our God. Times of spiritual joy and blessing, of real refreshing from the Lord have we experienced on the icy waste."

After the brief summer of 1877, we find Mr. Peck once more at Moose for the winter. There were two or three important matters on account of which his presence was required there.

The foremost of these was the desire of the Bishop to ordain him. He had already learned to appreciate him, and to understand that he was just

ESKIMO HUTS ON LITTLE WHALE RIVER.

the man that the Holy Spirit had set apart for the Eskimos, for whose spiritual welfare he had long felt a deep concern. In the beginning of September it is pleasing to find Bishop Horden, as he takes a retrospect, writing to the C.M.S.: "A load of anxiety was removed from my mind by the occupation of Little Whale River as a mission station. I knew the needs of the poor Eskimos; I knew their longing for the Word of Life; and I knew too how very inadequately I could fulfil towards them the duties of a spiritual father. So correspondingly great was my joy when I saw the long-expected messenger arrive, and knew that he was destined for the regions of the north. I thank the Committee for *a* man; I thank them doubly for *the* man; a better selection could not have been made. One would require to look and wait long before he could find another so well fitted for the work. Patient, humble, prudent, loving, he wins the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact, while his diligence is patent to all by the progress he has made in the difficult languages with which he has to deal. He is now with me, and will study divinity until February, when I hope to ordain him; after which he will proceed again to Little Whale River, to meet the Eskimos when they come in to barter their furs."

And so a quiet time of preparation for the solemn dedication of himself to God was the first object of the winter's sojourn at Moose Factory.

the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, who come here to await their letters. It was in order that these might have an opportunity of being present that Bishop Horden fixed Sunday, February 3, as the day for the ordination. The service began at eleven. The church, which seats a goodly number, was quite full; indeed, only about two persons were absent without good cause. As soon as the voluntary had ended, the 100th Psalm was given out, and sung with great spirit, Miss Horden leading at the harmonium. Then the Bishop went at once to the pulpit, and preached an excellent sermon on 2 Tim. iv. 2, "Preach the Word." After calling attention to the character in which St. Paul would have Timothy to go forth, viz., as a "herald," he dwelt at some length on the signification of "the Word," and the manner in which it should be ministered. Then, addressing himself more directly to the candidate, he remarked on the peculiar features of the work before him:

"Your home is to be in one of the world's bye-places, where, except the priceless souls to be gathered in, there is nothing to attract you. Of ice and snow, of storm and tempest, of wild bleak hills, and an utterly unproductive soil, you will have enough and more than enough; and amid those you will have, perhaps, to endure much hardness. Yet I think you are to be envied. For the missionary should not look so much to his surroundings as

to his prospects in his ministerial work. And yours are glorious! I think there is no mission in the whole country in which God has more people to be gathered in than in the Mission at Whale River. Long has the cry been raised, 'Come over and help us'; but it met with a faint response; an occasional visit was all that could be given. . . . But I longed for a shepherd, and at last the noble C.M.S. sent me you to be the Eskimos' missionary. . . . No people I have ever seen or heard of seem more ready to receive the Gospel than they, more ready to honour the bearer of Glad Tidings, or to lend him all possible assistance, so as to render his life among them as free from care as circumstances will permit. With the language you are partially acquainted; make yourself a thorough master thereof. Be to them a father. Feed them with the milk of the Word; and I trust that, by-and-by, you may be enabled to present one of your spiritual children as one fitted for, and anxious to become, a teacher of others also. A numerous body of Indians, and a few Europeans and half-castes, are likewise entrusted to your care. The soul of each one is equally precious in the sight of Christ, and must be so in yours. Neglect no opportunity of speaking a word for Christ. Think it no less important to speak to one than to five hundred. The deep spiritual sermons in John iii. and iv. were preached in each case to but one person. Preach the word to

hundreds when you have opportunity. Preach to the single individual as occasion arises. In the house, in the iglo, in the tent, in the church, preach the Word."

After the hymn, "The Church's one Foundation," the Bishop took his seat in front of the Communion table, and the candidate was presented in the usual way. After the laying on of hands, Mr. Peck read the Gospel.

The winter was not over, and the newly-ordained missionary would not return to his station until the summer. The departure of winter was eagerly awaited for more than one reason. The old Greek proverb says, "One swallow does not make spring." In Hudson's Bay, however, the goose of prose might be substituted for the bird of poetry. Bishop Horden, writing soon after the ordination, says:

"But spring was coming, even though it came tardily, and by-and-by great excitement was caused by the announcement that a goose had been seen; and now "*goose*" was the great subject of conversation. When would the first goose be killed? Who would be the lucky individual to kill it? Goose stands were made at intervals of about half a mile all down the river. Decoy geese were in abundance, but the wild geese were very shy. They rewarded the hunter's patience and skill but moderately; but, in the poor times we were experiencing, every single

goose was a prize, and often a hunter sat in his stand two or three days without securing one. This year the birds could find no feeding in consequence of the great depth of snow, and on certain spots hundreds were found frozen, starved to death. I do not remember having heard of a similar occurrence."

It was not until July, 1878, that the Rev. E. J. Peck returned to Little Whale River. *En route* he visited some of the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. One of the places was Seal River. Speaking of this place, he says:

"Here I met some twenty Indians; these being Christians, they desired me to baptize their children. For this purpose they cleared one corner of their tent for my use, and made other preparations. Such acts showed their kindness and good wishes. What a curious sight, this Indian tent, with moss for a carpet, and dried fish over my head, together with the motley group who surrounded me! But there was this sweet truth which gave beauty to all, viz., Jesus was near to bless us in our humble abode, just as much, I believe, as if we had the spire of some noble building over our heads."

The next place visited was Great Whale River. "Here," Mr. Peck writes, "I met about fifty Indians; they were eager to hear about Jesus. I told them the simple story of the Saviour's love, and exhorted them to have Jesus for their Friend and Guide. I have no doubt but God will bless such feeble

efforts. I am sure He loves the Indians as much as any one else; so I expect Him to save and bless them."

On his arrival at Little Whale River he had a pleasant experience. If there is one thing that a missionary feels more anxiety about than another, it is the steadfastness of the faith of young converts and the permanent effect of his teaching during his absence. It may be said that the faithful servant of Christ should have more trust in his Master, and in the upholding power of the Holy Spirit. Be this as it may, St. Paul's feelings were very similar to those of a modern worker. Both alike may find no rest while they wait for the coming of a Titus. Both alike may exclaim, "Wherefore we could no longer forbear . . . and sent Timotheus our brother . . . to establish you and comfort you concerning your faith." In the present case there was no Titus or Timothy to be the means of communication between the teacher and the taught, and Marconigrams were as yet unthought of. And so, if a few anxious thoughts had entered his mind during the many months of his enforced absence, it was excusable. But on his arrival he says:

"What has become of the poor Eskimos during their teacher's absence? I have a pleasant answer to give, which is this: the same God who was pleased to bless them while I was with them, has done the same during my absence. This has been done through the medium of my helper, Molucto,

and others: meetings were held by them which were well attended, and the Eskimos were very anxious to learn.

"On my arrival at Little Whale River the people gave me a very hearty welcome, and some of them appeared quite delighted to see me.

"It gives me great joy and encouragement to minister to these people, seeing they are so willing to learn, and so anxious to know the truth. I trust God will spare me to live with them for many years. Jesus is known to many; and the Spirit's sanctifying influence is felt, I trust, in some hearts. Let us press on in faith, nothing doubting, and God will give a still greater blessing. Let us pray and work, for life is brief and the souls of men are precious."

The willingness and desire to teach and help others on the upward and heavenly path is surely the most Christ-like spirit that can be displayed, and the one most coveted for His people by those who themselves endeavour to act on the great command, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your goods works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." This spirit had manifested itself among the Eskimos.

Here might be mentioned the first incident of real encouragement as far as actual conversion is concerned. It was the case of a heathen woman who came to the trading station at Little Whale River with a party of her people. She listened most

attentively to the great and wonderful truths which were brought to her notice, and Mr. Peck was gladdened to see how earnestly she desired instruction.

After a time she had to leave the station, moving out on the frozen sea. While living in a snow-house on that barren, icy waste, she was laid low by sickness. Her heathen neighbours tried to persuade her in every possible way to listen to the conjurors. But the woman was firm, and did not heed their appeals. The heathen themselves brought in tidings to the station some time after that she had died trusting in her new found faith.

"What a comfort this was to me!" exclaims the solitary worker for Christ. "How it strengthened my faith, and enabled me to press on in the work of the Lord!"

And so we pass on through another winter. Trials do not become less, but they are cast more on Him who is ever ready to bear them. Encouragement becomes greater and gives increased energy and power of endurance to the missionary. For in March, 1879, he is once more able to speak of the furtherance of the Kingdom of God. "I have already met several strange Eskimos this year to whom I have ministered according to my ability. A number of the people were with me for some time. I had them with me about five hours each day, so that I was able to give them a good supply of spiritual food. One family, consisting of

some twelve members, *gave me their charms or idols*, desiring to have Jesus only as their Saviour and Defender. Many of the Eskimos seem to have lost all faith in their conjurors, although they are not yet willing to part with their charms. I have told them plainly they cannot have Jesus and their idols also, so that they must leave them if they wish to be saved. I do not wish any one to imagine that these favourable results have been brought about solely by my agency, for if human agency is considered, I must say that my helper, Molucto, has done, and continues to do, a great work. He seems to have a deep love for the souls of his fellow-countrymen.

"I intend to baptize four of the Eskimos who have been under instruction, and who have forsaken their heathenism. In this matter I have earnestly asked God to guide and direct me. I shall be in no hurry to baptize inquirers, but I shall give them time to count the cost of their religion. It is right to build the Eskimo Church on a good foundation; for if the people imagine that Christianity consists in being baptized, and having certain outward forms and ceremonies, while they cling to their sins and follow some of their heathen practices, I am afraid the blessing of God will not be manifest."

Shall we look at the story of one who was baptized? It is that of Neppingerok, and shows most strikingly some of the dangers of Eskimo life on

the one hand, and the mighty power of God's grace on the other.

"Neppingerok was an Eskimo of much intelligence, and always showed considerable desire for instruction, though until he was laid low with sickness and affliction, he had never evinced any special spiritual desires.

"One day in the autumn, when the sea began to freeze over, he ventured out upon the ice (which was not very thick yet), bent upon the capture of seals for food for his wife and little ones.

"When some distance from the land a gale of wind arose, and the ice was shattered by the fury of the storm, and Neppingerok was carried away on a floating island of ice.

"Every moment he expected the frozen piece upon which he stood would break. But God kept him from this awful fate.

"The wind suddenly abated, then began again to blow, but this time in an opposite direction, urging the floe on which he stood towards the land. Tossed to and fro for twenty hours upon that floe, he succeeded at last in reaching the shore. But this fearful voyaging had been too much for him, hardy as he was by nature, and rapid consumption set in.

"I could see," says Mr. Peck, "that he had not long to live, and patiently, prayerfully tried to lay before him the Gospel scheme.

"He listened very eagerly, very attentively to the Glad Tidings of a Saviour's love, and applied himself most assiduously to learn to read the little book containing portions of God's Holy Word.

"His anxiety to know the Lord soon deepened into a real, living trust in the crucified One, and a full confession of his faith. I had the joy of baptizing him. He took the name of John.

"Some little time after the poor fellow died. I was not with him when he passed away, but the last thing he did was to read the Word of God, especially St. John's Gospel, chapter xiv., which speaks of the Father's house with the many mansions for the disciples of Christ."

CHAPTER VI

CONSOLIDATION OF WORK

> "Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place."

WHEN the summer of 1879 was advanced, the Rev. E. J. Peck was able to thank God and take courage both on account of sympathetic co-operation which he received in his work and for the consolidation, so to speak, of his teaching.

The co-operation came from the newly-awakened earnestness in one of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. He not only dedicated himself to the service of God, but exercised all the influence which he possessed in the same direction, both among Eskimos and Indians. What an example of this kind means to the missionary none but the missionary can tell. It is always one of the sorest trials to find the heathen pointing the finger of scorn at the un-Christlike lives of our fellow-countrymen, and telling the preacher to convert them first.

The logic of facts is always the most powerful, and one profligate life may keep out many waverers on the threshold of the Kingdom. And conversely, one earnest, consistent layman may be the means of drawing numbers through the Beautiful Gate.

Besides this helper, who was in a position independent of the Mission, Bishop Horden sent an assistant to share the work with Mr. Peck. This was Mr. Edward Richards, a layman, who was, however, subsequently ordained, and is still labouring in the Diocese of Moosonee. He was not in the same station with Mr. Peck, but was set to the oversight of some distant parts of his wide "parish."

Consolidation of work there also was. On Aug. 6 we read:

"The books sent last year have proved a great boon, and I have good reason for believing that God's Spirit has taken the written Word as the means of enlightening the souls of some of my poor people. I am happy to say that several can now read their books quite fluently.

"I have made it a practice during the time I have been at Little Whale River to instruct all the Eskimos who live at this post daily, so that they can all, with few exceptions, read their books; and I believe any of them would give satisfactory answers if questioned upon most of the leading truths of Christianity."

But there was further joy also. For better means

of teaching the people were at hand. In the last chapter it was pointed out that though the much-needed iron church had arrived at Moose in 1877, it had not been possible for Mr. Peck to take it back with him on his return to Little Whale River in 1878. Towards the end of August, 1879, it was reported as being at the trading station. The erection of the building was completed under difficulties, but by the latter part of October all obstacles had been overcome. A letter of December 20, written to the Rev. Henry Wright, gives a full account :

" You will be delighted to hear that God has enabled me to erect the iron church. It is a nice, neat little building, measuring (exclusive of chancel) forty feet long by twenty wide. I was about eight weeks erecting it, the Eskimos being employed by the Hudson's Bay Company ; I was, therefore, only able to have their help for eight days, so that the lion's share of the task came to my lot. I had also plenty of puzzling work, as the ground plan could not be found ; but with experiments, perseverance, and hard work, we managed finally to get everything in its place.

" The building was opened on Sunday, October 26. I preached in Eskimo, Indian, and English to my small flock. I spent a most happy day ; and I think our poor Eskimos, Indians, and others were very thankful for the gift which has been sent them. For my own part, I feel deeply thankful to God,

and God's people, who have given me such a help in my work. You know how necessary it is to have a proper place wherein to worship God; I shall now be able to speak to the people with some comfort, whereas formerly I was forced to pack them in my little house, or go into the open air, or have them in the Hudson's Bay Company's quarters. I have no doubt the Eskimos who arrive in the spring will be glad to assemble within the building; they will see for themselves the gift which has been sent them, so that I hope their hearts may be inclined to receive *Him* who is willing and waiting to give them a still greater gift—even life eternal. As the church will be visible to all, it will be a silent witness for God. The Eskimos will also understand our desires for their welfare far better than if mere words were used.

"I am happy to say that God is still helping and blessing me in this work. The Eskimos continue desirous to learn, and some of them show signs of spiritual life, for which blessings I am indeed thankful. I have a firm persuasion that God has a great blessing in store for the Indians and Eskimos. I have been led to plead much for them of late, and if the Holy Spirit has incited me to more earnestness in prayer, it is (according to my mind) that He may use and fit the weak instrument for a means of blessing to others. God, as you know, generally works upon our own souls when He intends to use us.

Oh ! may He often work within us, inciting us to more earnestness and devotion in His blessed work !

" May I ask you to make the month of May a particular time of prayer for the Eskimos ? It is then that the greatest number are near me ; then I am in the midst of the fearful battle against Satan, sin, and indifference, and I need particular grace. You know there are special seasons when we need to have our hands upheld by special prayer and sympathy.

" The news of the iron church being erected will no doubt be a matter of much joy to Miss Agnes, yourself, and other friends who thought of the poor isolated Eskimos, and sent them such a token of love and sympathy. Gratefully yours in that blessed hope, " E. J. PECK."

The surprise of the Eskimos who travelled to the post was unbounded.

" The poor people walked around the outside of the building and tapped the corrugated iron with their fingers, wondering of what peculiar material such a building could be made. Others, again, wondered how we possibly managed to erect the steeple, which, after all, is a very tiny affair.

" But when these simple folk saw the inside of the church, so nicely lined and varnished, their surprise knew no bounds, and they cried out :

" What a wonderful house ! "

" Oh, how high ! "

" What wonderful seats ! " etc., etc.

Again, writing to Miss Tolley of St. Leonards-on-Sea, Mr. Peck describes the iron building, and adds, " the Eskimos are delighted with it, and seem to think themselves the richest people in the world " on account of this great possession.

How easy would it be for the wealth of Christian England to give joy to the world. If only we really believed that Christ spoke the truth when He said, " It is more blessed to give than to receive," and acted accordingly, there would soon be peace upon earth among those in whom God is well pleased. But, unhappily, the sayings of Christ are regarded as containing beautiful sentiments, albeit unsuitable for a practical and business-like age.

It was not long before the new church was brought into full use and consecrated to the glory of God by the truest service. In the same letter, dated February 17, 1880, just quoted, we read, " I have been privileged to admit some of my people into the visible Church of Christ within its walls, and I hope to baptize more in the spring of this year."

We have heard several times of John Molucto, and the help he was rendering to the missionary. We might here enlarge on what has been said before, and give Mr. Peck's account of his zeal and method under great difficulty in work. At the date above mentioned, we read: " He is about sixty years old, and almost a cripple. But still he does a great deal

of work for the Saviour. When the Eskimos are here at Little Whale River he speaks to them about their souls, and exhorts them to turn to Jesus. Sometimes, when he is not able to walk about on the ice, he manages to get other Eskimos to haul him about on a sleigh, so that he may see them and speak to them. I have often found him with a band of his fellow-countrymen round him, teaching them to read and telling of the Saviour's love. Molucto has also proved a great help to me in the study of the Eskimo tongue. Although he can speak scarcely a word of English, he has a way peculiar to himself of making one understand what he means, so that I have found, and do find, him a great help when difficulties stand in my way. Another remarkable trait in his character is his perseverance in acquiring knowledge. In this respect I know not one to equal him. For hours he will study his book, and he has now as much fluency in reading as many of my young people who are hale and hearty. He is also very grateful to those who show him any little kindness, and I think he loves those who tell him of Jesus."

Surely the people, of whom the man so described is a representative, are worth helping? He may be called a representative, for perseverance in acquiring knowledge is quite an Eskimo characteristic. For instance, a young woman, named Agnes Anoât, is one who learned to read quite fluently, almost entirely by her own exertions, for she was away from

the Little Whale River while Mr. Peck was there, and therefore was independent of his help. Here is another case taken from Mr. Peck's diary:— "Some Eskimos arrived in the evening . . . One young fellow, whom I had never seen before, had almost learned to read, and had some knowledge of Christianity. It appeared that he had met another Eskimo who had done his best to instruct him. Other cases might be quoted, but there is no need to do so, in the light of the statement, which has already been made, that practically all the Eskimos at Little Whale River could now read."

Isolation is always one of the great trials of a missionary's life. St. Paul felt it when he wrote: "Only Luke is with me. Take Mark and bring him with thee." And from Apostolic days down to the present experience is the same. The spiritually-minded man needs the fellowship of the Spirit in others. But generally in these days of railways, telegraphs and telephones, though the missionary may be cut off from the sympathy and fellowship of personal contact, he has aids to realize communion in his regular mail service. The worker in Arctic scenes, however, has not this comfort. His isolation is complete, and if he has not learned to lean wholly upon his God for support, his lot is indeed a sad and hard one.

We can understand this to some extent when we read Mr. Peck's words to Miss Tolley, a warm sup-

porter of the Mission : " Your kind letter of May 6 did not reach me until the 6th of December." Nearly eight months for a letter to reach its destination ! In these days of the rapid movement of events dynasties might be overturned, his friends might be dead and buried, and the sojourner in Arctic regions be in the most profound ignorance of all. And when the letter does at last reach its destination, then two months more have to go by wearily before there is any opportunity of sending an answer. No wonder, then, that the ambassador for Christ feels a hunger for the prayers of the faithful at home, knowing that these will help him to say with Christ, " I am not alone because the Father is with me." Speaking from the depth of the Arctic winter, Mr. Peck exclaims : " It is indeed a lonely and barren spot where God has called me to labour and live. But I must not fear nor be discouraged. God will, no doubt, give me grace to toil on, if I make Him my refuge and strength."

Miss Tolley interested herself in getting together and sending out for distribution among the people many warm woollen garments and other useful things. The necessary delay in the delivery of these things well illustrates the isolation of the Little Whale River trading station. It is not until December 20, 1880, that the goods sent off in the early summer of 1879 are acknowledged as received. Then Mr. Peck writes, under this date, concerning

these things: "I am now able to speak of them. You could not have sent a nicer supply. The knitted vests were almost enough to make one warm to look at them. Some of the articles were almost too nice to give to the poor Eskimos and Indians, who spend much of their time in not very clean tents and houses. One poor woman seemed quite delighted to receive one of the vests. She looked and looked as if such a nice thing could never be intended for her." Some of the things thus sent were given as prizes either for teaching or learning, with a view to the encouragement of general industry and improvement.

A peep behind the scenes is always of interest. And lest the reader should imagine that the life of a Servant of God in these icy climates is one of deadly monotony and idleness, we can draw aside the veil for a moment and see how Mr. Peck describes his daily life at this time:

"I suppose you sometimes wonder how I manage to live here, and how I spend the long winter months. I am very comfortable considering all the circumstances, and I do not feel the cold so much as one might imagine. Having a snug house made of logs to live in, I am able to keep myself tolerably warm with the help of a stove. When I go outside I wear a good thick fur coat, which keeps out the cold wonderfully well. If I am away with the Eskimos and have to sleep in their snow houses, then I use

a large fur blanket in which I can sleep with comfort.

"It is true the air is very cold, but it is so clear and bracing, and tends so much to invigorate one, that it is not nearly so trying as might be supposed. It is doubtless owing to this cause that we are so free from complaints to which people in England are subject. Again, we are not nearly so badly off for food as some are apt to think. When the reindeer are numerous we receive a good supply of venison from the Eskimos; and besides the deer, we are able to obtain partridges and hares, so we are not in much danger of starving, although we have no shops as in old England.

"You may wonder how I spend my time, and what I do to keep my mind occupied. For one thing, I can always find plenty to do in the way of study, and for another I always have Eskimos near me whom I teach. And besides these things, I have to do cooking, etc., so that you can fully understand me when I say that I do not find time hang heavy on my hands.

"The daily routine is somewhat as follows:— I rise at 6 a.m. Two hours until 8 a.m. are occupied with devotions and study. Then comes breakfast. At 9 a.m. I gather the children together for school. After school I study the languages. At 1 p.m. I have my dinner. Exercise takes up the afternoon till 4 or 5 p.m. Tea is the next event. After the tea the adult Eskimos are called for Service

and instruction. Then once more comes my own study and devotion, and bed at 10 p.m."

All this represents a full life, but monotonous when lived day by day, week by week, year by year the same. But the monotony is relieved by the truest pleasure, viz., seeing the dawning faith, the growing trust, the brighter lives of those for whom the life is lived. Soul after soul is saved ; one after another is set as a jewel in the crown of Christ—that crown which He will wear as soon as it shines with the varied hues of all the lustre of the world ; not of Jerusalem or of Samaria alone, but of the uttermost parts of the world—the ice-bound shores of the Eskimos.

It is probable, also, that the law of compensation operates in the life of every one who is willing to come under its influence. Monotony and isolation tend to their own relief for the cheery disposition and the willing servant of God. The missionary who has constant opportunities of associating with his fellow-countrymen, or whose life may be relieved by ordinary pleasures, as in the case of one resident in an Indian station, has a certain amount of temptation which may lead him to look upon association with natives of the country as irksome. But in such a position as Little Whale River, the Englishman, cut off from his natural environment altogether, will discover all the attractive qualities and characteristics he can in those by whom he is surrounded

and form friendships among them. And so Mr. Peck is able to look on the bright side, and find plenty to admire in the Eskimos. There is certainly no tone of depression in such a description as he gives. "As regards the people themselves, they are far from being the stunted race they are generally represented to be. It is true they are not tall, but they are stout and strongly built. Besides this, they are a remarkably happy, good-natured people. It would do you good, I am sure, to see a group of them after they arrive at Little Whale River. They look very hearty and contented. The women present a strange appearance, with their children in their hoods and the little ones peeping out in such an artful manner. I sometimes wonder how it is their children are not frozen, but, strange to say, they seem to feel the cold less than their parents. When the little ones are able to walk they are dressed in warm fur clothes. Some of them are so fat, and are altogether so bulky in their winter costumes, that one could almost roll them about like balls with little fear of hurting them."

Then, again, not only is the exterior pleasing and interesting, but the Eskimos are such kind, teachable people that one seldom does anything for them without being cheered in soul.

Perhaps this chapter cannot be more appropriately brought to a close than by giving the story of one whose conversion belongs to this period. It is a

story which tells of character, opposition, gratitude and salvation. Charlotte Ooyaraluk was, during the early portion of the missionary's residence at Little Whale River, much opposed to the Gospel. Her opposition was, curiously enough, largely based upon what she considered to be an indignity offered to woman. It seemed to her a most monstrous and absurd thing that in the story of the Fall a woman should play the leading part, and be the first to fall into transgression. And for a long time she seemed to have no desire for spiritual things.

"As far as I can remember," writes Mr. Peck, "her heart seemed to be first really moved when one of her children fell dangerously ill and was brought very near to the gate of death. I visited her, and did what I could to help and comfort her.

"The little one recovered, and now the mother began to listen with great attention to the glad tidings of salvation. She joined our reading class, and showed a remarkable and dogged perseverance in acquiring the art of reading. Her little book was constantly in her hands, and she grew quickly in the knowledge of God.

"Shortly after this she was admitted by baptism into Christ's visible Church, and she lived a remarkably consistent life on the whole."

She did not live long, for a year or two later, during the missionary's absence, she was attacked by a fatal disease. The officer in charge of the Hudson's

Bay Company's Station kindly visited her, and reported that she had persevered to the end, and had met death calmly and joyfully, realizing, like St. Paul, that "to depart and be with Christ is far better" than the weary pilgrimage and warfare of this world.

CHAPTER VII

ITINERATIONS AND RESULTS

> " Many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

IN the beginning of 1881, Mr. Peck heard that there was some probability of a large number of Eskimos having come into the trading post at Great Whale River. This was about sixty miles south of his own station. He determined, therefore, to make the journey, which would take two days, travelling with sledge and dogs.

We picture to ourselves, perhaps, the delight of such a trip. The merry bells tinkle in our ears; the ruddy faces of the travellers glowing with health and happiness appear before us; the smooth, swift, exhilarating motion of the sledge seems to impart itself to our own bodies; as in fancy we compare it with the animated scenes that we have witnessed among those who seek their pleasure in this fashion on the sometimes frozen snow of our own well-laid, even roads.

But we must not allow fancy to lead us astray by making us think that Arctic journeys are pleasant picnics. There are other things to be taken into account, and these also must be placed in the picture as objects to form a very dark background. Endurance has been spoken of in an earlier chapter as necessary. We understand this, for the road is not smooth; the ice is piled in great heaps and hummocks; the jolting is so great as to make it difficult to sit on the sledge; occasionally the oscillation is too much for the centre of gravity, and the occupant is pitched out without ceremony. Then, again, the dogs are not always amenable to discipline, as we have seen; they think it right at a critical point of the journey to settle some argument among themselves; they fight, and become hopelessly entangled in their harness; one or two break away and cannot be caught again until the march for the day has been brought to an end slowly and underdogged. Or, once more, there is the keen, biting wind, often laden with snow drift. It penetrates the thickest fur. Nothing can keep the traveller warm, and when he arrives at his destination, no fire, no prepared food, no loving faces welcome him, but only bare snow walls. No; Arctic life is not all picnic.

Well, on February 17, 1881, Mr. Peck left his log home at Little Whale River and started for G.W.R., as he calls it in his diary, but we must be careful not to interpret the initials as meaning the Great

Western Railway. Enterprising as our companies may be, they have not found trade amongst the Eskimos encouraging enough to induce them to penetrate their country with iron roads. The missionary had one travelling companion, an Eskimo. They accomplished only some twenty-two miles the first day, and encamped for the night. At least, this is what Mr. Peck describes himself as doing; but it may be allowable to object to his description, seeing that the travellers are up again soon after midnight to resume their journey. They reached Great Whale River the next day in spite of a heavy head wind, which made it almost impossible to keep warm. But on arrival a disappointment awaited Mr. Peck, for it was found that only a small number of people were encamped there instead of the many he had expected. He consoled himself, however, in a very characteristic way, for he says he was glad as a consequence to be able to minister to them with so much the more individual care.

The sojourn was a short one—only five days. On February 23 the missionary started again on a tour of discovery, to seek and save those who were ready to perish from spiritual cold and starvation. The dogs were fresh and the snow quite hard, so, getting away at 6 a.m., a good day's work was done before night. Then the two encamped, cooked their supper, had prayers, and tried to make themselves snug and comfortable. They lay down to

sleep, but it was only a trying to sleep after all. The cold was so intense, that to become insensible to it in the land of slumber was out of the question. Consequently, they were glad to make an early start again the next morning. The course was now diverted seawards, to some islands some three or four miles from the coast. There some snow-houses were found, and happily they were not empty. The inhabitants gave Mr. Peck and his companion a welcome. One of the women soon put oil in the lamp in order to heat water for tea. It was rather a tardy process, but the warm drink was most welcome when it was ready at last. Next the children were gathered together and taught.

"Then," we read in the missionary's diary, "I went out to the other igloet and spoke to the people inside. One of the men was just on the point of going out to hunt seals, so I determined to accompany him. After walking over the ice for some time, we came to a place where there was a seal hole. At the upper end it was small, about the size of a crown piece, but the lower portion was larger. The hunter looked into the hole to see if it were frozen over. If it is not he knows that the seal has been blowing there quite recently. Being satisfied that there was some prospect of harpooning a prize, he next arranged his weapons and sat down near the hole to wait for his prey.

"It was not long in this case before a seal came to

the hole, and the hunter struck it with his harpoon. The hole was immediately made larger with the chisel which is always attached to the shaft of the harpoon. The seal was soon after brought up on the ice and hauled into the iglo, where Mr. Peck had taken up his abode for the time being. Here it was at once cut up, and pieces were handed round to the Eskimos. One little fellow was given a piece of the gory blubber and meat, which he seemed to enjoy most wonderfully."

This kind of diet is said to be very heating to the system, and after eating a good meal of raw seal's flesh the natives are able to endure the cold much better than would be the case with other kinds of food.

"In the evening," resumes Mr. Peck, "we sang hymns, read God's Word, and I addressed them, speaking of Christ raising Lazarus from the dead, and pointing out the power of the Saviour in Whom we are invited to believe. I am sure it would have been an interesting and attractive sight to any of God's people could they only have had a peep at us in our snow-bound dwelling and listened to our praises. For my part I felt most happy, and the little privation I endured seemed nothing compared with the joy of doing even a little for these Arctic wanderers.

"Before we retired to rest one of the men blocked up the opening which served for a doorway with a large piece of snow, and made a small hole in the

upper part of the iglo, which acted as a sort of ventilator or air escape. Having wrapped myself up in a deer-skin robe I soon went to sleep, my quarters being far warmer than one would imagine. This is accounted for by the number packed together in the small space of one tiny house, and the way in which we were encased with the snow, which, however cold and windy the weather may be, acts as a capital screen from the piercing blast.

"The next morning we left our friends at about 6 a.m. The wind was extremely cold and piercing, but I managed to keep myself warm by running and helping to guide the sledge through the rough ice. In some places there were pretty large cracks in the ice, but we managed to get across them with but little difficulty.

"After going in close to the coast we made our way to a river, where we hoped to see some more Eskimos. We were not disappointed, as we soon had the pleasure of seeing an iglo, and of making the acquaintance of some more of our hardy friends.

"After I had settled down I gathered the people together and spent some time in teaching them the Syllabic characters and in ministering to their spiritual wants. One of these Eskimos (a woman) has of late shown a great desire for instruction, and she seems to be ashamed of her ignorance."

Early in March Mr. Peck returned again to Great Whale River. "During my absence," he writes

" two Eskimos had arrived, and they had succeeded in killing three white bears on their way in. These they had attacked with knives, as they had no guns with them. They seem to have little fear in attacking any animal they may meet with, providing there is some chance of killing the game."

And so through the month of March, 1881, Mr. Peck continued to make Great Whale River his headquarters, itinerating from there among the encampments and snow villages of the wandering Eskimos. We find him always hopeful, always cheery, always encouraged by the attitude of the people to whom he is ministering. At one time, we read: "They take as much interest as ever in the truths which are laid before them, and there is a marked spirit of devotion in our little meetings. How cheering and soul-refreshing this is! Who would murmur at solitude or trial after this?"

At another time, as he is making a night journey in his sledge, the Aurora, the brilliant northern lights, made the heavens a wonder to behold. Waves of light of every conceivable colour flitted across the clear blue sky, while the moon, God's great night-light, shone brightly upon the white expanse of snow beneath. "Often have I gazed with wonder upon an Arctic night, and while looking up have thought of the Psalmist's words, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.' At such times my soul seems held

in silent contemplation of the wonderful works of God." And so, whether by faithful work and its results or by the glories of nature, each a revelation of the presence of God, the solitary messenger is cheered, and finds a very bright side indeed to his life.

In April the missionary is again back at Little Whale River, settled down in his summer work.

In a former chapter we saw something of the anxious thoughts that come into a missionary's mind concerning his converts from whom he has been separated some time.

In this connection an extract from Mr. Peck's diary is of interest. It shows the value of being able to read: "Experience teaches me that those who have no help while away from the means of teaching generally fall back into their former state of ignorance. With those Eskimos who can read God's Word for themselves I find a great difference. These are nearly always the most encouraging and the most desirous of knowing more about Jesus."

There is one case of a man who was met on May 9 that is worthy of mention. For it speaks of the growth of the leaven of the Kingdom, imperceptible in the process, but perceived in the result. He was present at a meeting where "the people listened with attention, and he showed a marked desire for instruction. He had met a Christian Eskimo who was a convert from one of the Moravian Mission

stations on the Labrador coast. From him he had learned a simple prayer. He had been in the habit ever since of using that prayer daily, and he had still some knowledge of Christianity, although he had been for years without an instructor." Surely here we find a man feeling after God, if haply he may find Him.

At this time Mr. Peck was accompanied in his journeys and helped in his work by a Christian Eskimo named Thomas Fleming. This man owed his conversion to Mrs. McLaren, the wife of one of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. She had lived for a time at Little Whale River, and her influence through her life and words had made a deep impression upon several of the Eskimos. In former years she had lived at various Moravian stations on the Labrador coast, where she gained her knowledge of spiritual things through the instruction of the Brethren there. She spoke the language fluently, and after she had learned she was ready to impart to the heathen by whom she was surrounded. Thomas Fleming, one of these, was baptized by the Rev. T. Fleming, who was for some years a colleague of Bishop Horden's, and from him he received his name. The baptism took place at Little Whale River, which the missionary visited one winter long before the arrival of Mr. Peck. The latter writes concerning this convert:

"After my arrival T. Fleming soon learned to

read. His knowledge of spiritual things increased, and he became in many respects a most helpful man. Several times he addressed the Eskimos in the church, and when I was away he often carried on the services during my absence.

"One day the poor fellow went out on the ice to catch seals. He waited long and patiently at a seal hole—waited too long, in fact, for he caught a severe chill. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and he finally succumbed to this terrible malady, and soon he passed away to be, we trust, for ever with the Lord."

In May, 1881, Mr. Peck had to journey south to Fort George, in order to visit the Cree Indians.

At Great Whale River Mr. Edward Richards joined him, and the two started on their itineration together, having Fort George as their ultimate goal, on May 18: "The weather was fine, and the ice in tolerably good condition, so we made good progress. We saw several seals on the ice basking in the sun. This is a favourable time for seal hunting with the Eskimos, and great numbers are captured by the wary men, who creep up to them as they lie on the ice and then shoot or harpoon them. But this is no easy matter, as the seals are remarkably acute in hearing, and when alarmed soon disappear through their holes, by the side of which they generally lie.

"In crawling to a seal the hunter must use the

greatest caution. An Eskimo generally crawls along the ice and watches the seal as closely as possible. Should the seal raise its head, then the hunter remains still; but when the seal indulges in another nap, then the hunter crawls a little nearer until the seal again lifts its head, and so on, until the hunter is near enough, and the unfortunate animal is shot. Many of the seals which we saw slipped down through their holes as soon as they heard the noise of the sledge; others were somewhat bolder, and waited until we were almost within gun-shot of them.

"A drive of about forty miles brought us to an Eskimo encampment. In the evening a meeting was held in the largest tent, after which one man, in the course of conversation, told the missionary how his wife during her illness in the summer had found the greatest possible comfort in her knowledge of the Saviour, and in repeating the few hymns she knew, and that she had died trusting in Him."

The missionary, as well as the angels in heaven, rejoices over one sinner that repents, and takes new courage for persistent preaching of the Gospel.

And so the journey continued, with ministering to the wanderers here and there, until May 30. Then the travellers decided that they must be making their way as quickly as possible to Fort George, as their provisions were beginning to run short. The officer in charge of the station had

kindly promised to send up some provisions from the south to meet them. And they were anxious to fall in with these supplies. But the days that followed were not altogether pleasant. We read extracts like this: "We had quite an excitement, for about midnight our tent was blown down, and as the snow was falling we were in a predicament. I could not help indulging in a good laugh in spite of the cold. Edward Richards managed somehow to dress and crawl out from underneath his stiff, frozen casement, and we succeeded in getting our frail tabernacle up again."

Or, again, after his companion had gone out to look for the expected Indians who were to bring their supplies from Fort George, we read the not encouraging words: "Edward Richards returned to-day. The news he brought is not at all cheering. There were no Indians, and the coast is blocked with ice. I have no doubt we shall find something to eat. We must rest in God and not be afraid." Three days later Mr. Richards succeeded in killing a duck, "so we are provided for at least another meal. I have a few provisions left, but I wish to keep them until the last extremity."

At last, on June 7, the long looked for Indians arrived. They had been delayed, as the ice had prevented them bringing in their canoes. On that day we find the note: "We shall (D.V.) start to-morrow and go some distance inland, and then

journey to the south, making the best of our way over the lakes and land until we arrive at some place where we can again go down to the coast, which, we hope, will be clear of ice by the time we arrive."

Perhaps one of the greatest trials to dwellers in Arctic scenes is the bare expanse of land or ice, with no sign of trees or verdure. We can sympathize to some extent when we read of the joy of the travellers coming to some lakes which were free of ice and were surrounded with trees. "There was no great beauty about them, but *to my eyes* the scenery was charming, for barren rocks and ice had formed our landscape for months." It was not until June 13 that the coast was again reached. "We were surprised to find large quantities of ice blocking our way, but we determined to try and push through. It was rather exciting work, as at times the passage was very narrow, and large boulders of ice rose up on each side, which would soon have crushed our frail craft had we come into collision with them."

On June 16 Fort George was at length reached. Mr. Peck made a sojourn here of more than a month. A site for a church was cleared with the help of the Indians. Two adults were baptized. "One of these had for a considerable time followed Satan in conjuring and other evils. He at last began to try and learn, and to give heed to the things of God. When questioned, his answers were very satisfactory,

and he has for some time been in the habit of praying to God. These are the first adult Indians I have been privileged to baptize. May they continue to cleave to Jesus, even to the end."

Other causes for satisfaction and encouragement there were. Inquirers came forward from among the Indians, giving hope of increase in the future. And there was a prospect of the continuance of the work after the missionaries should have left.

Mr. Peck writes: "The gentleman in charge will continue to do what he can for the English-speaking people. There are also three helpers as regards the Indians, all of them being good speakers in the Indian tongue and able to read the Indian books; and more than this, they all, I believe, know Jesus and try to serve Him."

The second chapter of this book told of the contempt of the Indian for the Eskimo. The Jew despises the Gentile; the Greek the barbarian; the Brahmin the Chuhra. But in Christ the walls of separation are broken down. We realize this when Mr. Peck again tells us, on July 22: "Before I left I got all the Indians and Eskimos together. Each party sang a hymn. I then asked them to kneel down, and prayed for them all.

"What a sight was this! Some years ago these people were the most deadly enemies—now they can praise God together. After leaving them we paddled a long distance, and then encamped for the night."

After this, the only entry in the diary for this period is: "The journey to Whale River was accomplished quickly and safely."

We might go on dwelling upon details of work and itineration, but it is better here, probably, to endeavour to have a complete picture before us of the result of the labours into which we have had some insight. There is an interesting summary from Mr. Peck's own hand, dated July 31, 1882, which will probably give us what we require, and show clearly the establishment of the living Church of Christ.

"As nearly all the Eskimos came to trade at Little Whale River, instead of going to both Great Whale River and Little Whale River as in previous years, I was able to minister to them far more efficiently than before. The meetings in the iron church have been well attended, and the people are now becoming somewhat used to a regular place of worship, although with some of the wild heathen Eskimos one has to use some tact to keep them quiet and orderly.

"They seem to think the building so wonderful, and the meeting of so many of their fellow-countrymen appears to them so novel, that they often give vent to their feelings in quite a demonstrative manner. I find all our pupils, as usual, very ready to listen to a friendly word when visited in their snow-houses. It is true an Eskimo iglo is not a very

inviting place. What with seal's flesh, blubber, the awful smell, and the continual uproar of dogs and children, one's quarters are certainly not to be envied. On the other hand, the kindly spirit of the people, their desire for instruction, and the prospect of leading them to life eternal, these things surely ought to make amends for all. The classes for children and adults have been very well attended. Several of the children can now read their books, and can give very fair answers when catechized on the leading truths of Christianity. As regards the adults, some of the younger members have learned to read very well, but several of the elderly people do not seem to make much headway. They often deplore their ignorance, and some tell me, in their own simple style of speech, that because their heads are thicker than the young people's therefore they cannot learn like them, etc., etc. The number of baptisms during the year is another bright, cheery point which contrasts favourably with last year. There have been nineteen adult and some ten infant baptisms since sending last year's report. The number of adult Eskimos now baptized is sixty-four, and that of the children forty, to which may be added the forty candidates for baptism, making the total of Eskimo Christian adherents 144. This doubtless is but "a little flock"; let us pray the Lord to increase it. Let us ask Him to add many living members to the

Church amongst the Eskimos. Such members we want, and for such we must toil and pray.

"As regards literary work, I have spent a goodly portion of my time in the composition of an Eskimo grammar. This will take time yet to finish; but when completed we hope it may prove useful, and be found simple.

"I am glad to say that the native teachers continue to do good work, and we have been able to add one to the number since last year. One of the heathen Eskimos has also done much to spread the Gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen. This man (who is named Titikgak) heard the Gospel some three years ago; he then returned to his hunting-grounds, which are about eight hundred miles from Little Whale River, and through his instrumentality many of the heathen Eskimos are leaving their pagan customs and are desirous of instruction. This fact, I need hardly say, is a source of much joy and comfort to one's soul."

This review then goes on to speak of another visit paid to Fort George and of the conditions of the Indians.

CHAPTER VIII

GATHERING FRUIT—UNGAVA

"My sheep hear My voice."

THE last chapter closed with Mr. Peck's summary of a portion of his work. We were told that there were sixty-four baptized adult Eskimos. We wish to know more about these. What kind of Christians were they? Were they true followers of Christ? or were they what the scoffer sometimes calls "bread-and-butter" Christians?

Well, some have already been brought incidentally into the narrative that has gone before. The lives of two or three more may serve as examples to prove that now, as 1,900 years ago, the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

"Apakutsuk was a man who came to the station an utterly ignorant heathen. He was suffering from some complaint which was gradually dragging him down to the grave. He was naturally an intelligent man, and soon learned to read, and very readily grasped the meaning of Scripture truth.

"The disease with which he was afflicted increased,

and presently focussed itself in his hip; he became lame, and was obliged to use a rudely-fashioned crutch to move about at all.

"Poor Apakutsuk! His sufferings abounded, but so also did God's grace; and with much joy I was able to formally receive him into Christ's flock.

"He was baptized, and was in such wonderful earnestness for the faith in his Saviour, that he began to preach Him to his own people who came to the station.

"On every hand he was listened to with the deepest attention, and some of those who heard his earnest appeals were much impressed.

"The ravages of disease at last wore him to a shadow. I helped him as far as lay in my power, giving him such nourishments from our limited stock of provisions as he could take. But the Lord needed His ransomed one, and the call came, 'Come Home!'

"One morning I crept into his little house. His wife was weeping, and as I entered she pointed to the form of her husband, cold in death. The Spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

"We tried to give this dear saint in God Christian burial. We made a coffin out of some rough boxes, and a grave was dug.

"How did we dig it, since the sandy soil was frozen for many feet down? The Eskimos, with

some bars of iron and one or two rough spades, literally chiselled out a space for the dead.

"We then lowered the body into its icy tomb, and so bitter and piercing was the wind, that all I could do was to ask the sorrowing relatives to kneel down while I offered up the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards spoke to them of Him who by His death and resurrection has plucked out the sting of death.

"As I looked upon the gloomy waste around, and that icy tomb, with the little band of sorrowing ones near me, I thought of the joy of the ransomed soul which had escaped the chill horrors of the body. We had sown the silent form, in corruption, to be presently raised in incorruption. It was sown in weakness, to be raised in power.

"Oh what mighty, far-reaching issues depend upon preaching the full Gospel of the grace of God!

"How earnest we ought to be in giving to the nations that wonderful message which can alone lead men's souls to God, and bring life and immortality to light through the story of a Saviour's love!"

We have previously had some account of a lad who lived in Mr. Peck's hut, and who as a result was brought to be a disciple of Christ. The history of another might also here be given as being both interesting in itself and typical of the vicissitudes of Arctic life.

"Joseph Ratynrok was one of the lads," the

journals tell us, "whom I had the pleasure of keeping in my little house and instructing in the Word of God. His parents were both very respectable and intelligent. His mother died during the early years of my sojourn in Little Whale River.

"His father married again, and Joseph, with his father, step-mother, and brothers, left the station.

"Their after experiences were terrible. Wandering over the frozen sea, never meeting with any who could help them, and finding no game of any kind, hunger pressed them hard.

"Weak and faint and despairing, delirious doubtless with starvation, the poor mother at last sank down by the side of a rock, and taking her infant child from the hood (in which Eskimo women always carry their babes) she strangled it, and then laid herself down to die.

"The father, with the three remaining children, when all was over, pressed on. Thinking, in their desperate state, that by crossing over a bight in the coast they might meet with some of their fellow-countrymen, they ventured out upon what proved to be unsafe ice.

"One by one they broke through the icy sheet and perished. Joseph alone remained.

"Retracing his steps with a dogged perseverance, he travelled on by the longer route. He fell in at last with a wandering band of Eskimos, but only just in time, for he was ill and spent.

"He was tenderly cared for, and was at last brought by his succourers into Little Whale River. It was then that I took the poor boy, now so absolutely orphaned, and kept him with me.

"Being a lad of much natural intelligence he soon learned to read, and in a clear and decided way grasped the great truths of the Christian faith. He was also of much use to me in preparing my addresses, etc., and some of his sayings still help me greatly in speaking to the people.

"The poor lad suffered from a disease of the knee joint, and hoping that he might receive permanent benefit from being under proper medical treatment, he was sent to Moose.

"Here, however, the terrible disease developed. Then rapid consumption set in, and it was evident that poor Joseph was dying. My friend, the Rev. H. Nevitt, was then at Moose, and as Joseph knew something of the English language he was able to understand some at least of the comforting truths spoken to him.

"From the tesitmony of Mr. Nevitt, it is evident that the lad died fully trusting in the Saviour."

John Angatansage was an instance of the power of Christ to save the very vilest of sinners and to cast out devils. "When a heathen he had been a murderer of the deepest type. He had not only killed an enemy of his, whom he had hunted about for years, but when he had speared his wretched

victim he turned upon the wife and children, and although the poor wife pleaded most pitifully for mercy for herself and her dear little ones, he would not listen, but murdered them all.

"This incarnate fiend was dreaded and loathed for years by his own countrymen, and was, as he justly deserved to be, morally excommunicated by the whole community.

"After my arrival at Little Whale River, and when the Eskimos came together to hear the Word of God, he inquired what these things meant, and was told in reply that a white man had come to tell them of one named Jesus, who died for sinners.

"Fearing to come near me, he inquired through my old friend and helper, John Molucto, if such a wretch as he would be allowed to listen to the Gospel.

"I sent him word that if he was really sorry for his awful deeds, and wished to hear the glad tidings of Jesus, he might certainly come.

"Come he did, time after time, and began to inquire most earnestly regarding heavenly things. His hard heart was softened, and he confessed, with the most abject sorrow, his awful sin, and declared solemnly—and oh, how truly!—that before he had seen the Gospel light, while he was in heathen darkness, he had been moved by Satan to kill and destroy.

"Believing this man to be truly penitent, I baptized him, after a long probation.

"His life and conversation ever after exhibited the mighty change which God's pardoning grace had wrought in his heart."

Another case will tell of the power of Christ to enable a man to meet pain and physical trial in his own life.

Henry Oochungwak was a mighty hunter, and a man of much force of character and intelligence. He was looked up to by the other Eskimos, and was generally recognized as a chief among them.

"My old friend and helper, John Molucto," writes Mr. Peck, "being on the most friendly terms with Oochungwak, often spoke to him regarding the wonderful tidings of a Saviour's love. The result was that he, while at the station, began to attend our meetings, and his inquiries showed that the Holy Spirit was moving him considerably.

"Poor fellow! How fiercely was his faith to be tried! Satan desired to sift him like wheat. While out upon the frozen seas an old and painful complaint began again to develop itself in him, and his suffering became most intense.

"It is the custom of the Eskimos, when they suppose that they are suffering from an incurable complaint, either to commit suicide or get a neighbour to kill them.

"Suffering as this poor fellow was, he asked a man named Akpahataluk to strangle him, but the man refused to do it. News of this was brought into the station, and the gentleman in charge of the Hudson's Bay Post (D. Gillies, Esq.) and I went off on the frozen sea to visit the sufferer.

"When the awfulness of the deed which he had contemplated was explained to him, his sorrow was most acute. Great scalding tears rolled down his pain-worn face as I reasoned with him, and reminded him of the strength and grace of Jesus to meet his deepest need.

"Through the kindness of Mr. Gillies he was taken to the station and cared for. So I had constant opportunities of speaking to him of divine things.

"John Molucto also spoke to him most lovingly, and through his few remaining days, before he finally succumbed to the fell disease that killed him, his soul was cheered and solaced, I believe, by the comforting, sustaining presence of Jesus."

These few short narratives of personal life help the reader to generalize and to picture with considerable truth not only the success of the Gospel when faithfully preached and lived, but also the character of the Eskimos, the hardships they have to endure and the dangers to brave. Others might have been given, varying slightly according to the characters of the individuals who are brought into the great drag-net of Christianity and the circum-

stances of their lives. Sometimes they are converts from heathenism; sometimes the children of converts, baptized in infancy, and growing up in the calm atmosphere of the Spirit of God. We read in one place of a little girl: "I spoke to her many times of the Saviour's love, and I was constantly encouraged by the beauty and consistency of her Christian life when once she had yielded herself to Jesus."

In another case we find a bright, intelligent man, born Christian, who not only learns to read the little books printed in the Syllabic character, but actually masters the Moravian New Testament in Roman type. We must not suppose that perfection is attained all at once, that the missionary never has to lament a fall on the part of one who has given himself to God, or a yielding to old temptations amid the surroundings of the new life. English Christians after many hundreds of years of the Gospel can still find flaws in their own morals. Then it is hardly to be wondered at if the Eskimo Christian of yesterday causes his teacher sometimes moments of anxiety and hours of prayer. But enough has been said to show that thus far work among the Eskimos was full of joy and encouragement, and spoke of the truth of the promise, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you." "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

And now, having given these individual introduc-

tions, the first seven years of Mr. Peck's missionary life must be drawn to a close.

In December, 1882, he was contemplating a visit to England in the following summer.

After so many years he had undoubtedly earned his rest and a return to civilization for a season. But nevertheless he was willing to forego his own pleasure and refreshment for the sake of those to whom he had been sent. Rather more than a year later, on January 3, 1884, he again wrote to Miss Tolley: "You will doubtless have heard by the time you receive this the reason of my not having gone to England as I intended. We were anxious to see some heathen Eskimos living at Ungava Bay, and not being able to push north on account of the very severe weather, we were obliged to give up the journey. Thinking then that there might be a more favourable opportunity the following year, I determined to remain and make another trial."

It is easy to sit at one's writing-table and make extracts of this kind from Mr. Peck's letters and diaries; it is easier for the reader to sit in his easy chair and read them. It needs, however, some effort on the part of both writer and reader to appreciate, or in any degree realize, the missionary's position and work. Here he was voluntarily giving up his hard-earned leave. And none but the exile knows what home-hunger is. He was also contemplating a most difficult and adventurous

journey to Ungava, over a country rarely, if ever, traversed by an Englishman before. The unknown only lay before him in this deserted, icy road of some 700 or 800 miles. And as the apostolic party of old "assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not." So it might also have been written of him. No less than three times did Mr. Peck fail to accomplish this journey. Three times, from some cause or another, he was driven back. His first attempt has already been mentioned as having taken place in the summer of 1882. "In the following summer," he writes, "we started again, but could not force our way along the coast on account of the vast piles of ice which lay in our track, and we were again with reluctance obliged to postpone our arduous undertaking.

"In the winter of the same year we tried once more with sledge and dogs, thinking to cross the Labrador Peninsula by this means. We were not, of course, able to carry a large supply of provisions, as the load would have been too heavy; but we expected to meet with reindeer and other animals which sometimes frequent those parts. In this, however, we were disappointed. For eleven days we struggled on over the frozen waste, but not a vestige of animal life could be seen. We were, therefore, obliged with heavy heart to retrace our steps or perish by starvation. The next attempt, through God's help and guidance, proved successful, and

great was our joy when at last Ungava was reached, and our trials and disappointments were at an end."

The start was made on July 17, 1884. The party consisted of Mr. Peck himself and four Indians with a canoe. It was about 8 a.m. when they commenced their journey. At first they took the coast line of the open sea from Little Whale River to Richmond Gulf on the north. They entered the latter about 1 p.m. Here they found themselves off a dangerous, rocky shore. Fish are plentiful in this region, especially in the summer and autumn. So the travellers were able to some extent to husband their provisions—an important matter with a long journey ahead, and the possibility of carrying nothing but light loads. When in the Gulf the wind freshened and a sea sprang up, and as the shore was inhospitable and impossible of effecting a landing in heavy breakers, they determined on camping for the night while the opportunity offered itself.

The next day the wind was fair, and they made an early start. The sea was running high, and was almost too much for the frail craft; but the Indians, as usual, handled her admirably, and they were able to accomplish the whole distance, 30 miles, across the southern portion of the Gulf without any mishap. About 2 p.m. they entered a small river, but close to its mouth an obstacle faced them in the shape of a large rapid which they were unable

to surmount. So there was nothing for it but to pack up bag and baggage, shoulder the loads, and carry them for more than a mile. After this a halt was called, and the travellers encamped for the night. They could hardly say, however, with the Psalmist, "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest," for the mosquitoes and other insects of torture were quite unbearable.

How glad one is on the morrow of a bad night in camp to say farewell to the camping ground—a dirty-smelling camp, a noisy camp, an insect-pestered camp, a low-lying damp camp. These are the lot of the pilgrim who travels through strange lands. He tosses and turns in his not too luxurious bed and waits for the day, thankful when it comes to make a new start, hoping for better things when next he pitches his tent a day's march nearer home. Such, doubtless, were the feelings of this little party when we read that in the morning, "We passed from the river into a small chain of lakes lying about east by north. We had a hard day's work carrying our loads from lake to lake, or in other words, *making portages*. The country was hilly, and in some places even mountainous. Partridges were numerous near the shores of the lakes, and we saw several deer tracks during the day."

Each day closed with prayer and Bible reading, with a simple exposition of the passage read. On

Sunday we find the note, "We rested according to the commandment."

Those who are marching day after day appreciate the rest of the seventh day more, perhaps, than any one else. They understand what is beyond the comprehension of the present-day pleasure-seeker—that the dull old Sabbath is a God-given institution.

Probably the best way to give an adequate impression of this journey will be to transcribe some of Mr. Peck's notes, merely inserting a few words to make the sentences complete for publication :—

"*Monday, July* 21.—We had another heavy day's work carrying our canoe and baggage from lake to lake.

"*Tuesday, July* 22.—We passed through another chain of lakes lying about east by north, then we camped for the night. We shot several partridges during the day, and caught some fine white fish and trout in the lake. The country was hilly, and vegetation scanty.

"*Wednesday, July* 23.—We made our long portage, and then passed into Clear Water Lake. This is a fine, deep lake, about forty miles in breadth and fifty long. True to its name, the water is surprisingly fresh and clear. As the wind was fair we pushed out into the lake, and had made some thirty miles when a heavy storm came on. We then made the best of our way to a large island which was for-

tunately close at hand, and camped for the night. We saw some reindeer on the island, but did not succeed in shooting any. The wood growing on the island is rather large, but not fit for building purposes.

The storm continued the next day, making it impossible for the travellers to venture in their canoe; but on "*Friday, July* 25, the wind moderated, though it is still heavy. We ventured, however, to cross from the island to the northern shore of the lake. Our little craft rode the sea admirably under the skilful guidance of our steersman. We reached the shore, thank God, safely, and then passed into a small river. We made a few portages, and then camped. The country about here is much lower than that hitherto seen. We have been more or less troubled with mosquitoes ever since leaving Little Whale River. They sometimes attack us in great force, and sting in a most unmerciful manner.

"*Saturday, July* 26.—Made a few portages, and then passed into Seal Lake. This is about seventy miles long, but varies much in breadth. In the middle it is quite narrow, but in other places it measures perhaps from thirty to fifty miles in width. It is quite studded with islands which are the favourite haunts of reindeer, especially in the winter months. The wind was fair and strong, so we made a good run and then camped. We saw a seal, some gulls, and a few ducks during the day.

"*Sunday, July* 27.—We rested during the day and had a pleasant reading and conversation. There is something appalling and solemn in passing through these desolate regions. Day after day one looks upon the same little band and hears the same few voices. How well to look upward to Jesus who sits upon the throne, and to remember that one is never really alone if we are His and He is ours.

"*Monday, July* 28.—We reached the south-eastern boundary of the lake, and then made portage into a small river.

"*Tuesday, July* 29.—We passed from the river into a rather large lake, the river from which continues its course to Fort Chimo. The country is very mountainous. Trees and willows grow by the banks of the rivers and lakes. Partridges are very numerous. We frequently saw deer tracks from two to three feet wide.

"*Wednesday, July* 30.—We continued our journey on a small river which runs from the lake. It was very shallow. We had to lighten our canoe by carrying portions of our goods. This is terrible work, especially when clouds of mosquitoes attack one from every quarter. The country is still mountainous. Fish are plentiful in the river.

"*Friday, August* 1.—The current was strong, but the river shallow. We had to be very cautious, as our canoe has been broken three times since starting. We had a narrow escape once. We struck a large

stone in passing down a rapid, but we were fortunately carried into shallow water before the canoe filled. We were able to patch up our shattered craft and proceed on our way."

Enough has been written in the transcription of these notes to convey some impressions to the mind of the reader. The appalling solitude, the merciless swarms of insects, the danger, the toil continuing for three and a half weeks, must rouse a certain amount of sympathy in even the most apathetic. That it was a journey worthy of consideration from other than the missionary point of view is attested by the fact that it was noticed by the Royal Geographical Society, and Mr. Peck's notes were republished in its journals.

At last, on August 11, the travellers found the tide flowing with such force in the afternoon that they were unable to make headway against it. This was a clear indication that they were nearing their goal, as the coast could not be very far distant. It turned out they were twenty miles from the mouth of the river, and as the rise and fall of the water at Ungava Bay is about sixty feet, it can be readily understood that to stem its adverse torrent was out of the question. So they waited for the turn of the tide, and then went down the river at a swinging pace. Towards evening Fort Chimo was reached. A hearty welcome was given them by the officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in charge of

the station, and so they "were glad because they were quiet, for He had brought them into their desired haven." Three weeks were spent at this port, during which the Eskimos were instructed and the few Europeans ministered to. And what was the result? Mr Peck had written, "Our object in taking the journey was to reach the Eskimos living in those parts, and to lay before them the glad tidings of salvation."

Did they receive the Gospel? is the all-important question from the missionary's point of view. To this we have the answer given:

"Several of these people heard with amazement of that Saviour who came to save and bless. Many of them showed a great desire to learn, and some of them crowded in my little tent and asked over and over again various questions bearing on the things of eternity. Not a few of them, I trust, have received into their hearts seeds of saving truth which will, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, draw them to Jesus for pardon and peace. Surely this fact ought to speak in no silent tone to the Church of God. Where is our faith and self-denial if a people so eager to learn are left without a teacher to point them to Jesus, the Fountain of Life?"

There are, however, no particular details given of this sojourn and the work accomplished, and it was not for years afterwards that anything more was heard of it. In 1899, after Mr. Peck had been

at work for some years in Cumberland Sound, he received a letter from Bishop La Trobe, of the Moravian Church. It is so important, and so full of encouragement for the lonely worker for God, that it is given here *in extenso* as a completion to the sojourn at Ungava Bay.

"MORAVIAN MISSION BOARD.
HERRNHUT,
SAXONY.
November 13, 1899.

Rev. E. J. PECK,
BLACKLEAD ISLAND,
CUMBERLAND INLET.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have a story to tell which is of special interest to you who have sown the Seed of Life in Ungava Bay. It seems as if God will now give a reaping time. Having heard of "a great awakening" at Kangiva and Ungava, our missionary, Stecker, at Ramah, went thither last April by invitation of Mr. Guy, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at Kangiva. He was accompanied by Ludwig, a Christian Eskimo, and joined at Nachwak by Mr. Ford, the H.B.C. trader at that post, and an Eskimo, who is still heathen.

I will not linger on their journey across the lofty ridge of that northern point of Labrador, but only say that its experiences were of daily perils and daily preservation and mercies. A southerly wind brought

a sudden thaw, and part of the journey was through melting snow and flowing water, instead of over the frozen surface of land and river and sea. The men and dogs and sledge often sank deep into the soft snow, and some of the streams they came to were well-nigh impassable.

Arrived at length at Kangiva, Mr. Stecker found that there was a real awakening, and that it is to be traced to the Divine blessing on your own work at Ungava. From thence it has spread northward to Kangiva, the Island of Akpatok, and even to the other side of Hudson's Straits. It was soon plain to him—and he says it would be plain to every one—that the work is of God. No doubt some of the Eskimos are going on with the stream, but its flow is towards Christianity. The Eskimos have fully broken with heathen practices and sorcery, and their countenances showed the cheerful character of the change. They were quite candid and open with Mr. Stecker. They are eager to observe the Sabbath, counting the days week by week to the seventh day, when they rest from work. All the Eskimos, even the old people, are learning to read and write in the Syllabic character, and your extracts from the Bible and the Catechism are highly prized. It is astonishing what progress the Kangiva people have made in one year, since they began to learn from those of Ungava. They are diligently instructing their children to the best of their ability. They are hungry

for instruction in the things of God, and could not hear enough from Mr. Stecker. They repeatedly said: "O, if we only had a missionary!" Again and again they begged him to come again next year, and he plans to do so in March, 1900, when he will visit Ungava as well as Kangiva. At the latter there are some 70 Eskimos, at the former more, and also some Indians living separate from, and some also among, the Indians from the interior, and Eskimos from Akpatok also come thither to trade. Mr. Stecker says there is really an open door. He thinks Ungava the best centre for a station. Kangiva can be reached from thence in two or three days.

The agents of the Company bear witness that the Eskimos are quite different to what they used to be, and really in earnest to live a new life. The traders at both posts would welcome and assist a missionary, and think there would be no difficulty in his getting provisions by the Company's ships. It remains to be seen how the H.B.C. authorities in Canada and London will view the matter.

The Eskimo dialect used in Ungava Bay differs in accent and in some words from that used along the Atlantic coast, but not so much that one of our missionaries would find any difficulty. If he were already firm in the language his ear would soon be accustomed to the new sounds.

And now, dear Brother, whose is the privilege and duty to take up the work thus begun in the

Divine leading of Providence? Personally, I feel that it is laid on our Church as an extension of her existing work among the Eskimos, and I believe that you and the C.M.S. Committee will acquiesce in this. Being in London in 1897, I called on Mr. Baring-Gould at Salisbury Square, and spoke with him especially about Ungava. He expressed the hope that the way might be made clear for our Church to enter on work there. May God show us His will for Ungava. I do hope you are blessed and cheered in your work at Cumberland Inlet. I wonder if you ever come across any trace of our Missionary Warmow's visit there in 1858.

In sincere Christian regards,
I am, dear friend,
Yours most truly,
B. La Trobe.

The allusion in the end of the above letter is to a Moravian missionary named Warmow, who wintered on the northern shore of Cumberland Sound in a whaling ship in 1858. He was sent out to see what openings existed for missionary work.

CHAPTER IX

MARRIAGE—FORT GEORGE

"Thy people shall be my people."

MR. PECK'S sojourn at Ungava Bay lasted until the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer. Then he embarked on the vessel which sailed to a port on the Labrador coast. After various changes he reached St. John's, Newfoundland. Thence taking passage in a ship sailing for England he arrived in Liverpool on the 15th of October, 1884, to enjoy a sojourn in the old country.

This English sojourn has no place in an account of work among the Eskimos save for one fact which influenced that work considerably. This was Mr. Peck's marriage. He had known the Rev. W. Coleman, the present vicar of Moreton Morrell, in Warwickshire, before he went to Little Whale River, and when on a visit to him after his return home, he found his friend's sister, Miss Coleman, ready to share his life of privation and danger for the sake of Christ. They were married in St. Paul's Church, Greenwich, where Mr. Coleman was curate at that

time. Nothing need be said except that she was worthy in every way to be the partner of the servant of God, and to cheer his solitude. A braver and more devoted help-meet was never given to a man. "Fear did not enter into her calculations where the Lord's work and His glory were the object."

"Is it His will that we should prosecute this work?" would be the only question, and when the answer was affirmative: Then let us go forward "Strong in the strength which God supplies through His eternal Son."

We are reminded as we read this of the patient persevering faith of the first woman who had anything to do with Eskimo missionary work. When Hans Egede embarked at Vaagen for Bergen before proceeding to Greenland nearly two hundred years ago, his friends who had been estranged from him for some time owing to his madness, as they deemed it, in leaving home for unknown perils and hardship, found their love for him revive. They flocked in crowds to see the ship sail and to wish him God-speed. This sympathy and demonstration of affection proved almost too much for his steadfastness of purpose. Then it was that his wife stood by his side bidding him be brave, play the man and not look back after having laid his hand to the plough. And so it is that not only on the day of Calvary but all through the history of Christianity, women stand closest to the Cross of the Saviour.

In May, 1885, almost immediately after their wedding, the newly-married pair left Liverpool for Hudson's Bay. They travelled by way of Quebec, Montreal, through Lake Huron, and a portion of Lake Superior as far as Michipicoten, and from the last-named place, about 500 miles to Moose, in a frail birch bark canoe.

Novel were the experiences for the young bride almost before the days of the honeymoon were over; lakes and rivers abounded in rapids which had to be "shot." The sensations of many in these positions of excitement, not to mention danger, would have been such as those experience "who go down to the sea in ships and occupy themselves in great waters." The Psalmist describes them in the expressive words: "Their soul melteth away."

The Indian guide who accompanied them, and who could speak a quaint, broken English, hoping to amuse and interest the travellers, gave detailed accounts of all the thrilling events which had occurred in the past, when voyagers had essayed to shoot these rapids.

One place he called "De Frenchman's rapid," and in response to the question, "How did it acquire that name?" he replied, for the special comfort and edification of the two travellers, that three Frenchmen had recently been drowned there, while attempting to shoot that particular rapid.

"But shooting these rapids," writes Mr. Peck

"though attended with danger, has its peculiar excitements, and quite ecstatic experiences, and often we almost yelled with excited delight, when after a few minutes of breathless suspense, we suddenly found ourselves rushing safely through the white, foaming waters at the foot of the roaring torrent."

After six weeks of travel the journey came to an end on July 4, 1885, by the arrival of the travellers at Moose.

Almost immediately after reaching the last-mentioned place, Mr. Peck found a small vessel of the Hudson's Bay Company sailing for Little Whale River. He accordingly embraced the opportunity of paying a somewhat flying visit to his Eskimos. Mrs. Peck had met with an accident and was unable to accompany her husband. Concerning this visit he writes: "They gave me a most hearty welcome, and seemed so glad to see me back again safe and sound."

"As regards the work, I am glad to say that two of the native teachers have done what they could to instruct their fellow-countrymen during my absence, and on the whole we saw reason to be thankful that so much had been done."

This journey occupied a very short time, and Mr. Peck's intention was to return to Moose only to take his wife away. But this proved to be impossible. The doctor decided that she must remain where she was through the winter.

Happily the effects of the accident soon passed off. On February 8, 1886, Mrs. Peck writes to a friend: "I am so very glad to be able to tell you that through the blessing of God, I am quite recovered. The fine bracing weather we have had has done me much good, and I am looking forward with great pleasure to the summer when we hope (D.V.) to go on together to our Eskimos, who have been so long without their minister. I am very happy out in this lonely land. The days pass quickly and pleasantly with a little study of the language, a walk and work of some kind. I have experienced for the first time the intense pleasure of receiving letters after a long silence. The whole of the day on the receipt of our letters was spent in reading them and thinking of the home friends . . . On the arrival of the annual ship, we had much pleasure in looking at the bale of things sent out by so many kind friends. Our pleasure was a little spoiled because we knew we should not distribute them ourselves. I hope next year to know all the people a little, and more as years pass on, should it please God to spare me to work with my husband amongst his people. I am longing to get to the work and shall try to learn both Indian and Eskimo. The latter seems the most difficult; it is hard to get the right pronunciation."

Nine days later, i.e., February 17, 1886, Mr. Peck writes: "As Mrs. Peck is now so well, I shall (D.V.)

leave for Little Whale River in a few days. I shall have to walk about two hundred and fifty miles; the remaining three hundred and fifty will have to be done with sledge and dogs." In this same letter we hear for the first time of the prospect of easier journeyings in the near future on account of a useful gift to the Mission: "My little steamer will, I trust, be put together in the coming summer. I shall (D.V.) return to Moose in the beginning of July, and shall, perhaps, use the steam launch in taking my wife on to our own little home."

The postscript to this letter is: "The dogs have just arrived, and I start to-morrow morning early on my long journey."

It needs no words from an editorial pen to enable us to read between the lines, of the patient self-denial of both man and wife, who in the first year of wedded happiness give up one another for long periods of separation and of the faith that trusts God with all that is dearest in privation and danger.

The stay at Little Whale River lasted from March 18 to May 5. No details of this visit are forthcoming, but the general summary is:

"I was kept busy teaching the Eskimos. I was glad to see that many of them had taken care of their little books, and had continued to read them during my absence in England. Others, again, were as anxious as ever to hear the message of salvation,

while some, I am sorry to say, have gone back to their heathen ways, and their hearts seem closed against the truth. But to counteract this last saddening fact God has given us a mighty token of His power in the happy, yea, triumphant, death of one of Christ's little flock.

"Having remained at Little Whale River as long as possible, I took an Eskimo, with sledge and dogs, and travelled on to Fort George. One remarkable incident ought to be mentioned here in connection with this journey. When we approached the Fort George River, the ice, which was very weak, began to break up; but fortunately the portion on which we were standing held together until the people at the post came and took us away in a canoe. The rush of water and ice near us was really alarming, and nothing, humanly speaking, could have saved us had the whole force of the current borne down upon us; but, thank God, it was carried in an opposite direction, and we were able to keep afloat until succour arrived.

"Had I known the real state of the ice I should not, of course, have gone near it; but neither my Eskimo companion nor I had any conception of its weakness, and we thus unconsciously ran into danger. May this remarkable preservation be written upon my inmost soul! May gratitude to God for His goodness incline me to real devotion in His service!"

Mr. Peck reached Moose again somewhat earlier than he had at first contemplated, on June 23. Here he found all well and the steam launch within a few weeks of completion. So it was determined that the start should be made almost at once for their own station.

It should be mentioned that on his return from England Mr. Peck received instructions to make Fort George his base instead of Little Whale River. They started, then, for this station, which is about two hundred miles south of his old quarters. Mrs. Peck travelled in company with a medical gentleman, Dr. Dobbs, who was most kind and helpful.

"I went on," says Mr. Peck, "with our supplies, which were shipped in a boat, the gift of kind friends in England, which had been sent out in the annual ship the previous year.

"In due time, after my arrival, Mrs. Peck also arrived, and shortly after gave birth to our first-born, a fine boy, who I trust will himself become, in God's good time, a messenger of peace to the heathen.

"Our home at Fort George was a log-house, thirty-four feet long by sixteen feet broad. This area was divided into three rooms, one being our dining, the other a sitting-room, and the third my study. Our bedroom was on the second floor, but in cold and stormy weather, we found it practically impossible to use this upper room, and were glad to make any shift in the lower rooms.

"The house was warmed by means of two large stoves, one being for use downstairs, the other up. Wood was burnt in these and a goodly supply was needed to last us through the long, long winter.

"This fuel was obtained from the woods bordering the bank of the river, and was mostly cut in the summer time, made up into rafts, and floated down the river, to a point not a great way from our house. From the river's bank it was carried up conveniently near to the house and stacked in piles for the winter consumption.

"All food, such as flour, oatmeal, tea, sugar and every other kind of grocery and kindred supplies, had to be obtained from England, and this only *once a year*, by the annual vessel. At Fort George, however, we never saw this vessel, for our supplies reached us by a smaller craft.

"Now it is a remarkable fact, and one for which I would never cease to give praise to our covenant-keeping God, that during the whole of our experience at this isolated station, the vessel never failed to reach its destination.

"At Fort George, in certain more favourable years, we were able to grow a few stunted, diminutive vegetables: we have even grown a few potatoes, though it is not possible to say much about either their size or quality.

"Turnips, as being more hardy, were our standing crop. Our little daughter, who was born at

Fort George (and no medical man was near us), when she was big enough to toddle about, used to make her way to the garden and pull up a turnip, and devour it with the keenest relish.

"An amusing incident in connection with this child and her love of raw turnips, occurred in 1892, seven years after, on my return to England. We had just landed, my wife and children and myself, under circumstances that will find their own place later on in this narrative. While waiting at the railway station, previous to the starting of the train, and having seen some apples at a fruiterers near by as we entered the terminus, I thought they would be a treat to my children, who had never, of course, seen an apple.

"Returning to the carriage where I had left them, I dropped some of the apples into the lap of my little girl, waiting curiously to hear what remark she would make concerning the (to her,) strange fruit.

"With wonder in every line of her sweet little face, she looked up into her mother's, and with beautiful, childlike simplicity, cried: 'Oh, mother! what big *turnips* these are.'

"To return to Fort George. Besides the food supplied from England, we could, in most years obtain a fair supply of fish, rabbits, partridges, and sometimes a little venison. But there were years when these things could not be got, then the anxiety

and strain to provide for one's loved ones was very great and sore.

" Mrs. Peck did wonders in the way of making our log-hut bright and cheerful. Our little sitting-room was most tastefully arranged, and our meal-times were ordered with as much regularity as if we had been living in England.

" We had Indian girls from time to time, as servants, and one of these especially became very useful and helpful.

" Mrs. Peck's daily life was somewhat as follows. After the Indian maid had lighted the fires so that the rooms were fairly warmed, the little ones were washed and dressed.

" Breakfast followed this, consisting often of fried fish, porridge, etc. Then came the morning family devotions, reading and prayers.

" After prayers, various domestic matters were attended to, dinner prepared, children's clothing looked over and mended or newly made. Then at 1 p.m. came dinner.

" After dinner, our little ones were amused and taught, and during my absences from the station, Mrs. Peck held school for the children belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company's employés.

" Tea came at 5 p.m., after which our little ones were read to, and put into bed."

After the little ones were tucked into bed, in that icy northern home of the Pecks, a few other

matters employed husband and wife until 9 p.m., then came prayers, and retiring.

"*My* time," writes Mr. Peck, "was taken up with teaching bands of Indians and Eskimos who came into the station to trade, and who made visits of various lengths. School was also held for the children of the Hudson's Bay Company's people, while tuition was also given to one or two Eskimo boys whom we kept at our house. These were not only instructed, but Mrs. Peck did everything possible for them as regarded food and clothing.

"In the winter, we made a high, thick, wall-like bank of snow (three to four feet wide) against the walls of our house, which proved a great help in keeping it warm, shutting out the piercing wind, and enabling us to keep it snug.

"Our little ones were clad in warm English garments, and in wintry weather were, of necessity, kept indoors. Toys and picture-books, which kind and thoughtful friends sent out from home, with others which we ordered ourselves, helped to amuse them, and make their little lives bright.

"When we were all in good health our lives passed very happily, but when sickness invaded our little home—with *the nearest doctor three hundred and fifty miles away*—our only real hope was in the loving mercy of the Great Physician, the sympathising Jesus, and in the use of the limited medical knowledge we possessed.

"The greatest strain which Mrs. Peck felt during these years at Fort George, was during my absences when visiting the distant Eskimos. As these people visited Whale River in the months of March, April, and May, I travelled from Fort George early in the month of March, and sometimes in February, to Great Whale River, and did not return until the beginning of May.

"It was at these times that Mrs. Peck found her missionary life most trying. She was not absolutely alone at Fort George, as Mr. Miles Spencer was in charge of the station. Both he and his wife were in many ways real friends and helpers. Still, for all that, the general monotony of life at the station, when alone in our little house, far from her English home, and friends, and associations, needed a brave heart to face brightly the inseparable trials of such a position.

This chapter cannot have a better finish than a few extracts from diaries and letters which will enable the reader to picture to himself the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Peck during the next year or two, whether they are together or in their enforced separations.

On January 18, 1887, Mr. Peck writes: "I start (D.V.) for our more northern station, Little Whale River, on Thursday, the 20th. There I hope to see many bands of Eskimos in the three or four months during which I shall probably remain there.

In my absence my brave wife is determined with God's help to do what she can for the people here. May our gracious Saviour be near to cheer and comfort her in her loneliness."

On the same day Mrs. Peck writes: "And now my husband is again preparing for his visit to Little Whale River. This is a very quiet spot, but I shall not be quite alone. Our little son is getting a very good companion. He has a great deal to say sometimes, and is very amusing."

Thus we see the sympathy of the one and the cheerful patience of the other making the best of a trying position—a true picture of union in and for Christ.

Again, a year later, we have a glimpse into the snug log home which is very charming. It is in a letter from Mrs. Peck to a friend, in which the annual bale of goods is acknowledged. "Please accept our most hearty thanks for all the presents. The davenport is very nice and so useful. My husband is quite delighted with it. And the bookshelves too make a nice little addition to our room, and so suitable, as all our things are small. The room is tiny but quite English looking, with carpet and papered walls. The wall paper sometimes gives a very loud report, caused by the frost bursting it at the seams in the boards. But in summer we shall mend it again, as we did last year, and it will scarcely show. I like our little home so very much

that I would not change it. And then we have our work out here. It is true I cannot do much outside work—I mean, I cannot help a great deal with teaching the people, but I try to keep the home bright . . . Our Christmas and New Year were spent very happily. We had about sixty Indians come to see us and twenty Eskimos. We gave them all coffee or tea and cakes. With that they were very much pleased. They all like to shake hands with us and kiss the boy. They say that he will be their minister by and by, so that they will always have some one to teach them. We should very much like him to be, if it is God's will. The Indian for little minister is 'Iyumehowooche-mashish,' that is what they generally call him. My husband is called 'Iyumehowooche-mow,' and I am called 'Iyumehowoochemashwow.'"

All this sounds cheery enough, and we can understand the need of cheeriness and brightness within that cabin home when we read at the same time in Mr. Peck's letter: "Our winter here is passing very pleasantly, and we feel quite snug in our little log-house. True the vast expanse of snow outside looks cold, and at times, perhaps, makes one feel a little gloomy. Still we feel that we are spending our lives here for some purpose, and this, after all, is, I think, the great fact to bear in mind. Life spent in the Saviour's service is life well spent."

In the summer of 1888, Mr. Peck started on a

journey to Moose, and intended to be away from home at least six or eight weeks. His wife was surprised, however, to find him returning very soon after his departure. What had happened? Was he ill? Had he changed his mind? No, it was simply that a serious accident had happened, but happily unattended by any loss of life. "I had," he says, "rather a serious mishap when going from Fort George to Moose in my boat. We had got some eighty miles on our way when we were obliged through stress of weather to anchor the vessel on the lee side of an island. We then thought it wise to camp on shore. Shortly after a fearful storm came on and drove the boat from her anchorage. She finally foundered amidst the heavy seas. We had a small canoe with us on the island, and so when the weather moderated we were able to go to the spot where the boat had sunk. With much difficulty we managed to get her afloat again. Unfortunately my box was on board containing nearly all my clothes and several of my books. This was shattered by the violence of the waves, and many of the things were lost. Some few, however, were eventually found packed amongst the seaweed and sand. What a mercy that matters were no worse! How thankful one ought to be that I and all that were with me should have been on shore when the storm came on. Had we been in the boat, not one of us, humanly speaking, could have been saved."

There is a bright side to every gloomy position, and it is pleasant to see the missionary take cheerfully the spoiling of his goods.

We do not often hear of Mrs. Peck accompanying her husband on his journeys. But sometimes she was able to do so. In 1889, on March 17, a little daughter was born, and in the summer following, when the baby was only two or three months old, she and the two children went with Mr. Peck to Great Whale River. Here she remained while he went on to Little Whale River. A few graphic touches come from her pen: "Baby was fastened up in a bag called in Indian, '*waspasuian.*' It is a strange-looking thing, laced up in the front. I always think babies packed in that way look like small bolsters. It is, however, the best method of taking them, for the weather, even during the summer, is very changeable. The coast to the south of Cape Jones is very pleasant. There are many islands on which one can go ashore to camp or for meals. To the north of the Cape the coast is open and when the wind was strong we had to lay the canoe up close to the shore for fear of being blown out to sea in our frail craft. This was in some places rather dangerous on account of the shoals. When we left the point of Cape Jones we had to travel in this way. We went about eighteen miles in two hours, and then were very thankful to put ashore on a barren point of the Cape where some Eskimos

ESKIMO CHILDREN OUTSIDE TENT

and Indians were staying. These were very pleased to see us, and came down to the beach to help carry our things to a suitable camping place. We had only a tiny tent made as there were no long poles. The wood and water we used had to be brought in a kayak, and, of course, was not plentiful. It was rather awkward with a young baby. The evening we arrived was pleasant, and our boy enjoyed a game with the Eskimo children.

"The following day, Sunday, my husband was busy reading and speaking to the people. We were kept in the tent on account of the rain which fell almost continuously the whole day. Monday also was very wet and we could not think of going on, so we had to make the best of our surroundings. A poor little Eskimo child died on Sunday night, and was buried on Monday morning. A grave had to be made with large stones.

"The Eskimos are such cheerful people. Although it was such dull weather, they seemed to be happy and contented.

"The following morning was very foggy, but we thought it well to try and get on our way. The poor people were sorry to part with us, and watched until we were hidden by the mist which hung so heavily over the sea. On our tenth day we reached our destination, after travelling about sixty-eight miles in nine hours. Sometimes the waves looked as though they would cover us, but God watched

over us. The Indian we had as guide was very skilful in his management of the canoe and never seemed the least daunted by wind or waves. It was to me very comforting to see him so brave. We stayed at Great Whale River two weeks. We were only four days returning to Fort George."

CHAPTER X

CHANGED PLANS—HOME

> "I will call them my people which were not my people, and her beloved which was not beloved."

THE period to which we have very briefly alluded in the latter portion of the last chapter was one of distinct progress and hopefulness. About the close of it Mr. Peck mentions the baptism of two adult Eskimos, one of whom had learned to read with almost no help in the way of teaching. He also speaks of the triumphant death of another convert. In the hour of supreme trial he turned to his sorrowing relations and told them not to weep as he was going to live with Jesus.

There were, however, two matters which caused some temporary check to the work and necessitated a certain re-adjustment of the Mission machinery. The first was that the Eskimos had been suffering great losses through their dogs dying. As a consequence they were unable to travel south to the

trading post. The second was the decision of the Hudson's Bay Company to abandon the trading station at Little Whale River and concentrate on Great Whale River. Although this was only sixty miles further south, there was no probability that the Eskimos, for some time at least, would journey there in the same numbers that had congregated at the more northern station. "Under the circumstances," writes Mr. Peck "I have, after prayerful consideration, made up my mind what to do. With God's blessing and help, I shall go to the Eskimos if they cannot come to me. With a Christian Eskimo as companion, and sledge and dogs, I shall doubtless find many on the vast fields of ice, and God, I am sure, will be with me, and He will bless me."

But perhaps the most encouraging feature in the work at this time was the fact that there was a prospect of self-help among the Eskimos themselves. Youths there were coming forward ready to work for Christ, and fit also to be trained as leaders in the evangelization of their heathen fellow-countrymen and instructors in the Christian church. Of them Mr. Peck writes :—"I am glad to say that I am now able to do a little in the matter of preparing Eskimo lads as teachers (D.V.) for their fellow-countrymen. One, a very promising youth indeed, was appointed teacher by our Bishop, and I believe, with God's blessing, he will become a real help in the work.

I have another with me now who is able to read and understand a goodly portion of St. Luke's Gospel. I shall (D.V.) go on teaching him, and trust that God will fit him for His own work."

It should be borne in mind that at the same time all this work was being done Mr. Peck was also not forgetting the Indian Church, and as regards literary work he says, "I have been busy enlarging our Eskimo grammar. This work will, I trust, prove useful to others who may come in contact with the Eskimos."

Shall we now accompany our missionary in one of those "journeyings often" which became more frequent for the reasons given above? We shall find ourselves the very first night in rather cold quarters—no soft feather beds, though it is true there is a fire in the bed-room. It is on March 13, 1891, that we have to make our start. We are off by 7 a.m. It is dreadful at the very start. It has been snowing heavily during the night and the drifts are so deep that it is with the greatest difficulty we can get our sledge along. However, we resolve to push on with stout hearts for we are buoyed up by the hope of reaching a tent in which we took refuge a year ago. Mile after mile goes by slowly enough. It is all we can do to keep up our spirits.

"At last! there it is!" we exclaim as a dark object comes into view. "No, I am afraid there is

something wrong," says Mr. Peck. "There is no tent there."

When we approach we find to our dismay that the tent has been practically destroyed. There are only a few remains, altogether insufficient, contrive as we will, to make a shelter for the night.

"Well" continues Mr. Peck "this is not cheerful, but we must make the best of it. We will make a barricade."

"And what do you mean by that" we ask shivering and inwardly lamenting that we have left our own snug home for such a journey as this.

"Oh, we will dig a hole in the snow about twenty feet in circumference and then just make a little shelter with some tentcloth on the weather side. And then, for I promised you a fire in your bedroom, we will try to find a little wood to light a fire."

And so we did. When we had completed our barricade it was dark. We went in search of wood. It was difficult enough to find. But in time we managed to collect enough to make a fire, and then we had the pleasure of drinking a cup of tea. Oh, the pleasure of that cup of tea. It may not have been over strong; it may have had a little flavour of wood smoke. But it was hot tea. Nothing ever tasted half so well.

An American writer who tried the experiment of cutting himself off from his luxurious home and

private means and earning his living by manual labour declares that the ordinary man or woman in the environment of modern artificial civilization cannot possibly know the keen pleasure that can be got out of eating and drinking. We eat when we are not hungry, we drink when we are not thirsty, merely because our meal time is come round. But if we throw off conventionality, live on sixpenny-worth of bread and cheese a day, and earn it by our physical labour, we shall gain a perfectly new experience.

Probably our experience was similar that night.

After prayers we managed to coil ourselves up near the fire in our warm rabbit-skin blankets and were soon fast asleep.

We fancy by this time the imaginary companions have had enough of this trip, and so we will allow Mr. Peck and his faithful friend to pursue their course unimpeded.

The next morning in spite of a strong wind and heavy drift they determined to face the road and try to reach some Indians who were about ten miles away.

"After about three hours' battling with the blinding drift," Mr. Peck writes, "we were more than glad to meet an Indian who kindly guided us to the people we were in search of."

On March 17, Cape Jones was passed, and again we might find our sympathies awakened as we read :

"The country about here is dreary in the extreme—not a tree or living thing to be seen, nothing but one vast expanse of ice and snow as far as the eye can reach. But it is well to be here amidst these lonely wastes to spread the knowledge of a Saviour's love. Surroundings are nothing comparatively. The use we make of our life is the *great* reality."

Little Whale River was the intended limit of this itineration. The record of the last day's journey northwards is, "March 25, we reached the Eskimos we were in search of in good time. We found four snow houses, each inhabited by one family. We visited them, after which they all gathered together in the largest house where I instructed them.

"After staying some time we passed on to Little Whale River. We got on nicely until within seven miles of the post, when our way was almost blocked up with vast boulders of ice. We knew, however, it was no good sitting still and looking at each other, the only way to get through before dark was to press on ; so urging our dogs over the frozen masses we worked away with a will to keep the sledge moving as the dogs wended their way through the rugged road. After some three hours' hard work we arrived at Little Whale River, where we found some Eskimos living in an old shanty. We put up with them, and made ourselves as comfort-

able as possible. We had short service for our friends, when I laid before them, as usual, the Gospel of the grace of God.

One object which Mr. Peck had in view in visiting the northern station at this time, was not a cheerful one. It was to pull down and remove the iron church, which had been erected there with much joy and which had proved to be of very great service. Owing to the change of plan of the trading company previously mentioned, there was no use in allowing it to remain at Little Whale River.

On March 26, he is busy with this work and writes:

"It was with feelings of sorrow that we took down the house of God in which so many of the Eskimos have heard from time to time the message of salvation, but we hope before long to get it shifted to Great Whale River, where I have no doubt it will be found most useful. It was my intention to ask the Eskimos to haul it over the ice to Great Whale River, but the rough state of the ice, which was piled up in great heaps in the vicinity of Little Whale River, together with the scarcity of dogs, made this plan entirely impracticable."

So the actual removal had to be postponed for a favourable opportunity.

Good Friday and Easter Day were spent at this place (Easter fell on March 29) ministering to the

few people who were there. We cannot do better than take one day as a sample and follow the lead of the missionary himself and creep into some of the snow houses with him. We must get down low on our hands and knees in order to do so.

"*March* 31, We rose early and went in search of some Eskimos. These we had the pleasure of meeting in good time, and hearing that there were some more of the people living out to seaward, I started to see them, intending to return in the evening.

"After a brisk-drive, we saw our Eskimo friends, whose snow houses were built in close proximity to some vast boulders of ice. Such a desolate-looking scene, these vast piles of ice with the mound-like dwellings which look like large balls of snow scattered amongst the frozen mass.

"After a glance at the surrounding scene I crawled into the first snow house. I found three inmates, one of whom I discovered had fallen away from Christ. I spoke to him faithfully but affectionately, and then prayed with him. May God in His mercy turn him from the path of death ere it be too late!

"Entered next iglo; here I found a man and his wife whom I had not met for years. They told me they had been far out to sea somewhere, and had not been able to come near the white people. Although they had been away so long,

I was most pleased to find how well they had kept up their knowledge, and how glad they were to hear more of Jesus. After prayer with them I passed on to the next iglo. Here I found some people whom I can hardly call encouraging; true, they say they believe, but I am afraid their hearts are far from God. Exhorted them to really turn to Jesus; we then knelt down together and I prayed for them.

"In the next iglo I found occupants who are on the whole encouraging; one man has given me much sorrow, but I trust he is now desirous of turning again to the Saviour who loves him still. In the last snow house I found some candidates for baptism. These received me in a very hearty manner, and listened with much attention when I spoke to them. After shaking hands with the people I returned to the Eskimos whom I had left in the morning.

"On entering the iglo where I lodged for the night, the first thing that met my gaze was a large seal stretched along the floor. This had just been harpooned by one of the Christian Eskimos, who very kindly offered me a portion to feed our dogs. I gathered all the people together before retiring to rest, and had a very pleasant little meeting with them."

And in this way the itineration was continued, the lost and wandering sheep were sought out, until

after an absence of two months Mr. Peck found himself back once more at Fort George. In a private letter about this time he says: "I found some who wished to follow the Saviour and who showed me every kindness during my stay with them. One would boil my kettle over his oil lamp so as to make tea to warm me: some would help to feed and otherwise attend to our dogs, while others would try and stop up all the crevices of our snow house so as to make it as snug as possible."

Reviewing in general terms his plan of living with the people and going from iglo to iglo in order to teach them, Mr. Peck says: "The children I generally gathered together in the largest snow house I could find. They were then taught to read, instructed in the simpler truths of the Christian Faith, and afterwards catechised to test their knowledge of the truths they had heard. In the evening, after the men returned from hunting, general meetings were held, when, by the light of an oil-lamp, we sang hymns, read alternately, had prayer, and I then gave them a simple Gospel address. Friends may, perhaps, think that such work is extremely trying and depressing. True, the cold is very intense, but then one should be willing to "endure hardships" for the Master's sake; besides which, strange as it may appear, the Eskimos are the heartiest and happiest of people, so it is quite my own fault if I feel dull amongst them."

By August 1891 Mr. Peck is able to report that the work has not suffered so much as he had feared it would by the abandonment of Little Whale River. The people began to come to the more southern station in far greater numbers than he had expected them to do, though there were many who would not or could not move so far. Some owing to the loss of their dogs, mentioned in the last chapter, were obliged to leave their families on the ice. The men would then band together and haul their trading goods to the place. The more fortunate, i.e., those who had a few dogs, would arrive with what my Eskimo friends call "loaded sledges"—a very suggestive and appropriate name indeed, especially when one remembers that an Eskimo not only piles on his sledge his bedding, clothing, and trading goods, but the younger members of the family may often be found lashed on top.

Altogether it was an encouraging retrospect which the missionary was able to take from this point of time. "There have been" he says "four adult baptisms during the present year. All of these were in earnest about their souls, and each one was closely questioned regarding his knowledge, faith, and life before being admitted into the visible Church by baptism. We tried, with God's help, to give them a clear knowledge of the Saviour's work, and to teach them the depravity of their fallen nature, and their lost, sinful state

before God. I am more than ever convinced as the years roll on, that this is what they need to know. We should not, of course, neglect to teach them to read, and to do all we can in other ways to pour light into their dark minds, but after all the fact remains that salvation is alone to be found in Christ. If we can only draw our poor people to Jesus, we know they will be safe both now and for ever."

And besides these baptisms there was great encouragement in the fact that he was able to report two young Eskimos newly installed as teachers to their own people and engaged in active work. It is the greatest possible satisfaction to the missionary to find a spiritual effective native ministry rising into being. For it matters not how able a man he may be himself, how learned in their language, he is always conscious of being a foreigner and of speaking more or less with stammering lips and a stuttering tongue. And just as the heart of St. Paul must have rejoiced when the time had come to bid Titus ordain a native ministry in Crete, or as Hannington, Parker and Tucker were encouraged when they found the Uganda Church naturally expanding by the birth of a native ministry, so Peck was able now to thank God and take courage because the new wine was fermenting in and expanding the new wine-skins of the Eskimo Church.

But whatever causes of rejoicing there were, faith does not go untried. Sunshine and rain are for ever alternating in this life. And so we read: "One of our students, who, I hoped, would in time be useful in God's work, died at Moose last year. I sent him to this post for medical advice and treatment, but, sad to say, the disease from which he was suffering developed into consumption, from the effects of which he soon passed away. Although this member of our small community had given me much sorrow by having fallen into sin, yet I am thankful to say he showed signs of real repentance, and it gave me comfort to know that he passed away with a simple trust in the merits of Jesus. In connection with this sad event I may say that the fearful mortality amongst our poor people retards our efforts to raise up suitable teachers from among them. No less than three of our helpers have died during the last ten years, and their places can scarcely be filled before others are cut down. We can only look up to Him who holds the keys of death in His hands. He can help us in our seasons of difficulty."

About this time the shadow of a great trial was beginning to move over the waste towards the mission. It was, however, altogether unseen as yet by Mr. and Mrs. Peck, as will be understood by his words in which he is contemplating fresh efforts in the service of God and his adopted people. "I

have asked," he says, "our Bishop to allow me to go to Ungava Bay this next summer, and to this request he has readily assented. You will be sorry to hear that the Roman Catholics in Canada are trying to get a footing there, and it behoves us to do all that lies in our power to spread the pure Gospel of God's grace and love in that region *at once.*

"I only wish we had a man stationed there. All the Eskimos living on the southern shores of Hudson's Straits assemble in the winter months at Fort Chimo (the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Ungava). There are also some five hundred Indians connected with the post, together with a large party of English-speaking residents. Nothing, I am sure, would give our Bishop greater joy than to see this station occupied, and we might then look forward to the time when the whole Labrador peninsula would be won for Christ. We have not as yet an Eskimo fitted to commence work there alone. To start the work we need a man from home, and, with God's blessing, native help will follow."

And the shadow fell in this way. In August 1891, a third child was born. Mrs. Peck continued in fairly good health until the following Christmas. Then the great strain of exceptionally trying circumstances broke her down. A dreary winter came on. It was unusually severe and the food

supply failed. Mr. Peck writes: "No fish, no partridges, no other native fresh food could be got, and my dear one's illness assumed an alarming aspect which came to a crisis in the month of February. I tried every possible means to restore her strength, but without avail.

"Shut in as we were with ice and snow, we had to wait until the month of June before we could think of attempting the journey to Moose, where only we could secure medical advice and help.

"But when June at last arrived, through the unfailing kindness of Mr. Miles Spencer a boat was prepared for the voyage. We made a kind of tent in the central part of the boat, in which we arranged some bedding as best we could in the narrow cramped quarters, and on this we laid Mrs. Peck and the children.

"The journey south was an awful one for an invalid. We travelled as far as possible each day, then made close in for the shore, and pitched our tent on the land.

"At some points we found the driven ice packed so close into the shore, that we had to hack a way in for the boat with axes.

"We made a short stay at Rupert House, one of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at last arrived at Moose. We had traversed 350 miles in the way described, and then it was found to be absolutely necessary, on account of Mrs.

Peck's health, that we should proceed to England at once."

Here then was the hand of God closing the door for a time. The missionary had his plans of work, these had to be abandoned; he had again essayed to go to Ungava Bay, but the Spirit suffered him not.

And as events turned out it was very possible for Mr. and Mrs. Peck to see that it was God who was guiding them home. They could rest in Him.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Peck was most anxious that a European missionary should be sent out to commence and organize work among the Eskimos living at Ungava Bay. He had written home to this effect, and now a young man, the Rev. W. G. Walton was on his voyage out in response to this request. But in the meantime the Hudson's Bay Company had expressed its unwillingness to allow a mission to be started in that region. So it happened that the travellers from Fort George arrived in Moose in time to greet Mr. Walton on landing. We are not then surprised to find Mr. Peck writing:

"How wondrous are God's ways of provision for His work. The same vessel on which we embarked for home had brought out a young man (Mr. W. G. Walton) who, it was intended, should accompany me to Ungava, and commence work in that region.

"As I, however, had to go home, and as the way to Ungava was closed, Mr. Walton became God's real provision for our old stations, arriving just at the moment of my compulsory departure.

"He has since shown a wonderful energy and the true missionary genius, and his efforts at our old stations have been crowned with blessing.

"But to return to ourselves, that voyage home was one of exceptional danger and delay. For eight weeks we were tossing about on the mighty ocean, the sport of gale after gale, when the strong and terrible ocean seemed ever to mock us, crying :

'I threw my fleecy blanket up over my shoulders bare,
I raised my head in triumph, and tossed my grizzled hair ;
For I knew that some time—some time—
White-robed ships would venture from out the placid bay,
Forth to my heaving bosom, my lawful pride and prey ;'

"But He who of old time spoke the words, 'Peace, be still!' bade the Atlantic gales cease. When finally the winds moderated, we found ourselves 275 miles further from England than when the gales assailed us.

"During that awful time another danger threatened us, for our ballast shifted ; and once we were all but run down by a passing steamer. But at last we were brought home in safety, and our feet stood once more on our native soil."

Every returned missionary of the Church Mis-

sionary Society reports himself to, and is interviewed by, the Committee in Salisbury Square. The work and prospects in the missionary's particular sphere naturally come under discussion. In the present case we have an interesting summary published by the Society.

"The Committee had the pleasure of an interview with the Rev. E. J. Peck, recently returned from Fort George. Mr. Peck regretted having been compelled by family circumstances to come home earlier than he had expected. He had searched out the Eskimos to the utmost of his power; 140 adults were now under instruction, of whom eighty are baptized. He had trained five Eskimo teachers, of whom three have died, and two are now at work. He had translated many portions of the New Testament into the local Eskimo dialect. The Indians had been nearly all baptized before he went there. He urged on the Committee the spiritual needs of the Eskimos north of Hudson's Bay; and expressed his willingness to go amongst them in whaling vessels, if a younger man would take his present work."

In the light of subsequent events we can see that his steps were directed to England for God's purpose to be fulfilled. He was, as a matter of fact, being led like Abram, who was to go forth to a land that God would show him, or like Paul who was to be sent "far hence to the Gentiles." He

was to be taken at his word. For some time previous to his home coming he had written :

" In my last letter I alluded to the need of more active measures being taken by the Church of God at large for the evangelization of the *whole* Eskimo race. The most I can do is to grapple with the people living on this coast, the extent of which is six hundred miles. It is true the Eskimos do travel great distances, but there are certain geographical features of their country, or, I should rather say, countries, which confine them, as it were, to particular localities, and which make further intercourse impossible. Thus we have the Eskimos of many regions out of reach of our influence, viz., those living on the northern shores of Hudson's Strait, Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, the lands visited by Franklin, McClintock, Parry, Kane, and others, together with Alaska and portions of the northern shores of Russia. But, it may be asked, how are these isolated, scattered people to be reached ? The answer is plain. The Church of God must show as much *zeal* and *perseverance* in seeking these lost souls as others do for purposes of trade and objects of discovery. It is a fact that nearly all the places named are visited by whaling-vessels, some of which (I have been told) winter in the countries they visit. Various Arctic explorers have come in contact with the people from time to time, and much might have

been done by this agency, had God's people in England and other countries been really in earnest. Again, surely it is not too much to expect that in God's good time we may see an Arctic expedition fitted out expressly for the object of seeking out these poor lost Eskimos! Various criticisms have been made regarding the practical utility of a North-West Passage, even if discovered by the brave men who from time to time have pressed into these frozen regions; but there is something tangible and real in following the example of Him who 'humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross,' to seek and to save that which was lost."

CHAPTER XI

A NEW VENTURE

"Launch out into the deep"

IT was clearly stated in the last chapter that Mr. Peck held strong views about the duty of the Christian Church to obey the simple command of Christ and to seek and save the lost whether in Arctic wilds or arid desert. But when a man holds strong views and is himself perfectly earnest, it is but a step from advocacy to practice, and so we are scarcely surprised, although we admire, when we are told that Mr. Peck himself began to contemplate going further north among Eskimos who had never been reached before by any Christian effort.

The possibility of doing this was presented to him by the impossibility for some years to come of his wife being able to return with him to missionary work. Thus he argued that he might leave the old field for other workers and explore new regions where as yet no lady could go.

Under these circumstances Mr. Peck opened up

his mind to the Rev. David Fenn, one of the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society. The latter entered with much sympathy into the proposal, and advised him to write to the Rev. Sholto Douglas, incumbent of St. Silas, Glasgow, as being likely to put him in touch with merchants and others who had dealings with the more distant Eskimos.

The result of this was that Mr. Douglas gave the missionary an introduction to a member of his congregation, who was intimately connected with the shipping interest, and ultimately he became acquainted with Mr. C. Noble.

It so happened in the providence of God that this gentleman about a week before had completed the purchase of a whaling station, Blacklead Island, in Cumberland Sound, and now he was pleased to offer a passage free of charge for the missionary and his goods to this spot, and to allow him to take up his residence there.

And so with this opening before him Mr. Peck once more went back to Salisbury Square, and there the Committee sanctioned this new departure on condition that a colleague could be found to join him in this newest venture of faith.

If the work be of men, it will come to nought. We may say this with Gamaliel. And God showed that it was not of men, for He had simultaneously with the happening of these events been preparing the necessary colleague.

The anniversary meetings of the Church Missionary Society in Exeter Hall came on. Mr. Peck was one of the appointed speakers. No wonder with all his fire of love for the Arctic wanderers, he put forth a fervent appeal for young men. There was in the audience listening to his words a former student of the Society's Institution at Clapham, Mr. J. C. Parker, who had received a medical training. He had felt constrained to abandon his intention of being a missionary on account of the state of his father's health. He had concluded that his duty was at home. But now things had changed. Since he had left Clapham his younger brother had grown up and was able to take his place. So when he heard the appeal, "Who will go for us?" his heart responded with a complete surrender. "Here am I, send me." And so the last link in the chain was forged. The project was acknowledged of God, and the Holy Spirit who centuries ago had said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," said the same thing in equally clear terms now in the case of Peck and Parker.

It was said that the last link in the chain was forged. But it must not be forgotten that the chain would have been useless without another worker who must not be forgotten. This was Mrs. Peck. She worked and suffered as truly as those whom the Church was about to send forth.

It was no small thing for her in her weak condition, and with her little children round her, heroically to face the prospect of separation and her husband's utter isolation from the world. But she did face it, and argued that God who was calling her husband forth would not only go with him but would also remain with her and her family. Mr. Peck writes concerning this time, "I may truly say that I never could have gone forward to prosecute this new work but for the prayers, the hearty sympathy, and the cordial consent of my dear wife."

On May 8, 1894, the two brethren were commended to God by the Committee in Salisbury Square, and on May 11 Mr. Peck writes to their supporters:

"As many friends have expressed a wish to follow us definitely in prayer when we (D.V.) go forward to our new work at Cumberland Sound, may I mention the following particulars?

"The vessel will leave Scotland on the 20th of June, and the voyage out will probably take about eight weeks.

"After landing cargo the vessel returns to Scotland in the autumn of this year, and there is a probability of our not hearing from the outer world until the vessel returns to Cumberland Sound in the summer of 1896, viz., in two years' time.

* * * * *

"In going forward into the very Arctic regions to seek out the scattered sheep in the wilderness, we feel we shall have in a very special manner the prayers and sympathy of many of God's dear people. Great has been the kindness and great the sympathy shown to me as I have gone to many a bright Christian home in England, and it will be a tower of strength when far away to remember that one is compassed about with a host of praying friends. And then, best of all. 'God is with us.' His promise shall never fail: 'Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

The ship was, however, somewhat delayed, and it was not until June 27 that Mr. Peck finally separated from his loved ones.

About the start, he writes:

"At Euston Station, near the time of departure (8 p.m.), we had quite a company present to bid us God-speed, for not only were my dear wife and her brother, the Rev. W. Coleman, and Mr. Parker's dear ones there, but, to our great astonishment, a large band of the brethren from Islington College had gathered to speed our going and to wish us every joy and blessing in the work.

"As the train left the station, these dear brethren ran along the side of the train and cheered us most

lustily. I do not, of course, know what a certain titled man, who had a stately saloon and a large retinue of servants, all to himself, thought of these strange proceedings, but certainly we felt greatly cheered and comforted by knowing that so many of the servants of our God and King had forgotten neither us nor our work—our work which is *His*.

"Once clear of the station the mighty express swept on at terrific speed on its long journey north. All that we loved and held dear were now left behind, and one's heart grew full, and there were moments which were overwhelming.

"Then one took up the parable against oneself and cried: 'But why art thou disquieted within me, O my soul? For whose sake art thou leaving all? Hope thou in God. Remember the exceeding love of Him who died for thee upon the Cross of shame and for His sake cheerfully bear the Cross.'"

The travellers arrived at Aberdeen about 8 a.m. the following morning, but they were doomed still to some days of waiting. The time of sailing of a vessel for a whaling station is not characterized by the precision of the P. and O. or a great Atlantic line. It must have been somewhat trying to the missionaries to reflect that they might have spent these days with the loved ones from whom they had parted in London. But there is no sound of a far-off murmur or sign of irritation. They went

THE "ALERT" IN SAILING ICE.

on to Peterhead, and there made use of their time in making preparations, in prayer, in gaining information and also in open air preaching. Of the last Mr. Peck says, "The attention was very marked, and we have reason to believe that God blessed the Word to some souls."

During these days of waiting Mr. Peck was interviewed by a representative of the *Sentinel* newspaper. The report of this interview occupied a whole page and contained a vast amount of interesting matter, but as it was taken up almost entirely with a retrospect of work on the shores of Hudson's Bay, it is not necessary to reproduce it here. It is mentioned here only as additional evidence bearing upon the fact which has become abundantly evident of late years, viz., that the work of foreign missions has more and more assumed a position of importance in the eyes of the general public.

It was not until Monday, July 9, that the two missionaries signed articles at the Customs House and so became members of the ship's company. The vessel, which was called the *Alert*, a whaling brig, registered to carry 129 tons, was only ninety feet in length and twenty-one in breadth. The crew numbered eight men, exclusive, we presume, of the chaplain and surgeon. She was not chartered to carry passengers and so Mr. Peck signed for the voyage as chaplain and Mr. Parker as surgeon.

"On Tuesday, July 10," Mr. Peck writes, "everything being ready we went down to the vessel. We met several friends who wished us every blessing on our voyage and work. As the mouth of the harbour is very narrow we had to employ a tug, which had not towed us very far before she broke down, one of her boiler plates having given way. This necessitated our return to as near our old berth as we could get. God is doubtless overruling all for His glory and our good."

At last on Friday, July 13, a fortnight after the arrival of the two missionaries at Peterhead, the *Alert* finally cleared the port. Numbers of people gathered to see them off, who sped them on their way with three resounding British cheers. Nothing further could be heard of or from the travellers until the return ship brought letters in the autumn.

Mr. Parker's letter, which was written on September 14, 1894, is interesting as giving the freshness of impressions made on one who had never sailed in Arctic seas before.

"We made a good passage, a possible average of five knots an hour. August 6 gave us an introduction to the ice in the shape of some immense bergs. A just description of them is beyond me. They fill one with admiration by day, but at night their presence creates fear. We met a pack of ice in Davis Strait. When in latitude 65° N. we came to an immense field of it. A skilful navigator

is required in these high latitudes, for the ice is very uncertain and treacherous in the summer season. To me sailing among the ice is very exciting, and adds that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger. How shall I describe to you the loud report of the ice when breaking up? I call it that of Arctic artillery. The snow-clad heights of the distant land, when bathed in the light of an evening sunset, were a sight most lovely, and in their ever-varying shades of colour defy description.

"On Saturday, August 18, we sighted and welcomed the gigantic old rocks of Cape Mercy. As seen from off the sea the land here is high, bold and rugged, with much of the iron-rust look about it, while the total absence of trees, so essential to our English eyes, strikes one painfully. Still these have a beauty all their own at daydawn and sunset, besides the glory of their primaeval ruggedness.

"We dropped anchor off Blacklead Island on August 21. Eskimo boats were soon alongside, and we had an early introduction to the Arctic aristocracy. The island, as its name indicates, contains the mineral blacklead. It is a small, high, barren rock. It is a two hours' walk round it on the frozen sea. Its vegetation is very meagre. I can find no shrub six inches high; there is a little grass, moss, lichens, and the berry-bearing heath (*Andromeda tetragona*)."

Mr. Peck also writes about his first impressions of his new home. After talking of the voyage generally, and of his ministrations to the crew of eight hands, he goes on: "Speaking of the nature of the country near Cumberland Sound, it has a decidedly forbidding and desolate aspect, and the rugged mountain tops rise hundreds of feet above the level of the sea and are still in many places covered with a white mantle of snow. On landing we had the pleasure of finding in the sheltered spots some signs of vegetable life. These, however, were chiefly of the nature of grasses; not a tree or a shrub could be found."

First impressions were confirmed by after experience, for a little later on Mr. Peck wrote: "In very truth this island is a gloomy-looking spot, almost absolutely nothing to be seen but rocks, and the bones of whales which strew the place everywhere. Sometimes in a particularly sheltered spot, one may come across a tuft of coarse, stunted grass."

After landing the missionaries and their property, the *Alert* sailed on Monday, August 27, for Kikkerton, another whaling station belonging to Mr. Noble, on the opposite side of Cumberland Sound. To avoid delay, however, and possibly to retain her ballast, she did not discharge the coal belonging to Mr. Peck, amounting to fifteen tons. The arrangement was that she should return to Black-

THE SETTLEMENT ON BLACKLEAD ISLAND, CUMBERLAND SOUND.

lead Island a little later, deliver the coal and pick up her own stores and cargo for the return voyage.

She came back in three weeks' time on September 20, but in a sorry condition. During a heavy gale she had struck a huge piece of ice, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she was kept afloat long enough to reach Blacklead Island.

The first thing now to be done was to lighten the vessel in every possible way, and Friday, the 21st, was a busy day with everyone, Eskimos, missionaries, and vessel's crew unloading the *Alert* of all that could be taken out of her. The fifteen tons of coal, among other things, were safely landed and stored, and with a burst of very natural gratitude, Mr. Peck writes in his diary, under that date:

"To God be the praise for His exceeding kindness to usward in this matter! What a mercy that we were not left without fuel in this miserable region!"

On September 22 they were able to get the *Alert* round to a place on the mainland, called Niatalik. In a few days she returned fitted as far as was possible for the voyage to Scotland. In this interval Mr. Peck writes: "We have now to spend some time writing our home letters, as it is more than probable that we shall have no other opportunity for two years, so we must make the most of this." St. Paul spoke of loneliness among the trials that he had to undergo. What words can describe the solitude and isolation of Blacklead Island?

On September 29 we find the entry, "*Alert* sailed to-day. We went on board, and bade farewell to everyone. May God bless them and give every one His presence and a safe passage. What thoughts crowded into one's mind as this one last connecting link with the homeland and dear ones was severed! But God is near. He is true and faithful."

And so when the *Alert* had brought those home letters to their destination, the receivers imagined that the curtain had fallen upon that little corner of the great vineyard, and that it would not be lifted to reveal the fruit of the labour or any details of the lives of the solitary workers until two years should have rolled by.

But on October 10 the unexpected happened. Two whaling vessels called at the station, and the missionaries were enabled to send later letters by them. By these, as well as by those sent on the earlier date, we have a good insight given us into the commencement of the work.

It has been remarked in an earlier chapter that the language of the Eskimos all over their wide range of territory, from Behring Straits to Greenland, is the same with only slight dialectic differences. Happily, on going among the people on Blacklead Island, Mr. Peck found the truth of this. He writes in his diary: "The people seemed perfectly amazed to find that I could speak their language, for I found practically no difference in the speech of these

people and that of those to whom I had ministered in Whale River and Fort George.

"I shook hands with many of them (for they do not rub noses now as they did when first the white man discovered them). I explained why we had come, not as traders, but as tellers of God's good news.

"This was too wonderful for them to comprehend, but the time was soon to come when they would understand our meaning."

On the arrival of the two missionaries a hut belonging to Mr. Noble was lent them. It consisted of two rooms, each about ten feet square. One was used as kitchen and schoolroom, the other as bed, sitting-room, and study combined. Mr. Parker wrote that their first work was the repairing, fitting up and arrangement of this abode. "Our aim," he adds, "has been to make it throughout as bright and home-like as possible. The newly-fallen snow lies on all the surrounding hills—sweet emblem of purity and of the sin-cleansed soul through the blood of the Lamb. So now we are looking for God's blessing to rest on us as we begin this real Arctic Mission to these "other sheep" who belong to Jesus in this cold, lone land. Brethren, pray for us, that our faith fail not."

The list of stores needed to start their housekeeping is at first sight somewhat appalling. It is—

Coal	15 tons.
Wood	1 ton.
Flour	1 ton.
Sugar	8 cwt.
Tea	180 lbs.
Preserved meat, with desiccated and preserved vegetables	800 lbs.
Oatmeal	6 cwt.
Ship's Biscuit	1 ton.
Jams	1 cwt.
Soap	2 cwt.
Paraffin Oil	1 barrel.
Methylated Spirits.	

Articles of barter, such as knives, pipes, tobacco, scissors, etc., etc.

Some items in this list may seem to be excessive, but several things have to be borne in mind. Firstly, everything, even down to the sticks for burning, had to be imported from home. Then there was the probability that they would be cut off from home for two years, as it was not thought likely that there would be enough produce from the whale fishery to justify the vessel coming from Scotland to fetch it oftener than every other year. So they must be provisioned for that time at least. Lastly, there was always the possibility of their Eskimo friends being actually in distress from time to time from scarcity of food. In such cases the missionaries must have the means of succouring them.

As soon as they had taken possession of their hut, the two brethren settled down into a systematic life. The usual routine, Mr. Peck tells us, was as follows: Rise 6.45 a.m., light fires, prepare break-

fast; breakfast 8 a.m., prayers 8.30 a.m.; study of Eskimo language with Mr. Parker from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.; visiting and preparing Eskimo addresses from 10 a.m. to noon. Then came the preparation of dinner. Dinner 1 p.m., private reading and study from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m., school for children from 3 p.m. to 4.15 p.m., visiting and exercise from 4.15 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., tea 5.30 p.m.; after tea, prepare for evening meeting, which is at 7.30 p.m.; after the meeting, study of the language with Eskimos; family prayer at 10 p.m.; then private reading and devotion till 10.45 p.m. This ended the day and bed had been earned.

"God blesses the days," Mr. Peck continues, "as they roll on, and one feels time too short to do all that ought to be done."

School for the children, it will be noticed, occupies a recognized place in the day's routine. This was one of the first things taken in hand. As early as September 9 this entry is found in Mr. Peck's diary: "Visited several of the tents, and asked the parents if we might have the children to teach them. To this proposal they readily assented, and to our dismay the little ones came in such numbers that we could hardly find room to stow them all away." They proved to be very intelligent and eager to learn, and the missionaries were much encouraged. Frequently notes are found to the effect that the children were very attentive, learning

their hymns, repeating verses of Scripture, or endeavouring to master the syllabic character.

At an early date after their arrival the missionaries took a census of the population of Blacklead Island. They found there were forty tents, and the people inhabiting them numbered 171. Perhaps the reader will exclaim, What a handful of persons to call forth two men from home comforts to the dreary surroundings of an Arctic whaling station. Surely there is waste of energy and time and money here!

Well, the fewer and more degraded the people, the more is our admiration compelled for those who will go forth to care for them. For they are far removed from any hope of honour or distinction in this world. Anyhow, we should bear in mind that Jesus Christ before He came to earth was not moved by specious arguments about waste. He left countless realms of glory to come to our poor, dark, fallen corner of God's great universe. Mr. Peck, too, did not view his position as wanting in importance. His exclamation about the 171 persons is, "Quite a number of precious souls for which to give an account to the Master! May He fill me with a burning zeal for their salvation!"

One thing the new mission stood in need of, and that was a place of meeting where the people could assemble for worship and instruction and the children could come together for school. This

want was supplied by the Eskimos themselves. As early as October 3, Mr. Peck writes in his diary: "Two Eskimos are busy making the frame of a tent, which we hope to have ready by Sunday"; and two days later we hear of its progress, and of the great interest which the men are taking in its construction. This true tabernacle of witness to the presence of God in Cumberland Sound was ready in time, and when Sunday, October 7, was over, we read that it had been "a very happy but wearing day. We visited the people from tent to tent, and invited them to come to our opening meeting. Many came, and they joined heartily in the few hymns they knew. On the whole we have much cause to thank God. The tent is about twenty feet long and ten feet broad. Two long seats are placed along the sides on which the people sit. The women, quite by choice, like to sit together on one side.

"It is an encouraging fact that the tent was made and the greater part of the material provided by the Eskimos themselves."

CHAPTER XII

DAYBREAK IN CUMBERLAND SOUND

"There shall be no night there"

WHEN the two whalers, that called unexpectedly at Blacklead Island on October 10, sailed away to more genial climes, the weather began to wax more severe; the nights became longer, the days shorter; the ice formed and came closer and closer round the island, and silence, as far as the outer world was concerned, fell upon the little station. "Quis separabit" may be a good motto for the largest shipping company of the world, but the question will hardly bear a satisfactory answer as regards the navigation of Arctic seas in the winter.

The long dreary winter, the darkness that overshadows an Arctic station, and the complete isolation in which it is cut off, might almost be taken as symbolic of the degradation of life of the inhabitants, of the spiritual darkness of the kingdom of Satan, and of the power of sin to separate from the joys of the Sun of Righteousness.

And as the two messengers of Light settled down to their work in this condition of things, we can

readily suppose that the words of Christ after His Resurrection, "As my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you," must have been comforting to them. Whether or not they recognized the likeness between Him, Who left His home on high for a world of darkness, and themselves, it is possible for the onlooker or the reader to do so.

In Mr. Peck's diary we find entries concerning the weather from time to time, which certainly would not encourage the pleasure-seeker to shape his course for Cumberland Sound. In the beginning of November we read of six degrees below zero, then of twenty. Again, by November 23, twenty-eight degrees below zero are registered, and then is the significant note: "I am told that over fifty degrees below zero is not uncommon here." A few days later the sea was frozen over near "our island home, and we can now walk on the ice. This is a great treat, as the walking on our rocky island is really most trying."

The darkness and the cold ran a race together. It is a constant thing to read of lamps being required nearly the whole day. In the latitude of Blacklead Island the sun is not wholly obscured for the whole of any one day in the winter; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that on the shortest day he does just rise above the horizon, for he may be obscured by bad weather. On December 19: "The days are very short now; the sun was first seen at

11.25 a.m., and set again at 12.30 p.m." And once more, early in the following month, it is: "No sun to-day. We do miss his genial rays. But Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, does not leave us without His soul-reviving presence."

Mr. Peck's notes on December 21, when the weather happened to be bright and clear, were: "On this the shortest day I was able to watch the course of the sun and take observations. At no time of day did we see the full orb of the sun. The upper portion could be seen altogether for about one hour and ten minutes; the half orb was visible about fifteen minutes, and threequarters for about ten minutes." The weather was very cold; the thermometer stood about 25° below zero, and there was a strong wind. During the night the sky was ablaze with the Aurora and countless brilliant stars.

But cold and ice and darkness were not the only trials of life in that little Arctic community. Want of provisions, owing to the failure of the fishing, had brought the Eskimos and their dogs to a condition of starvation. There is, however, a joyful entry on November 3: "A whale has been caught to-day. Thank God for it. This monster of the deep will more than supply the needs of all."

The total length of this huge creature was about 50 feet, the height was fully 15, and the breadth of the tail was 12 feet. The thickness of blubber in some places measured 12 inches.

CUTTING UP A WHALE. *Page* 226.

BUILDING AT BLACKLEAD ISLAND. *Page* 304.

The Rev. E. J. Peck is in the foreground.

Soon the dogs and people were feasting away to their heart's content, and the latter were quite elated at the prospect of having many a good meal.

Whale-skin, which is called muktak, is considered to be a dainty dish, and when the whale was caught the missionaries looked forward with pleasure to their first meal of this delicacy as likely to give them an agreeable change of diet. But the result was not apparently so pleasurable as had been anticipated. The only remark Mr. Peck makes about it is: "Mr. Parker and I had our first meal of muktak. It is about an inch thick and of a dark colour. When boiled, it is *fairly* palatable."

A little later, in the middle of November, several seals were caught. The Eskimos seemed to be always ready to share their good things with their European friends. On November 16 the diary says: "They very kindly brought us several pieces of seal's meat. We cut this up in steaks and then fry it. As it is considered a capital preventive of scurvy we think it wise to use it freely, and when well cooked it is certainly more digestible than canned meats." But though the wants of the Eskimos were thus provided for a time, the food supply seemed to be precarious. Bad weather did its work continually in bringing the people to the verge of starvation.

It has been mentioned that early in the year 1895 the sun failed them altogether. The date of that entry in the diary is January 8. Well, for days and

weeks after that there are gloomy reports of the weather. "Blowing and drifting again. I could not go far in the driving snow, but managed to crawl into four Eskimo dwellings which were close to our house, and speak a few words for the Saviour."

Again, on January 19, it is "a wild day. So heavy was the storm that we could not gather the people together, so we spent the day in study and communion with God."

Not only was this continuously stormy weather a hindrance to the teaching of the people, but time after time it prevented the fishing, and caused much anxiety to the missionaries and great suffering from hunger to the Eskimos. It is perhaps difficult for us who dwell in the lands of regular sowing and reaping to realize that we live in dependence upon the promise of God that seed-time and harvest should not cease. But if our lot were cast in the icy lands above the latitude of 65°, we should probably put our hearts into the petition: "Give us this day, and day by day, our daily bread."

Who is proof, under the pressure of continued gloom, against despondency? Elijah was not; John the Baptist was not; Timothy was not. Thus we need not be surprised, but all our sympathy should be awakened when we read: "From Sunday the 20th to Saturday the 26th was a season of much trial and deep spiritual conflict. We have had such a number of wild days lately that our poor people

(some 170 being now on the island) were not able to catch seals, and consequently were in great need. Some of them, wishing to propitiate their evil spirits, commenced their conjuring practices, thinking their incantations would have the desired effect of changing the weather. I spoke to them at our meeting of the power and love of God, and exhorted them to repent and turn to Jesus if they desired His great salvation. Thank God, some gave heed to the word spoken; *but no one* (*I imagine*) except ourselves can fully understand our position. We are here in the depth of a trying winter, in the midst of a starving and heathen people, without human sympathy or support. No wonder the Prince of Darkness tries to shake our faith. No wonder at times anxious thoughts rush into our minds."

Again, towards the end of January, the people were reduced to straits from hunger. The missionaries brought the needs of the people before God in prayer, and asked Him, who brought the fishes to the net of the disciples on the Sea of Galilee, to give the people of Blacklead Island success in hunting. "We had," Mr. Peck writes, in consequence, "the joy of seeing five seals brought home." But the joy was balanced by anxiety of a fresh kind. "To our great sorrow and dismay we were told that some of the people had been driven out to sea on a field of ice. We are praying earnestly to God for them." But a trial of this kind was but the leading

of God for those who were in danger. They remained on their ice-floe all night, and one of them at least, as a result, was thus led to pray to the God of whom the messengers of the Gospel had spoken. His prayer was repeated: "O God, save me, for I am in great danger." In the morning they noticed, to their great joy, that new ice had formed between them and Blacklead Island, and although it actually bent under their weight, they succeeded in escaping from their perilous position.

During this time of privation the missionaries adopted the plan of inviting one family to tea every day. This alone must have made some considerable inroad upon their stores, and shows the need of a plentiful supply such as was to some extent mentioned in detail in the last chapter. "After tea," Mr. Peck writes, "I take our large English Bible and explain to them that this is the Book which God has given to teach men the way to heaven. A suitable portion is then translated and explained. Before we part they kneel down, and we have prayer together. Poor people! they do seem so grateful, and we may well believe that their hearts are being drawn to Jesus."

The Eskimos were not the only living creatures that suffered from hunger. Their dogs as well were brought near to starvation. This the missionaries found to their cost. The dogs had not been invited to tea with their masters, so they thought it well to help themselves.

On January 23 "we were startled," writes Mr. Peck, "at about 3 a.m. by a pack of hungry dogs. These creatures had managed to climb up on the roof of our skin church, and to our dismay were tearing the edifice to pieces. Hastily slipping on our fur coats, Mr. Parker and I rushed out in the bitter cold. Here in the dim light we could make out our position. We were literally besieged by dogs, and they must in all have numbered over a hundred. Most of them were on the roof, some had fallen through, others were devouring pieces of sealskin, and altogether such a confused mass of dogs—young, old, bruised and wounded—it would be hard to find anywhere else. After a sharp battle we managed to put these unwelcome visitors to flight, and then we had the pleasure of contemplating the mischief the starving brutes had done."

We have heard fairly often of churches being destroyed by fire or tempest, or even by earthquake, but probably this instance is unique when one was devoured by dogs. Some years after, when the incident was told to a class of girls in Scotland, one lassie remarked "Now that we have heard of a kirk being eaten by dogs, it is not hard to believe that a whale could have swallowed Jonah."

Happily the damage was speedily repaired, and the church was, at least, rendered sufficiently proof against wind and cold for services to be held there on the next Sunday.

Though the darkest days of the year were days of trial, there was much cause for thankfulness. The people had learned to regard the missionaries as friends; they had taken in a great deal of instruction, and some at least had, as far as the eye of man could see, been drawn nearer to God in Christ.

Of a party of Eskimos who left Blacklead Island on February 25, Mr. Peck mentions one, a woman named Padlo, who had been a regular attendant at the services, and could read in her own tongue portions of God's Holy Word. In her case he expresses the earnest hope that she may become a missionary among her own people wherever her journeyings may take her.

A little later, too, we are told of the progress of the children; how several can read and answer correctly when questioned about the leading truths of Christianity. And so, as days lengthened, hope was strong that the true spiritual light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world was really shining. Even though the nights were long, yet Arctic darkness had its special hope, as on March 10, a glorious night, when an eclipse took place. After that phenomenon "the stars shone with a wondrous lustre, and the northern lights (Aurora Borealis), which were of every conceivable tint of the most exquisite colours, flitted across the heavens." Such a scene as this seems to speak promises of the time when there shall be no night

over the frozen wastes of the Eskimos, when the people who sit in darkness and the shadow of death shall see a great light, when those who are blinded by sin shall have their eyes opened to behold Him who said, "I am the Bright and Morning Star"?

By the end of April Mr. Peck felt that Mr. Parker had made such progress with the language and in knowledge of the people that he could be left alone. Accordingly, he made preparations for a journey to Kikkerton, Mr. Noble's second whaling station. Forethought was very necessary, for many things were wanted to make a prolonged absence possible. The list is given by Mr. Peck:—

"Preparing for journey. As I shall have to live in the open-air for some considerable time, I have to provide various requisites: (1) A tent. This we are having made of canvas, and will be about 8 feet long, 6 high, and 6 broad. (2) Provisions. (3) Cooking appliances. As there is no firewood to be found in these parts I am taking a small lamp and some methylated spirit. (4) Clothing and bedding. These consist of a complete suit of fur and a sleeping-bag, the inside of the latter being made of reindeer skin, and the outside of sealskin. (5) Sledge and dogs, together with supplies for my Eskimo companion."

The start was made on May 4, although there was a strong wind blowing from the north to impede progress. However, after a hard day's travel a

group of snow-houses between some rugged rocks was reached in safety. Mr. Peck took up his quarters with an old man and his wife. Their iglo was hospitable, but not pleasant for a fastidious taste. The house was in a most filthy state, blood, blubber, and pieces of seal's meat being thrown about in all directions. "I made, however," the missionary says, "the best of my not over-comfortable abode, and tried to make the portion of the house allotted to me as clean as possible."

Experiences among the Eskimos, as was seen when we looked into their homes in Hudson's Bay, were not always pleasant; and at a later date during this Kikkerton journey, Mr. Peck again remarks:—

"I witness strange sights in these Eskimo dwellings—an Eskimo feast, for instance, being by no means uncommon. Imagine a seal, fresh from the sea, laid on the floor of a hut, surrounded by a number of hungry people all armed with knives ready for the fray. The seal is cut open down the middle, the skin taken off, and the carcase roughly cut up; pieces of the gory flesh and blubber are then devoured with the greatest avidity, and soon the mass of meat vanishes away."

Sunday, May 5, was spent in working among the people of this village. There were six houses in all, and we are given some description of the inhabitants of each of them:

"Spent the day in work for my Saviour. Six snow-houses formed our Eskimo village. The inmates of the house in which I lived showed little desire for instruction, but I tried to lay before them God's message of love and mercy. In the next house a conjuror with his wife and family resided. Spoke to them about God's love and goodness. They listened with some attention to our message. The next dwelling contained four inhabitants; one, a young woman, was very encouraging. The mother of this young person also spoke very nicely, and I felt really thankful to God for inclining their hearts to listen to the Gospel. In the next house I found a poor man with his wife. The former is suffering from a painful and incurable disease. I tried to point him to Jesus, the Fountain of life, blessing, and comfort. In the next habitation I found another conjuror with his wife and family, and spoke to them of the Saviour's love. I passed into the next dwelling, where I found a man with his wife who were very favourably disposed, and who listened to our words with evident interest. I gathered the children together during the day, and found them bright, intelligent, and most eager to learn."

On May 6 Kikkerton was reached about 7 p.m., and Mr. Mutch, who was stationed here, kindly received Mr. Peck. He had, however, no sleeping accommodation to offer him, so it was a case of living in his tent during his stay.

The visit to this station was distinctly encouraging and interesting. The people came together in large numbers to hear the Word of God and for instruction. And there was unlimited room in the church for all to gather together who would. It certainly was Catholic in the sense that none need be shut out. We have looked into the iron church at Whale River, and we have seen the skin and whalebone church of Blacklead Island, and we have read the fate that overtook it. But at Kikkerton we see one which was more commodious than either of these, cheaper to erect, and proof against attacks of dogs, or fire or earthquake. We will hear Mr. Peck describe his own edifice: "Having no house in which the people could assemble, I requested some Eskimos to build a large circular wall of snow, about 6 feet high, to keep out the piercing wind. The seats—if such I may call them—were made of square blocks of snow, which were placed close to the snow wall. This was our Arctic church. Our service consisted of hymns and prayer, and I then told them some simple Scriptural truths. What a strange sight these walls of snow, with nothing between us in an upward direction but the blue heavens! Truly the angels of God might look down upon such a gathering with wonder and joy."

Here then the people met on Sunday. "Many came, and we had a grand time. Services generally lasted about an hour. Some friends might

perhaps be disposed to blame me for remaining so long in the open-air with only a wall of snow for protection; but there is no alternative. There is not a fragment of wood or anything else here to make a more suitable meeting-place; but God has not failed to strengthen me wonderfully to bear the cold."

But it must be admitted that a church of this kind even has some disadvantage, for on May 27 it was snowing all day.

"I could not, therefore, hold meetings in the open-air, and so visited from house to house. In one dwelling I had the pleasure of meeting one of the Eskimos who had heard the Gospel at Blacklead Island during the winter. When I spoke to the people he warmly seconded my remarks, and spoke very kindly of our work." This is not a solitary instance of the effect of work previously done. For on another day, "I was cheered by meeting two of the people who had heard much of Jesus from one of the Blacklead Island Eskimos." . . . "There are wonderful signs from time to time of God's blessing and ready help, and one would be faint-hearted indeed to doubt the power and presence of our God."

The missionary had been taking his meals with Mr. Noble's agent. But after some days Mr. Peck writes: "Mr. Mutch left to-day, so I am, in a measure, thrown on my own resources. Had tea

in tent this evening. Bread was frozen quite hard, so I had to chop off pieces, and altogether I made but a poor meal."

But the next day "I had a more satisfactory meal than that of previous day, experience having taught me a lesson. *The frozen bread I wrapped in a towel and took to bed with me the previous night, and through the heat generated in my fur bag it was quite thawed by the morning.* Snow was melted by one of the Eskimo and brought to me; this was finally, by means of my methylated-spirit lamp, brought to the boiling point, and I soon had the pleasure of drinking a cup of hot cocoa, which beverage, by-the-bye, is most acceptable in these cold regions. It is certainly preferable to either tea or coffee, on account of its sustaining properties."

Towards the end of May: "The weather is now, I am thankful to say, getting warmer, and I slept quite comfortably last night in my tent. *The bread in my box is also beginning to thaw, so there is much to be thankful for.*"

It is indeed well for the dwellers in Arctic regions that the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink.

So the nights became shorter, or practically did not exist, for on May 28 the sun was actually shining about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the remaining six hours were bright twilight, scarcely distinguishable from day. But this meant weakness of ice, and consequently the near impossibility

of travelling across the sea. So on June 6 Mr. Peck had to make a start on his return journey to Blacklead Island.

His account of the journey is as follows: "We made our way over the vast ice-field which stretches right across the Sound. We followed in many places the track of sledges which had passed over the same ice. But at last, to our dismay, we saw that the ice had been carried away, and that the open water extended in a more northerly direction. We were therefore obliged to alter our course, and after a hard day's travelling we succeeded in reaching the edge of the ice floe on the opposite side. Here we found two boats, the crews of which were engaged in the whale fishery. The boats were secured to the edge of the ice, and we were almost inclined to go and sleep in them for the night. After prayerful consideration, however, we thought it wiser to go to some Eskimos who were encamped close to the land. These people received us very kindly, and, with the help of our methylated-spirit lamp, a cup of tea was soon ready, and we attacked our evening meal with an appetite which only an Arctic traveller, perhaps, can understand."

On the next day "there was a strong wind blowing from the north. We looked for the boats we had seen the previous day, but the ice, to which they had been fastened, had all disappeared. What a mercy we did not carry out our intention of stay-

ing in the boats! For, although we should probably have been safe enough, what would have become of our sledge and dogs? As the wind was strong we rigged up a sail, and drove along before the gale at a brisk rate. After going some distance, however, we had to haul close to the wind and keep in near to the land, as we found the ice weak in many places. We almost caught a seal which was basking in the sun. The creature was asleep, and allowed us to get nearly within gunshot before it awoke. When it raised its head my Eskimo companion began yelling in a most unearthly manner, and the seal, quite surprised with the noise, and looking about to see what was the matter, almost forgot his own means of safety. However, he slipped into his hole in the ice just as the dogs were on top of him.

"We did not reach Blacklead Island before two a.m. on Saturday morning. I was surprised to see many people out and about, and they gave me a warm welcome. Right glad I was to meet my friend and brother, Mr. Parker, and to hear good accounts of his welfare and work."

And so this tour and sojourn of a month's duration came to an end, and there is a pleasing retrospect: "I think of my stay at Kikkerton with feelings of gratitude to God. Many have heard the Gospel, a few can read, and several have reading sheets in hand which they have promised to learn during my absence." The great difficulty in deal-

ing with Eskimos, as with all people, is to overcome the first obstacle, and convince the people that they are sinners who stand in need of a Saviour.

"Often when I speak of man's lost, fallen state to the Eskimos they make remarks which show that they—if any people under heaven—ought not to be placed in the list of sinners. Some remark, when I mention the various sins to which they are addicted, 'But I do not steal,' 'I do not commit adultery,' etc., etc. Others, again—not, I must confess, without just cause—refer to the sins of white men who have visited them from time to time, and they naturally reason that if they are specimens of the religion we have come to teach the Eskimos might just as well remain as they are."

Happy it is for the missionary to reflect that all things are possible with God, and that it is not his work to convince of sin, but the work of the Holy Ghost whom Christ sends into the world through the medium of His willing messengers.

CHAPTER XIII

PLOUGHING AND SOWING

> "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake."

At the end of June, 1895, it was decided that Mr. Parker should start with some Eskimos who were going to visit a whaling station near Frobisher Bay, and on July 2, Mr. Peck accompanied him to the boat to say farewell. We are reminded of a sea-shore scene painted in the Acts of the Apostles when we read: "We had prayer together by the beach. I feel lonely here now, with not one soul to speak to in my own tongue. But Jesus is near, and why should I repine while His promises are true and faithful."

Mr. Parker did not return until August 27. One result of this journey was to show that the movements of Eskimos seemed to bring many distant places near to one another, and Mr. Peck was brought almost into touch with his former districts.

For the traveller had met Eskimos who had journeyed from the northern and western shores of Hudson's Straits, and "we may well believe that the Gospel of God's grace and love will soon spread over these Arctic wastes, and that God's name will be glorified amongst the Eskimos."

There is something pathetic in words which record some of the smaller trials of life in Cumberland Sound, and as we read them we have to remember that after all life is made up generally of apparently petty details of daily routine. "The weather is now (in the middle of July) very warm, and the scanty vegetation is beginning to look green. I have planted some mustard and cress, together with other vegetable seeds, in two boxes. I managed with difficulty to get some soil, which I worked up as fine as possible. I hope these efforts may be successful, one does miss a few fresh vegetables."

In due time a small harvest was reaped, for on August 11: "I had the pleasure of eating some mustard and cress; the other seeds I planted are coming on, but slowly."

On August 20, there was great excitement. "While having dinner, some of the people rushed into our little house, and cried out, 'Oomeakjuak! oomeakjuak!' ('A ship! a ship!'). *I could hardly credit the news for joy.* Went out, and saw a vessel bearing up for our island home. She had evidently been driven to leeward of the island during the

stormy weather we have had lately, and was now (as sailors say) beating to windward. But, alas! when she was almost close to us a thick fog settled over everything, and the wind began to blow with great fury. We knew the vessel could not make the land, so we returned to our solitary dwelling and committed the ship and her crew to God's care, and then felt quite at rest."

The next two days the weather continued very foggy and stormy and nothing could be seen of the ship. However, on the 23rd the fog cleared away and " we had the joy of seeing her again, but some considerable distance to leeward of the island.

" The vessel, which on approaching we found to be Mr. Noble's brig, the *Alert*, succeeded in reaching her anchorage in the evening, I immediately went on board, and, of course, our first inquiries were concerning loved ones far away. My heart overflowed with thankfulness to God when I read their letters. How great His mercy in having kept my dear wife, and our four little children, in health and strength, for it is now over thirteen months since I heard a word about them. Truly our God is a covenant-keeping God, who will fully keep that *which we commit to His trust.* Other letters, both from the Society and dear friends, are full of comfort, and one feels more than repaid by such tokens of love and sympathy for leaving all to come to this desolate place."

Beyond the joy of receiving letters from home, the missionaries had the pleasure of unpacking their annual supplies. Among them were a large number of towels and a quantity of soap. Alluding to these, Mr. Peck remarks: "Won't our Eskimos be clean by and by." And in a private letter he writes: "I am trying to teach the children to be clean. At first they came to me with hair a literal mat of filth and grease, so that it was difficult to tell which was hair and which was dirty grease. Their skins were thickly coated with cakes of dirt. With the towels and soap now sent us, and which I have served out to the children, we are giving an incentive to cleanliness by offering thirteen prizes, at the next Christmas festival, for the uniformly cleanest children."

Towards the end of September the *Alert* left again for Scotland and winter once more began to encircle Blacklead Island. A time of spiritual warfare followed, concerning which some interesting details are given. Perhaps it may have struck some readers that, as far as teaching by the missionaries and the reception of their teaching by the Eskimos were concerned, there had, up to this time, been a remarkable absence of conflict. Well, we must expect that this state of things cannot go on for ever. Even in earthly things innovations, however good, inevitably stir up opposition. How much more must the messenger of Christ expect to

be opposed when he seeks to carry Christ right into the enemy's stronghold. Indeed, probably no missionary ought to be satisfied with his work until he sees Satan fighting for his own.

And so we are not surprised that the course of the Gospel did not run altogether smoothly among the Eskimos when the conjurors began to find out, like the silversmiths of Ephesus in former days, that their craft was in danger.

In the early days of October, Mr. Parker had been attending a sick man, but he did not improve so rapidly as he had hoped he would. This then was an opportunity for those who had been ousted. The ignorant sick man is seldom satisfied with anything short of a miracle; he cannot bear to wait for the slow development of medical science. So one of the conjurors was allowed to come in and practise his art through one night. These practices have been more or less described elsewhere, so nothing need here be said in detail. Mr. Peck determined to speak to the people about this matter when they should come together for instruction. At the evening meeting, however, but few were present when the instruction commenced. "I was, therefore," he said, "half inclined to leave the matter for what I thought would be a more favourable opportunity. But I was moved by a strong inward impulse to speak from the First Commandment, and just as I commenced, who should

enter our meeting but the very conjuror who had practised his demoniac art. After I had gone on some time he interrupted me by saying that we were both conjurors, or, in other words, that there was no difference between my preaching the Gospel and his heathen incantations. I was led, therefore, to speak to him very plainly and to point out, in no unkind spirit, I hope, the real difference between our objects. All the people present listened with the greatest attention, and I felt sure that God by His Holy Spirit was speaking to them."

Again, later in the same month, the weather was very stormy, and hunting was consequently a failure. The heathen Eskimos, then, headed by their conjurors, organized a series of heathen abominations in connection with their worship of Sedna (or Senna, as the name seems to be pronounced in Cumberland Sound). These ceremonies were to propitiate the goddess so that expeditions for game might become possible and successful. As has been mentioned in a former chapter, some of their practices in this worship are of a terribly immoral nature. So the missionaries set their faces against them and opposed them all in their power. This incensed many of the people very greatly, and, as Mr. Peck expresses it, " thinned out our *stony-ground* hearers." Many stood firm under this trial, " but in others I was sadly deceived. I cannot, however, but rejoice in God. Satan is evidently stirring up his agents, and

this is in itself a sign of life. Again we see the real state of people's hearts and shall be able to deal with them, I trust, with more wisdom. Last, but not least, the people are realizing that to follow Christ means more than a mere assent to the truths they hear." And yet once more, a few days later, concerning the same matter we are told: "Some of the heathen appear utterly ashamed of their vile ways, and will not, therefore, come to our meetings. Indeed we have had quite a thinning out of late. I am waiting patiently and asking God for special guidance."

There was yet another instrument which Satan used during this season, one which is always powerful, especially with barbarous peoples, i.e., drink. One of the Europeans was greatly to blame for having supplied it to the Eskimos. He, however, promised Mr. Peck to be more careful in the future.

The winter set in with unusual severity. The journals speak continually of "storms raging," of "a week of stormy weather," of gales, of heavy snow and such like.

From Sunday, November 10, to Sunday the 17th, it was "a fearful week, wind blowing and snow drifting. The people are in want, and spiritually, there have been some discouraging events. On November 19, we had our house banked up with snow. A wall of some five feet thick and ten feet high was built all round. This was the work of

some twenty Eskimos who cut out and hauled several large sledge loads of frozen blocks of snow." And this protection was arranged not before it was wanted, for the next day a very heavy gale was blowing, indeed the heaviest " we have experienced since landing here. One of our fires could not be kept alight as we were nearly suffocated with sulphur and smoke. So we spent a miserable day. How we should have fared I hardly know if we had not been led most providentially to encircle our house with what proved to be a real shelter. A snow wall, five feet thick, keeps out not a little wind."

Christmas approached, but it did not come upon the Missionary Station without preparation. Working parties of one sort or another are the correct thing in every well-ordered parish. It is true they are generally set on foot and managed by ladies. But the fact that no ladies were present at Blacklead Island was not going to deter so orthodox and energetic a pastor as Mr. Peck. He had organized his working party some time before. It was really a knitting class. He found some Eskimo women who had been taught to knit years ago by a whaler's wife. These were appointed as instructors. Wool and needles had been sent out by kind friends in England. The class had been regularly attended by thirteen women and thirteen girls. The result was a very respectable out-turn of articles, numbering 42 woollen caps, 113 pairs of mittens, and 35

pairs of gloves, and all these things were to be used as Christmas presents for the Eskimos.

So Christmas Day came, the day of all the year for rejoicing, tempered by some sad and solemn recollections. "The dear ones at home were very much in our thoughts, on our hearts and in our prayers. How near, and yet how far they seem to us at this hallowed season.

"A large number of Eskimo friends gathered together to-day. Several brought presents of things which they had knitted and desired me to take them for my own use, and thus be able to show them to the kind friends who had sent the wool.

"I was very pleased to see such a kind, thoughtful spirit among them, and the presents were an utter surprise, as I had no idea they had been making these special articles for our use.

"After friendly greetings we entertained the donors of the gifts with coffee and cake, and I pointed out to them the true reason why we should rejoice on this day. Poor souls! one does so long to see them take a firm hold of Jesus, as a living, personal Saviour."

"*Thursday*, 26*th*.—Decided to give the married people a treat to-day. Each family was supplied with flour and grease, which they cooked in their own dwellings over their lamps in pans, or in other ways.

"In the evening we had a magic lantern lecture

A GROUP OF ESKIMO CHILDREN OUTSIDE MISSION.

for adults in our little church. The place was crammed to suffocation, and the malodours arising from the greasy clothing, and the filthy persons of such a congregation, baffles all description. However, we got along very nicely. Mr. Parker is a splendid manipulator of the lantern, and I gave a few words explanatory of the passing slides, which depicted scenes in our Lord's life on earth ; and, as ever when the magic lantern is shown, the people went away full of a deep delight."

"*Friday, 27th.*—Children's day. Tried to make the little ones happy. Gave them a feast at 3 p.m. This consisted of plum pudding, cake, tea and coffee. Oh ! how those little dears did eat ! Oh ! what capacious stomachs these Eskimos have ! But, at last they had to 'cease firing,' and then I advised them to carry off the fragments that remained for their mothers and fathers ; a hint, by the way, which they were not slow to take advantage of.

"At 7 p.m. came the great event of the season—distribution of the prizes and a display of a Christmas tree. This latter, made by Mr. Parker, was a great success. With the hoops of a flour barrel, tastefully decorated with coloured paper, etc., and arranged ingeniously on a pole, which was lashed top and bottom, he contrived a very pretty affair. The gifts were in nice little bags (the bags also the work of Mr. Parker's ingenious fingers) and

hung on the hoops, around which lighted candles were distributed in the most orthodox Christmas fashion, and with the further aid of various little ornaments, our tree, when lit up, looked quite a grand affair.

"Mr. Hall (Mr. Noble's agent here) took the chair at 7 p.m., the place being crowded, for every one was anxious to see so novel a sight.

"After singing and prayer, the distribution of prizes took place. These were, *first*, for some of the most regular attendants and best behaved at school, and *second*, for the most cleanly.

"Fourteen prizes were given to the most regular attendants; one girl named Roopenwak, had not missed a day; another named Ropvidliak, had only missed one day; while a third named Rillukvuk, had only missed two. Fourteen also won prizes for cleanliness, and I had a singular pleasure in handing *these* to the recipients, as one does appreciate cleanliness among a people of this naturally filthy type.

"After the prizes had been distributed, the tree was stripped and each member of our tiny flock was presented with some nice article.

"After a closing hymn had been sung, and prayer offered, we separated, thanking God for the happy time He had given us; and for the materials supplied, which are also His gifts, and placed at our disposal for His glory."

There is very much for encouragement in this

account of the great festal season of the Christian year, and even allowing for some being attracted to the Mission from false motives, there is a solid foundation of Christianity and an indication of progress. It is then very saddening to find a note of the worst kind of discouragement soon after, discouragement such as has been experienced too often, and with which every missionary is probably more or less familiar.

"I felt constrained to speak to a white man who is here as to the immorality of his life. He listened, but got no further. How much one longs to see him, and others here, on the Lord's side. It seems almost a hopeless task to do any real good amongst this people while our fellow whites exhibit such a terrible example, and thus wield so awful an influence on the side of Satan.

"However, we are not here to fight God's battles in our own strength, neither shall we prevail by any so-called wisdom or might of our own. The Lord Himself is fighting for us, and we know that He will be victor in the end. So we go on patiently, and, I trust, cheerfully with our work."

We seem able to read between the lines of Mr. Peck's notes. We picture a man who comes to these inhospitable regions for money making, for his own aggrandisement and ultimate ease. Influenced by no high motive, but purely selfish in his aims, he makes the native Eskimos minister to his

every vice. Circling lower and lower in the indulgence of his passions, he becomes a centre from which radiate hellish forces. He lends himself to the devil as a satanic agent.

What a contrast to this is presented in the picture of the Christlike life of patient endurance of the messengers of the Gospel. Like the Master they came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to live not only among but for the people to whom they are sent. Soon after the occurrence above mentioned, both Mr. Peck and Mr. Parker undertook a tour on the ice in the neighbourhood of Kikkerton, to work among the Eskimos of that station and any others they might find. It is impossible for us at home fully to grasp what these missionary trips mean. The cold registered was often from 30° to 40° below zero. When night came no hut of any kind would be found to welcome them. The frozen sea was their flooring. They would pile up blocks of frozen snow and spread their canvas over the open top and thus shut out the elements as best they could. "When the shelter was completed our spirit-lamp was lit, our kettle filled with snow, and patiently we waited till the water boiled. Parker made some cocoa, and in the midst of a vapour, which froze as soon as it reached our canvas roof, we drank with avidity the warm and refreshing beverage.

"After shutting up the tiny hole, which we had

used for a door, with a block of snow, we managed by the light of a candle to wriggle into our sleeping bags and thus to secure a considerable number of shivery little dozes through the night, in spite of the excessive cold."

But when we read details of this kind we should have suggested to us not merely a contrast between the messenger of the Gospel and the godless trader. We should also in relation to our own lives consider the meaning of such sacrifice as this. If we are true in the contemplation of our own lives, we shall discover that the vast majority of those things which we have been accustomed to regard as necessary to us were at first mere luxuries, and by degrees they have insidiously wormed themselves into our lives so as to seem indispensable. Every thing will acquire a new aspect and will begin to cry, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?"

Our tables loaded with a variety of costly foods, of delicacies to tempt a pampered taste, of choice wines, will cry out against us, "How much owest thou?"

Our curtained walls, our easy chairs, our deep carpeted floors, will take up the cry and echo back the words, "How much owest thou?"

Our soft warm beds and downy pillows, so different from an Arctic couch of frozen snow and ice, will cause our dream palaces to resound with the cry, "How much owest thou?"

To return to that Kikkerton journey. After some time it was decided that Mr. Parker should return to Blacklead Island, while Mr. Peck remained to minister to the Eskimos around him. He then took up his temporary abode in an Eskimo village. His own pen gives a description which is worth recording as giving a vivid picture of his surroundings and his life.

"A sketch of my present surroundings, etc., may be of interest, especially as, by geographical computation, I am now situated almost on the Arctic circle.

"Item one is the Eskimo village. This consists of fourteen snow-houses. These are built amongst huge boulders of ice, and look like large bee-hive shaped piles of snow. This peculiar little 'town,' the inhabitants of which number in all fifty-five souls, is situated on the frozen sea, some four miles from the mainland.

"The coast here is rugged in the extreme, and the mountain peaks rise covered with a deep white mantle of snow, sharply silhouetted against the clear blue sky.

"The whole picture is one of utter desolation, though not devoid of a certain bold and rugged grandeur, which fills the soul with a solemn and wondrous sense of awe, as one remembers that all this is 'the work of *His* hands.'

"My snow-hotel is inhabited by three persons

A SNOW-HOUSE WITH TUNNEL-PORCH BANKED UP.

besides myself. My host, who is, or rather has been, a noted conjuror ; his wife, a young person remarkably cleanly in her person for an Eskimo ; and the third person is a little foster son, about six years of age, a nice, hearty little fellow.

" They are all very kind to me, and as I do not notice their not over-inviting habits, we get on famously together."

" *Thursday, April* 2.—Very busy teaching and visiting all day. A striking illustration of God's power to answer prayer was given to-day. The Eskimo in whose house I am living asked me quite spontaneously to pray with him, and to ask God to give him success in his hunting. For some time past he had not caught a seal, and was therefore short of oil for his lamps. God answered the prayer, for the man brought back with him with great joy in the evening *two* seals—*just the number we asked for*."

" *Friday*, 3*rd*.—Prayed again with our friend ; and he returned this time with *three* seals."

Mr. Peck continued his ministrations at this time under great difficulty for he says: " My old throat trouble is very bad. But the Lord stands by me, and strengthens me, giving me to realize that my seasons of weakness are His times of power and blessing."

Some simple extracts from the journal will best close the chapter.

" *Saturday*, 11*th*.—Started this morning to visit

another band of Eskimos living *somewhere* on the ice floe. After a drive of some hours over very hummocky ice, I found our friends. They received me with much joy, put my kettle over their oil stove, filled it with snow-water, which they had previously made for their own use, and indeed they were altogether most kind and hospitable.

" Having made a kettle of coffee, I invited them to have a cup with me, and a right jolly party we were as we eagerly devoured some hard biscuit and warmed our chilly frames with the coffee.

" Towards evening it came on to blow and drift furiously. One of the men who has been gone since early morning to catch seals has not returned, and with this gale abroad the people are somewhat anxious regarding him.

" During the night the storm increased, and our little dwelling seemed almost to rock with the violence of the wind. Fortunately the snow-house is situated on the lee side of a large boulder of ice some eight or ten feet high, and this acts as a break to the wind. What would become of us should the ice—the frozen sea on which we are encamped—break up, I hardly know. For the season is advancing, and there can hardly be more than three feet of ice between us and the sea beneath, a thought which does not add to one's comfort when trying to sleep in the snow-house, *four miles from the land* and with a gale of wind raging without."

"*Sunday*, 12*th*.—Storm moderated, and the missing man arrived about ten a.m. Both dogs, sledge and driver were literally covered with driven snow. He told us that he had quite lost himself in the storm, and was obliged to remain in the snow-drift during the whole of that bitter night.

"Had a profitable day with the people. Taught them several times, and sought the Lord's presence for my own comfort and support.

"*Tuesday*, 14*th*.—Desirous to taste a new phase of Eskimo life, and to be one with the people whom I seek to win, I started with one of the Eskimos who was going young seal catching.

"Our conveyance was a small sledge, drawn by four dogs.

"After reaching the actual hunting ground, the dogs were continually driven in a windward direction. If they scented a seal-hole, they raced away for it at full speed, for they know as well as their owners—sometimes even better—how to find the game.

"When the dogs arrive at a seal-house, which is a cavity made in the snow on top of the ice, the driver leaps off the sledge, and then, as swiftly as possible, breaks through the crust of snow which forms the roof of the young seal's residence. Should the young seal be inside, he is soon hauled out with a hook attached to the end of a stout stick and is quickly despatched.

"But these little creatures are very wary, and are by no means easily caught. Even on the day of their birth they are able, if alarmed—and their hearing is remarkably acute—to slip down into the sea below; this acuteness of hearing makes it exceedingly difficult to get near their dwellings without being heard.

"The mother seal, also, uses every precaution for the safety of her baby; and should she hear any noise on the top of the snow, as she will probably be in the vicinity of the little dwelling, if not actually inside suckling her little one, will take hold of her baby with her teeth, as a cat will carry her kitten, and plunge down through the escape hole into the sea. She then swims to another hole, for she has several others in the neighbourhood, constructed as means of retreat in times of danger.

"Young seals that are captured are generally those which the mother has left for a short time while she is diving in search of food; or again, others may be captured when the crust of snow becomes soft by mild weather or the mid-day rays of the sun, and the hunter is able then to remove the snow roof of the house noiselessly and quickly.

"The Eskimos use the skins of the young seals for their inside coats and trousers, and the flesh is considered a delicacy.

"As regards the trip on which I went, nothing came of it; we were quite unsuccessful. Several

seal-houses were broken open, but the cry of my companion was invariably the same—'Akkangmut! akkangmut! i.e. 'He (the seal) has gone down, he has dived.'

"*Thursday, 23rd.—A fearful day!* Heavy storm. Could not have the people together, but managed to crawl into several of their abodes and spoke to the inmates concerning their souls.

"But this visiting in bad weather is no joke. To enter the snow-house one has to struggle through a mass of growling, snarling dogs, who generally congregate in the outer passage or porch which leads into the main building. On getting inside I am generally covered with snow, which the Eskimos kindly *but vigorously* try to knock off with flat kind of sticks which they keep for this purpose. After a good 'lambasting,' and many efforts on my own part to shake off the mass of sticky snow, I shake hands with them, and have a friendly chat for a minute, before plunging into the matter of the teaching.

"As the knowledge and intelligence of the people varies very much, one has to be careful to use the right matter for their various needs, never, of course, forgetting to put Jesus Christ before them as the Saviour of sinners, the One who can in the fullest sense of the word *save* them from the guilt and power of sin.

"I generally stay about twenty minutes in each

house, and then, after a hearty shake hands all round, I commence my exit, once more crawling on hands and knees, and am heartily glad when I have again safely passed through the growling dogs and have reached the outer world."

On Monday, May 4, Mr. Peck left the Kikkerton neighbourhood. Several of the people brought him a parting gift of young seal skins before he started. "Then as the sledge moved over the frozen waste," he writes, "I heard some of the little band I had left behind singing hymns. What a joyful sound to hear in this frozen land!

"Our dogs, numbering fourteen in all, pulled away with a will, and we speedily lost sight of the station and its inhabitants. *Two* men accompanied me on this occasion, which is unusual, seeing that I usually help with the sledge on all my journeys thus saving the use of a *second* man."

There is a touch of drollery about this affair that makes it worth recording. All the able-bodied men were at this time in the boats employed in the whale fishing by Mr. Mutch, Mr. Noble's agent, consequently there had been a difficulty in finding a wholly *sound* man to drive and guide the sledge. The man who owned the larger number of the dogs was almost blind, he therefore needed another man with good sight to point out the way. The only other man available at the station was lame in one leg, it was necessary therefore for the *two* men to

accompany the sledge, for the lame man could not drive, and the blind man could not guide, but between them both they managed to do the work of one sound man.

After travelling about thirty-five miles, they met a party of Eskimos living near some islands, and Mr. Peck essayed a visit to the "chief residence."

"But," he writes, "the smell inside was so awful that I was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, and fixing my little canvas tent, was glad to make the best of out-door quarters rather than attempt to pass a night in such an inferno as that which I had begun to enter."

Tuesday the journey was continued, and again on Wednesday, in spite of the fact that it was snowing heavily throughout the greater part of the day.

"Arrived at Blacklead Island about ten p.m.," writes Mr. Peck, "and was most warmly received by the people, and was thankful to meet again my fellow-labourer and loved friend, Mr. Parker, who, I was delighted to find, was well and hearty. Thank God for His upholding and sustaining grace shown so freely to us both."

CHAPTER XIV

A CORN OF WHEAT

"In deaths oft"

NOT a great deal has been said about Mr. Parker in these pages. The reason, of course, is that a young missionary cannot, in the nature of things, at first figure in the active work of the Mission so prominently as his elder colleague who has had many years of experience. His time is necessarily taken up with learning the language, the habits, and ways of the people to whom he is sent.

Mr. Parker, however, had made very rapid advance. On Mr. Peck's return from Kikkerton he tells us that his companion is fairly proficient in the language, and is able to take the meetings and instruct the people.

He had previously won his way to the hearts of the Eskimos through his medical skill and sympathetic manner. They called him "Lukta," which was their corruption of our word Doctor. But more than this, as he was somewhat short in stature, they had bestowed upon him a diminutive of affection, "Luktakuluk," which is "the kind little doctor." The native children had also become very much attached to him.

Altogether, he seemed to be becoming now daily

more useful to his colleague and more necessary to the Mission. But God sees differently from man, and His ways are not our ways. It was quite impossible to foresee the blow that was about to fall.

Everything was looking bright, the dark and cold of winter were things of the past. "We spend as much time as possible in the open air and enjoy the sun's genial rays. Grasses and other small plants in sheltered nooks are looking beautiful in their summer garb. How I do admire them, and thank God for giving us these tokens of His bounty and goodness." The night was as bright as the day, and sometimes even the heat would be excessive. The longest day came and went; every day was busy. Mr. Parker was working especially hard upon an Eskimo dictionary. In the beginning of August an opportunity for a holiday and recreation was offered him. Mr. Hall, Mr. Noble's chief agent, made arrangements to go to a river some twenty miles away in order to catch salmon. It was proposed that Mr. Parker should join the fishing party and really enjoy a holiday expedition.

Mr. Peck cordially endorsed the proposal. "As my dear brother really needs a change and rest, I quite agree with him that the trip will be (D.V.) beneficial, and I gladly offer to remain and hold the post while he is away."

On Sunday evening, August 9, Mr. Parker addressed a very attentive gathering, and the following day

was chiefly occupied with preparation for the journey. But here we will allow Mr. Peck to tell the story of what happened almost in his own words, as the entries are made in his diary.

"On Tuesday, August 11, we rose early, and after breakfast had our usual reading and prayer together. The portion of God's word for the morning was Luke xiii., from verse 31 to the end of the chapter." The last verse is the solemn one which here seems to have a peculiar adaptation, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The boat was ready, and "I went out to see Mr. Parker start. There was a fresh breeze blowing, but nothing to cause anxiety. After a hearty shake of the hand, and watching the boat out of sight of the island, I returned to our little house. The passage of Scripture which came that day in my ordinary consecutive study happened to be the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which speaks so touchingly of Paul's farewell to the Elders of the Ephesian Church. While reading this portion I was almost overcome with a strange, overpowering emotion which I cannot describe, but which partook of the nature of a hallowed but awfully solemn and tender sense of love to the Lord Jesus, and of strangely drawn-out affection for Mr. Parker."

On Wednesday the weather became cold and windy, but on Thursday it calmed down again, and "I went to see Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Noble's agent, who remained at the post. He had intended to go with the others on the salmon-fishing expedition, but he changed his mind at the last moment, as he was feeling unwell. There were consequently seven men in the boat instead of eight, viz., Captain Clisby, Mr. Parker, Mr. Hall, and four Eskimos. The object of my visit to Mr. Sheridan was to arrange for a trip to-morrow to a place called Noujakhalik, some three miles from here.

"The people were anxious to get some shell fish which are found in the sand at low water at Noujakhalik, and I was feeling the need of one day's change.

"On Friday, August 14, the weather was very fine, and we got together a crew of Eskimos and made a start. We reached our destination, and had been ashore about three hours when an Eskimo, who had been to the north in his kayak hunting, came to us with the awful news of his having found a boat with a dead body inside ; he also stated most positively that the boat was the very one in which our friends had sailed on the Tuesday.

"I was utterly overcome with the horror of the news, and could only kneel down and try to cast the awful burden upon the Lord.

"Gathering the people together, we pulled some

miles in a northerly direction, and there we found the ill-fated boat, not bottom up as we expected to find her, but quite upright and almost full of water, with a dead body, face downwards, across the thwarts. The body was that of Captain Clisby.

"As the weather was calm, and the boat did not appear much damaged, I got one or two of the men to help me bale her out. After some time spent in hard baling we got the water under, and managed to plug up some of the holes in her with oakum. Then taking her in tow, we succeeded in reaching Blacklead Island late in the evening.

"Our arrival caused, as may well be imagined, great consternation and grief. The relatives of some of the men were on the island, and then all the people knew what a friend they had lost in Mr. Parker.

"Captain Sheridan, a Captain Marshall, and myself carried the body of Captain Clisby up to Mr. Noble's store.

"Here, on examining the body, and from the marks and wounds discovered, together with the position in which we found the deceased, we are led to infer that after the boat left Blacklead Island (the wind was quite fair when she started) the boat's boom-end, through the motion of the craft, was rolled under the water, and while the boat was thus held down the sea rushed into her.

"In this emergency Captain Clisby, knowing

that the only way of saving his companions was to get the boat upright, bravely rushed for'ard, cut the halyards of the sail and the rigging on one side of the mast. He then evidently managed to get to the other side of the boat, and was engaged in clearing away the remaining stays which held the mast when the boat must have suddenly righted herself, the mast toppled over, tore away the socket in which its heel was held, caught Captain Clisby (on what would then be the lee side of the boat), and there the brave, devoted fellow must have been held, pinned down as in a vice by the weight and pressure of the mast, etc., and so perished, partly, we think, by the injuries he had received, and partly by the cold seas which must have washed continually over him.

"The others, as we surmise, must have held on to the boat as long as possible, but were finally overcome with the cold and washed off.

"Oh, the utter sadness of the awful catastrophe! What can one do in this trying hour? Our refuge is in God! We *know* His love never fails! What He doeth we know not now, but we shall know hereafter."

On August 15 "I consulted Captain Sheridan, and it was decided that he should take the few men now on the island, and look for any further signs of wreckage. We also thought (although the chances are slight indeed) that some of the party

might possibly have reached one of the islands about here.

"As Captain Sheridan knows all the land thereabout, it was arranged that he should take the search party, and that I, with the help of an Eskimo, should make a coffin for the remains of our friend, Captain Clisby.

"Captain Sheridan returned in the evening with the sad intelligence that not a vestige of anything or any one had been seen."

"*Sunday*, 16*th*.—the remains of Captain Clisby were laid to rest. Nearly all the people attended the funeral. Two boats were manned, and the coffin being placed in the stern-sheets of one, we then proceeded to an island some four or five miles from here. This island has been used as a burial place for many years for men who have died in the country. I counted some twenty-five graves, several of which contained the remains of men who had died on board the whaling ships.

"Some of the graves had boards erected over them, giving the name, age, etc., of the deceased. One I particularly noticed gave the names of three poor fellows who had died of scurvy. Another board gave the mournful record of two men who had perished in a snow-storm. Altogether it was a sad and touching sight to see all these tokens of loving remembrance in this barren and lonely spot, It was a scene which thrilled one's soul with a

solemn sense of the nearness of God and of the great unseen world.

"After the Eskimos had cleared away sufficient sand and some large stones, the body was lowered into the grave. I then called them together, and, standing close about the open grave, we all sang, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

"The Burial Service was read in English (Captain Sheridan being present). I then read a portion of the same service in Eskimo, and afterwards spoke to the people of the need of our being ever ready—through faith in Jesus—to meet our God.

"Poor people! They seemed deeply touched. May the Lord speak to them and to us all through this pressing sorrow!

"After returning to Blacklead Island a boat's crew of Eskimos arrived. They had picked up a few articles belonging to the boat, but nothing had been seen of any of the bodies.

"Captain Sheridan is sending off another search party as soon as possible, though we all feel that there is little hope of finding either of our friends alive, for the current where we believe the boat was swamped is so rapid, and the water so cold, owing to the immense quantities of loose ice about, which has remained with us this summer, that no one could possibly have survived."

"*Monday, 17th.*—Wind too strong to despatch the search boat, as intended. I feel the loss of my

brother Parker intensely. He was so strong and reliant a companion, so useful with the people, so ever willing to do anything. How lonely the little dwelling looks and feels now! How everything I look upon and touch reminds me of him who is now at rest with his Lord. I flee unto Jesus in this trying, lonely hour! Thou loving Lord Jesus, how steadfast Thou art! To whom should I, to whom could I, go but to Thee!"

"*Tuesday*, the 18*th*.—Climbed the rocks that I might be alone with God. Had a season of very special prayer for support and guidance. Lord, let Thy will be made clear. Yea, Thou wilt make it clear. Thou has never failed me yet, and why should I doubt Thee now?

"Search party started to-day. They are to go along the coast and islands, and return in a week's time."

"*Saturday*, 22*nd*.—The *Alert* arrived to-day. All on board were much distressed to hear of the death of our friends. The arrival of Mr. Sampson, whom the Society has sent to re-inforce, and make it possible for me to go home and see the translated Gospels through the press, greatly cheered my heart and strengthened my faith in God, and gave me the assurance that God wished this work prosecuted. He *has* heard the petitions of our many praying friends, and has guided the committee to their decision.

"I gave Mr. Sampson a hearty welcome, and the first thing we did on reaching our little house was to commend ourselves, the work, and the people to our covenant-keeping God. Surely He *will* keep that which we commit to His trust.

"Letters from loved ones and friends were all encouraging, so there is much to thank God for. I am naturally much exercised in mind, now that dear Parker has been summoned home to his Lord, to know what the will of God is regarding myself at this critical time.

"One fact the Lord seems clearly to have impressed on my mind, viz., that He does not will my going further North in whaling vessels *next* year, which I had hoped to do.

"If I go home this year, I have a strong desire to return to Mr. Sampson next season. But before deciding anything I must know more of my dear brother, and ascertain if arrangements can be made with Mr. Noble's agent here, that, if necessary, Mr. Sampson can live with him, before even I can contemplate leaving him even for the winter.

"Of course, I dare not forget the great responsibility connected with my dear wife's health, and what might result from a further heavy mental strain, especially considering the terrible nature of the complaint from which she previously suffered. Our God will surely guide me! I ask Him for an absolutely single eye for His glory. I ask for wis-

dom, and we have the promise that if we commit our works (ways) to the Lord, our *thoughts shall be established.* 'In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' "

For the next three or four weeks our missionary was often alone in prayer for the very special guidance he needed, while at the same time he had long consultations over the position with his new colleague, Mr. Sampson.

The people had taken to Mr. Sampson, and his medical knowledge gave him a ready access among them. Then, too, he showed a marked linguistic capability, and began to study the language with much diligence.

Mr. Sheridan readily agreed to board and lodge the new young missionary if necessary, and to help him in every way possible, if Mr. Peck finally decided to go home.

The *Alert*, which would be the only known means of return to England, was, however, much hindered by successive gales, and it was evident that she would be unsually late in starting on her return voyage.

Then, while still waiting upon God for guidance, the Divine hand was shown to our Missionary in a remarkable manner.

About 9 a.m. on Thursday, September 17, there were sounds of excitement outside the little house, and news was brought that a *steamer* was close to

the island, and that already some of her people had come ashore.

The steamer proved to be the *Hope*, with Lieutenant Peary and his Arctic exploring party on board. When the leader of the expedition learned the position of affairs, he very kindly offered Mr. Peck a passage in the *Hope*, which was bound for Sydney Harbour, Nova Scotia.

From thence the traveller would be able easily to get to Halifax or some other large port, and from there could ship by liner for home.

After renewed prayer, careful consideration, and a final consultation with Mr. Sampson, Mr. Peck decided to take Lieutenant Peary's offer and return home, three special considerations weighing with him in all his deliberations over the matter: *First*, the absolute and pressing need for the Gospels to be seen through the press, that the people might have the Word of God in their hands; *second*, the condition of Mrs. Peck's health; and, *third*, the critical condition of his own throat, which, if not treated, threatened to stop all his work by actually rendering him unable to live in the land.

It was on Thursday that the *Hope* arrived off Blacklead Island, and on the same afternoon she steamed into Nanyaktalik harbour.

On the Friday, Mr. Peck, having now decided to go home, went to Nanyaktalik to see Lieutenant Peary and the commander of the *Hope*, Captain Bartlett.

The *Hope* was just starting for Blacklead Island, and Mr. Peck returned in her, landing at 6 p.m.

From that moment until midnight he was busy packing and entertaining the numerous callers.

After a few hours' rest, rising again at 4 a.m., he had to go on board the *Hope*, as she was to start early that morning. The two recently united colleagues commended each other to God and started for the ship.

A touching and interesting farewell then took place. The sorrowing Eskimos, fearing that they would see the face of their beloved teacher no more, crowded on board for a sad good-bye. Some of the old women produced knives, and requested Mr. Peck to cut their flesh deeply, so that they might always have a scar to look at and remind them of him. It is only fair, however, to say that they did not mean or expect their friend to take them at their word. It was merely a form of expressing their love and sorrow, and an indication of the wound that the separation would cause in their hearts.

It is needless to say that Mr. Peck was deeply touched by these tokens of affection, and full of sadness as well as bright hope, he watched his island disappear as the steamer forged ahead.

We do not know that Mr. Peck ever had any real intention of saying a final farewell at this time to his Eskimo friends at Blacklead Island. We do not think he seriously contemplated such a step,

though perhaps a sentence in his diary might lead to such a supposition. But whether he did so or not, the death of his colleague put it quite out of the question. He recognizes this when, in speaking of his future return, he remarks, "the path of duty is the path of safety." He saw his path of duty plainly marked out for him; he heard the voice of God telling him that his sojourn in England would be brief, no matter how the ties of relationship and earthly affection might seem to bind him to the old country.

CHAPTER XV

BEARING BURDENS

"We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all."

WE need not follow Mr. Peck in his work during the months he was permitted to spend in England. The chief thing that concerns this record of his missionary efforts is that he had brought home in manuscript the four gospels in the Eskimo language. These were printed by the Bible Society, and when he returned to Blacklead Island in the summer of 1897 he was able to place these invaluable aids to his work in the hands of the people and teach them to read them for themselves.

The *Alert* sailed once more early in July. The voyage was a particularly bad one. Even an old sailor like Mr. Peck was troubled with sea-sickness for days together, and the reader of his journals is inclined to think that there was a considerable amount of danger for the brave little ship that faced the Arctic seas. At last, however, on Sunday, August 22, Blacklead Island was sighted, and the next day Mr. Peck was able to land. A very warm

greeting and welcome awaited him from Mr. C. G. Sampson, whose coming, as recorded in the last chapter, had enabled the senior missionary to go home the year before.

The report Mr. Sampson was able to give of the work of the past year was most encouraging, and he himself had made such progress in the language that he had been able to conduct meetings and teach the people regularly.

When Mr. Peck and Mr. Parker first went to Blacklead Island, a two-roomed hut, as was mentioned in a previous chapter, had been assigned them as a dwelling-place. Now a more commodious dwelling had been brought out, and the first work was to find a site for it and fit it together. To find a site among the rough rocks was no easy task, and the erection of the building in the absence of all skilled labour occupied the two missionaries many days, aided as they were by Eskimos only.

They were at this time working daily, in various ways, seventeen hours out of twenty-four—a fairly high pressure.

But when their nice new building was ready it was devoted to another purpose. It had been Mr. Peck's intention to move into the new abode and then adapt the old house for Church purposes. But there were so many Eskimos at this time on the island that " we have decided to use the building which was intended for our dwelling-house for a

church, and later on, when we can get the house in which we are now living enlarged and properly fitted up, we shall be able (D.V.) to go to our more comfortable and capacious quarters. Certainly I cannot say that I look forward (speaking of one's own bodily comfort) with any feelings of pleasure to spending another season in a bedroom (for two) not ten feet square. There is neither room for privacy nor common decency in such a place. But these facts must not weigh against the spiritual good and comfort of the Eskimos. And Mr. Sampson and I will, through God's grace, be able to live at least for one winter in our limited quarters."

When we read an extract of this kind in any man's diary, perhaps we understand why the house occupies so prominent a position in the prohibition of the Tenth Commandment.

The opening services in this building thus freely given up were most encouraging. Mr. Noble's agent and the crew of the *Alert* were invited. In the morning more than a hundred Eskimos were present. In the evening about the same number gathered together and all the white men as well. "It was indeed a happy time, made so by the presence and blessing of God, and by the fact that several of the Eskimos held in their hands and read with me a portion of our Saviour's precious words from the gospels which had been printed by the Bible Society."

And so in settling down to their winter work

THE MISSIONARIES' HOME, BLACKLEAD ISLAND.

there seemed to be a bright prospect before the missionaries.

But once more the devil showed them that he did not intend them to have things all their own way, and by his opposition he gave them the satisfaction of knowing that he considered their work a serious invasion of his own dominions.

Difficulties arose, chiefly from an unusually stormy season setting in and the consequent scarcity of provisions. Time after time we read of a "trying week," and that the people on the island were "almost starving" because they were unable to catch any seals; or again it is "no whales seen, and the outlook is anything but pleasant."

The effect of this continued bad state of things was two-fold. First, numbers of the Eskimos "moved by the powers of darkness, commenced their heathen practices again." The conjurors met together and started their incantations on behalf of fine weather.

This was on a Saturday, and they kept up their ceremonies during the following Sunday, making the island "more like a pandemonium than a place where Christ's Gospel had been preached." But even this was a crisis not without its encouraging side. For the missionaries, determined that Satan should not have it all his own way, summoned the people to morning and evening services, and their hearts were rejoiced to find that many who had held

aloof from their heathen neighbours, and had not bowed the knee to Baal, responded to the call. Then again a second result was that the men had to be away so much of their time, Sundays included, seeking for their bare means of subsistence, hunting seals, that they had but few opportunities of meeting together for instruction. If they did return at night they were too weary and tired for anything but to take such food as was available and turn in for a night's rest. We find frequent laments in Mr. Peck's diaries that Sunday was not better observed by those who had attached themselves to Christian teaching, but in the face of dire necessity he found it quite impossible to forbid the men going. It certainly was a case of endeavouring to pull the ox or the ass out of the pit on the Sabbath day, and the action of the hunters would come under the sanction of our Lord : " To do good on the Sabbath day is lawful."

But there is at least one note of thankfulness in this connection. On one occasion " the weather was nice and bright, and some of the men refrained from hunting so as to join us at our meetings. Thank God for this token of His help and blessing."

Great perils had at times to be faced in hunting, as we have seen in previous chapters, and generally it might be said that the greater the scarcity, the greater the danger. For naturally the men in their need would go further afield and brave all kinds

of difficult positions for the sake of supplying the wants of themselves and their families.

One account is given of a party of Eskimos who arrived at Blacklead Island in a most famished condition. Their sufferings had been very great. They had travelled inland, before winter had set in, for nearly a month and succeeded in reaching a lake called Augmakruk. Here they found a considerable number of reindeer. After a time they retraced their steps to a place some little distance from the coast where they had left their boat. On the return journey they saw no reindeer, and only succeeded in keeping themselves alive by the greatest economy in using the limited supply of deer's meat they had on hand. On reaching the coast they found the ice had formed there, but it was not strong enough to bear the weight of the boat, so that they were unable to convey it at once to the open sea. It took them ten days to overcome the innumerable difficulties and launch their boat. During this time they were compelled to eat their dogs. At last, in a sorry plight, they managed to reach Blacklead Island.

At another time Mr. Peck records, "I saw two men on a piece of ice which they used as a kind of boat, and on which they made their way to a large body of ice near the island. It is by no means unusual for them—in the event of a seal being shot in the open water—to break off with their harpoons

a large flat piece of ice from the main floe, and on this they make their way to the seal, often using the butt ends of their guns for paddles. As might be expected terrible accidents sometimes occur through these dangerous exploits. Several men have been carried out to sea by the force of the wind and have thus been lost."

The day following this last entry in the diary there occurs another: "A few Eskimos arrived to-day from the north. They brought sad news. No less than four of the band who left here to go to the reindeer country have been starved or frozen to death."

Hunger was not the only suffering that followed the failure of seals. Cold also was a result. "A fine day, but only one seal caught. Some of the people keep in bed all day, as they have no oil to warm their snow dwellings."

One's sympathy is called forth by these records, and one feels a great sorrow for those who eke out such a precarious existence as that of these ice-dwellers. At the same time, however, it is possible that the inhabitants have brought on themselves to some extent the trials which they have to suffer. For in a time of plenty Mr. Peck mentions in his diary that "the people seem to have got what we might almost call the *seal fever*. Morning, noon and night they seem to delight in slaying these creatures, and although in some cases the meat is actually

rotting in their tents they go on destroying anything they can lay their hands on. I spoke to some of them pretty plainly, and pointed out their ingratitude to the Giver of every good gift."

Perhaps after this we are not very much surprised to read in a later note, "Here we find that the seals are pretty nearly exterminated."

So probably the spirit of kill, kill, kill is ingrained in man wherever he lives, south or north, west or east. Laws for the protection of the lower creation over which he is tyrant are needed universally.

It is not to be supposed that the missionaries sat all this time in their hut with their stores around them unconcerned at the sufferings of the Eskimos. We have, in the course of these pages, learned to know Mr. Peck and his colleagues better than that. If a brother or a sister were naked and destitute of daily food, they did not say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," without giving them those things that were needful for the body. They both preached and acted the Gospel.

There was plenty of use for the seeming abundance of stores that we saw in a former chapter had been laid in at the Mission station. "We made a large kettle of porridge and gave the very needy ones a good meal," is a note that seems just to introduce a coming time of distress. It becomes more serious when "a deep and soft coat of snow makes travelling about almost impossible. We did what we could

by making large kettles of soup, and feeding in this manner about *twenty families a day*. I think the people, in some cases at least, appreciated our kindness. In any case we must do what we can for Christ. Too often we expect to be, as it were, propped up by the good wishes and gratitude of our fellow creatures. But it is wiser to look to Jesus and to do what we do for Him. He certainly never disappoints us."

Times of real anxiety were not unknown to the missionaries lest their own stock of provisions should fail. This was not at all impossible, humanly speaking. For it must always be borne in mind that their food supplies depended upon the arrival of one small sailing vessel, which had to accomplish a perilous voyage. If by any chance she failed in her mission, the season would be too far advanced with ice for any other to make the attempt. So the diary says: "We have a heavy drain on our limited stock of provisions, and altogether our surroundings are far from pleasant. However, we seek to stay our minds upon God, and to take our cares to Him."

In 1899 the danger just spoken of seemed really to threaten. In May, "the people on the island were very much in need of food. We can do little for them as we have given away nearly all our stock. The weather has been most changeable of late, and the distress is great. May the Lord in answer to

prayer soon stay the winds and storms. I am, at this season, reminded often of the green fields at home. Here we see nothing but rocks and snow, and we seem to live in an everlasting winter."

August at length came, and when it was well advanced, "we are now beginning to look out for the *Alert*. May God keep the little vessel and bring her safely here with our supplies."

From Sunday, August 20 to August 27, almost every day "we climbed the rocks and gazed at the horizon anxiously expecting the *Alert* with our supplies, and news from loved ones. The poor people on the island are in a sad state. Most of them are living on the shell fish which they dig out of the sand. We can do nothing for them; *our stock of provisions is exhausted.*" But still day after day went by so that they were almost fearing the worst. At last, however, on September 7 the joyful news was passed round that a vessel had been sighted in the distance. "We can just make out her masts. God be praised. The Lord is gracious and kind to us!" is the entry in the diary. Two days later, on September 9, the *Alert* was safely anchored off the island, and discharging her precious cargo.

We have seen enough to understand that altogether the second sojourn of Mr. Peck at Cumberland Sound was a time of great trial and one that called for a great amount of faith, as far as the things of

this world were concerned. But we know that trials in things temporal are intended to teach us to look more away from them to the eternal. So we ask what was the progress in things spiritual during this period.

That the people were united to the missionaries by ties of affection there could be no doubt. We have seen the farewell that they took of Mr. Peck when he was leaving for England and the love that was shown him then. We know something of the warm welcome that was invariably shown him when he visited the people in their homes and was entertained by them when on tour for days together.

We know that these cords of personal attachment must have been drawn tighter when he ungrudgingly gave out his stores of provisions for their relief in time of need. But we also know that in these closer bonds of affection and association he was always finding more and more opportunities of pressing the claims of Christ upon them.

That there was response we can see. A straw will show which way the wind blows, and so when we read of men abstaining from hunting, although the weather was favourable, in order that they might attend meetings for Christian instruction, we can infer a great deal.

Besides this, a man named Kukkak, who had been instructed first some two years previously, began in the spring of 1898 to show signs of spiritual life,

He was overcome by a sense of his sin in the past, and had a desire to know more of the Saviour. Mr. Peck met him at this time during a journey to Kikkerton.

Again, at the end of April many of the men left Blacklead Island to go to the edge of the ice floe, about 18 miles distant. They were to be away some time, as the object of the expedition was to catch whales. A few words in the diary seem to bring the scene before us. "The whaling boats which were to be taken to the open sea were placed on large sledges, which were hauled along by all the dogs on the island, numbering, I should think, over one hundred. The men remain at the floe edge some two months, and should any whales be seen, they start in pursuit from the edge of the main body of ice."

But what concerns us here is that this seemed to be a point for marking progress in spiritual things. The night before the men started the meeting was very full, and the note in the diary tells us that they were most attentive, and seemed much impressed as Mr. Peck spoke to them of the power of the Lord to keep us anywhere and everywhere, and exhorted them to place their trust in Him.

Towards the end of 1898 a blow fell upon the Mission, but at the same time it was one of encouragement. For it spoke of a soul saved and trusting in Christ. Mary Ikherah was a woman who, when Mr.

Peck landed in Cumberland Sound, was sunk in a most degraded life. Gradually, however, but surely she became interested in the Gospel teaching, and the Holy Spirit led her at last to the true Light. She was then always ready to help the missionaries in any way she could. But God saw fit that she should glorify Him by her death rather than by her life. Consumption set in, and she was on her death-bed. "Never shall I forget the day," writes Mr. Peck, "when Mr. Sampson and I drew near to her dying couch. Weak as she was, she tried to raise herself, and looking up in our faces, and thinking of the message of God's love which we had brought, said, 'I love you, I love you!' Yes, it is love that wins. Jesus, the greatest conqueror the world has ever known, has won all along the line by the power of His love. Has His wonderful love conquered your hearts yet? If not, why not?"

And what a picture of desolation is that which the funeral presented when the body was committed, not to the grave, but to the rocks; for there was nothing but these and big stones to be found, no soil anywhere. A rough coffin, made from old boxes and boards, had been put together by the loving hands of the missionaries, and the corpse was placed on an empty sledge. This was hauled over the snow by many of the men who had come together to the spot selected for the last resting-place. "During the morning a snowstorm had been threat-

ening, and shortly after we started it burst out in full fury, and in the midst of the blinding drift we hurried on. The people joined me in saying the Lord's Prayer, and we then returned battling again with the furious wind and driving snow. Such a picture of gloom and desolation it is quite beyond my powers to describe. But one thought that seemed uppermost in my mind was this, Christ the King who rules over death is as real and loving and gracious here as anywhere else. It is not for the servant to question the Master's will regarding the particular post which is allotted to him. Enough for him to know that Christ is near and all must be well!"

All the people felt keenly the loss of this one who was practically the first-fruit of Cumberland Sound. It was fitting that as the first-fruit she should be given to the Lord. Mr. Peck sums up all by saying, "She being dead, yet speaketh."

By March 16, 1899, we read the encouraging note of audiences being very attentive. "I am much cheered by the improvement in some of the people who attend our meetings. God, by His Holy Spirit, is touching some hearts." A month later there is more hope. "The Word seems to lay hold of some of their hearts. Now surely the time is not far away when some will come out boldly for Christ."

But still the season of sowing the seed had to be prolonged; the time of harvest was not yet come. Mr. Peck's second sojourn at Cumberland

Sound was to terminate by his starting for England on October 9, 1899, and it was not till his third sojourn was in progress that many sheaves were gathered in. His last note on this subject was written some weeks before embarking. "Many of the people," he writes, "left the station to-day. They nearly all came to see us before they left. Some seemed evidently sorry that I should be going home this year. They remarked that the words they had heard were good and true, and that they were very glad to have heard them. Certainly our work among women and children gives much encouragement."

The time of refreshing was certain to come, and the missionaries could wait in faith. When it did come, taking a retrospect of the period now under review, Mr. Peck could sum upt hus: "When I went home in 1896 I took with me the four gospels in Eskimo. These were printed by the Bible Society. When I returned to Blacklead Island in the following year several of the people learned to read these precious pages. Following our usual plan of work, services were held night after night in our little church, and each gospel was expounded from beginning to end. Now the people began to realize the wonderful character of Jesus the Son of God. A picture of moral power, love and mercy stood out before them. Nothing in their old traditions or religious ideas could equal the words of

truth and life which flowed from the Saviour's heart. On every hand they told me that the words they heard were good and true." But thus far the picture had only shown them the evil in their lives and excited a desire for something better. They needed some greater power than their own to enable them to cast in their lot with the crucified One.

CHAPTER XVI

BEHIND THE SCENES

"I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

WE have seen a great deal of the outward circumstances surrounding the lives of the missionaries in Cumberland Sound; we have also seen something of their work and influence upon the Eskimos. Shall we in this present chapter look a little more closely at their own lives, penetrating into their houses, and, more than that, into the thoughts of their hearts?

On August 28, 1898, the two workers, Messrs. Peck and Sampson, were reinforced by the arrival of Mr. Julian William Bilby. "Great was our joy. Truly we have not been forgotten, nor has our work in these desert wastes. How delightful to clasp the hand of a brother in Christ and to feel that another of God's light-bearers has come to illuminate the darkness."

There is a note struck in this simple extract from a diary which ought to awaken a responsive chord in every reader. "Truly we have not been for-

gotten." Is there a danger of this? Perhaps so on the part of too many people. At any rate the solitary worker is apt to think so, as John the Baptist did when he was in prison; especially if he is in a veritable icy prison which is penetrated only once a year by rays from the outer world, and he may be excused in having his moments of despondency which call to the Christian Church for the support of prayer.

On the other hand we can look into the heart of the messenger of the Gospel and see how, in his moments of confidence, he is upheld by the knowledge of prayerful sympathy. One summer, on the departure of the annual ship, Mr. Peck wrote: "The *Alert* left to-day. I have written altogether about 120 letters and have also sent quite a number of circular letters. Thank God for the number of praying friends in the home land. Isolated we truly are here, but from a spiritual point of view we are compassed about with a host of helpers. Cut off we are indeed from loved ones, with no possible opportunity of hearing from them for over eleven months. United, however, we are to a never dying Friend, whose presence more than fills up the gap and void left in our hearts by the loss of dear ones."

At other times frequent notes are found concerning the 24th day of each month and the comfort which it brings. "To-day is the day of days.

Thousands are praying for us. . . . Many are mindful of my brethren, myself and the work." This thought comes to him again and again whether he is on the trackless deep or the voyage to or from Cumberland Sound, or in the loneliness of toil and danger endured for Christ in the Mission. And the reason is that that is the day appointed in the Church Missionary Society's cycle of prayer for petitions to be offered for the vast cold and dark regions which extend within the Arctic circle, and for the missionaries among the Red Indians and Eskimos that they may be supported in their great hardships and loneliness. So on that day in each month Mr. Peck and his colleagues were comforted because they were sure that some friends, at any rate, were holding up their hands for the fight. It would be an untold blessing to the Church of Christ and the world, if many more were found to use that cycle and make it a basis also for acquiring information and taking a systematic interest in the evangelization of the nations.

The *Alert* which brought Mr. Bilby also brought a quantity of timber. This was sent through Mr. Malaher and the Missionary Leaves Association. It was most acceptable, as it helped the missionaries to arrange their dwelling satisfactorily for the coming winter. They were able to enlarge the old building in which they had been living and to make it fit for the meetings of the Eskimos, and

the new building, which they had in a spirit of self-denial given up for that purpose, they were now to take possession of and make themselves a little more comfortable than they had been.

We have in former chapters peeped behind the scenes and looked at the daily routine of the missionary's life. It is consequently now unnecessary to do so again, but it may be mentioned that Mr. Peck's time was to some extent occupied by instructing the newly arrived colleague in the Eskimo language.

Each of the three brethren was more or less proficient in the art of cooking, and they took it in turn, week and week about, to be responsible for the culinary department. Sometimes there was not much in the way of meat at any rate on which the chef could display his talents. This was rather trying. "What would friends at home do I wonder," writes Mr. Peck, "if they had no butchers' shops to go to for their Christmas dinner." With this festive season in the near prospect he and Mr. Sampson had been searching for game some five miles out, but alas! the sight of only a few tracks was all that rewarded their effort. However, failure this time made them more wary another Christmas. Time was indeed taken by the forelock. "What did we have for dinner? asks the cunning missionary in triumph. "Why, jugged hare and plum pudding—quite a royal repast. The plum pudding was a gift sent out by a kind friend in England.

And the hare? Well some weeks ago we got it, and being in a frozen condition we saved it carefully for Christmas. Two days ago I hung it up near the stove to thaw. Before this it was frozen as hard as a stone." As fortune would have it, however, they did not after all depend upon this particular hare, for on Christmas Eve an Eskimo had brought them in another. This incident of the frozen hare reminds us of another dish which was Mr. Peck's own speciality. We can fancy him saying: "Now I have to be starting early to-morrow morning to look up those Eskimos on the ice. So I must make a good supply of Arctic balls."

"What do you mean by Arctic balls?" we can imagine the new arrival asking.

"Oh, they are a splendid dish for a journey. You make them of preserved meat, bread-crumbs, cooked preserved potatoes, and a little flour. All these ingredients you must mix up into a mash and then divide them up into balls of convenient size. Let them freeze (n.b., there is no difficulty in this) and they will keep indefinitely. On arrival at snow houses all you have to do is to put them into a frying-pan with a little grease or water to prevent them sticking, and in a few minutes with the aid of your methylated spirit lamp you thaw them. Then proceed to make on excellent meal."

This recipe might be recommended to English housekeepers, but they have not always got a freezing house at hand.

Sometimes the office of cook was anything but a sinecure. This was especially the case when missionaries were keeping open house for their Eskimo friends, either at such a season as Christmas when large gatherings came together or during times of scarcity. Again culling from Mr. Peck's diary we read: "This being my week as cook and general housekeeper I spent a very busy time, especially as we tried to help these poor starving people. Large kettles of pea soup were made three days in the week, which helped in some measure." And we have seen in the last chapter that sometimes in this way their relief work amounted to feeding twenty families daily. In missionary fields it is more possible than at home to realize that the word *minister* means *servant.*

There is one note concerning the day's routine which should not be forgotten. It is that after the 1 o'clock dinner there was always a time allotted for recreative reading. The ship brought out annually a supply of newspapers and periodicals. These were carefully arranged in chronological order, the oldest being on the top and the newest at the bottom of the pile. This was the order in which they were to be read. So in November 1898 Mr. Peck writes: "We are reading now the numbers for November 1897, and somehow we seem to enjoy them as much as if they were this year's issues in-

stead of being a year old." After all, the missionaries had only to put their birthdays back one year in imagination and then they had their daily paper as regularly as the frequenter of a London club. Surely this was not a very strong flight of imagination! At any rate it would not have been if they had been of the gentler sex. But it was not only newspapers and magazines that were treated in this way. Friends of the missionaries at home kept them supplied with a monthly mail. How is that possible? We listen to Mr. Peck as he says: "I read (on November 1) two letters which are full of comfort. Kind friends sent me several packets. The month in which they are to be read is marked on the outside of the envelopes. I have therefore a monthly mail so to speak, which will take me to next July. How full of prayerful thought these letters are. They bring one very close to the love and sympathy of God's loved ones in the homeland." Again speaking of these letters at another time he says: "I look forward to the time appointed for opening letters with many longings of heart, and I must confess that at times I feel like the greedy boy who wishes to eat the whole of the cake at one sitting."

And yet once more it is impossible to refrain from dwelling upon this very simple, yet very helpful comfort given to God's servants. It is the record in the diary of a new year's eve. "We

passed from the old into the new year in a right happy manner. Friends—and thoughtful ones they are—sent me some letters for the new year. I, however, took the liberty of opening half of these before 12 p.m. and the remainder after. How cheered, comforted and strengthened I felt by the perusal of these loving messages my pen fails to tell." Similarly Christmas Day was brightened. How is it spent? In various ways. "First the dear ones at home are carried in prayer to God, and then with feverish expectation I opened some parcels which were marked: 'not to be opened till Christmas Day.' Friends can have no conception how much their thoughtful kindness cheered and comforted our souls." At another time we read: "We tried to enliven ourselves with the musical box. This, the gift of a kind friend, has helped to cheer us up not a little and is a source of great pleasure to the Eskimos."

But we must leave these interesting pictures, merely exhorting the reader to do something to cheer and strengthen those who are endeavouring themselves to bring gladness into the solitary place. We never hear any complaint come from the lips or pen of Mr. Peck concerning his separation from his family at home. We have to read between the lines when he describes his eagerness for the arrival of the *Alert*; when we see him meditating in his lonely walks upon the ice; or when

he tells us that he has been drawn to think much of his little daughter. But it is not very difficult to interpret one passage from his diary and to understand something of what this separation meant to him. On one of his journeys in March 1899 he writes: "Four hours' travel brought us to a band of Arctic wanderers whose snow houses were situated near a barren and rugged island. Some of the little children who had noticed our sledges coming in the distance came out to meet me. These little ones we had taught from time to time of the Saviour's love, and it is one of the brightest spots in our life here to know that we are planting the seed of immortal truth in their hearts and that many of them seem to be drawn to the loving Saviour. Perhaps I have a tender place in my heart for these little Eskimos, seeing that the bright faces of my own treasures are ever standing out as a living picture before my mind's eye." There is something pathetic in thinking of the demonstration of love which would be lavished upon his own children, and which the barrier of distance diverts to the heathen children. It is a lesson for us all. God's intention in permitting trial of any kind to come upon us is not that we should dry up and shrivel and become unfruitful, but rather expand in softened sympathy to all around.

But sometimes there is no need to read between the lines of what is written. After leaving

Peterhead on one of his return journeys to Blacklead Island when he had been a day or two in the brave little *Alert*, Mr. Peck's heart is full of the thoughts of those who are left behind; it has been lacerated, as it were, by the separation. But so far from any sort of grumble or complaint, he says. "A need of heavenly support and comfort creates and keeps up a praying spirit. Thank God for this. We give up only to receive; there is a loss which is a gain."

And now even at the risk of possibly repeating something that has been said before it will not be out of place to give a description of the missionaries' surroundings written by Mr. Peck himself. "Our island home may be truly called a picture of complete desolation. It consists of barren rocks swept by fierce gales. The snow is packed many feet deep in the holes and gullies. Ice along the shore is piled up in some places twelve feet high. This remarkable effect is caused by the action of winds and tides. No tree or plant gladdens the eye or heart. Eskimo dwellings, like mounds of snow, are scattered about in every direction. Ravenous dogs are ever on the lookout for a morsel. Eskimos—some at least look more like wild beasts than human beings in their filthy and bulky garments. Such is the scene upon which the eye rests day after day and week after week.

"How can we stand the rigour of such a climate

and keep up a healthy mental tone in such surroundings? We must have for one thing a proper dwelling. This we have been able through the kindness of friends to obtain, and the room in which I write this is, even in spite of the intense cold, comfortable. Our house, which is divided into three compartments, viz., two dwelling rooms and a kitchen (or general reception room), all on the ground floor, is made as follows: First the frame of the house itself, next a coating of tarred felt outside the frame. Boards cover the felt, and canvas, well-painted, covers the boards. Outside the canvas again is a wall of snow four feet thick which breaks the fury of the wind in a surprising manner.

"Coming now to the inside of the frame we have a packing of moss which we were able to gather in the summer. Inside the moss is the inner lining of boards which are tongued and grooved. Next comes a lining of calico and then a nice bright wall paper is pasted on this. Thus we have from inside to outside, first, wall paper; second, calico; third, boards; fourth, moss; fifth, tarred felting; sixth, outer boards; seventh, painted canvas; eighth, a wall of snow. The windows of the house are double, with a sliding arrangement for ventilation on the outside window. The inner window is fitted with hinges so that they can be opened or shut at pleasure."

"A slow-combustion stove, fitted near the partition which divides our dwelling-rooms, is used for heating both places, although we have an oil stove to augment the heat when necessary. In the kitchen we use an 'Eagle' range with a heat indicator fitted on the oven. This we have found a great boon as we need not open the oven and so let in a body of cold air. As every bit of coal and coke, and every drop of paraffin oil must come out from home, it is, of course, a matter of great importance to obtain as much heat as possible with a moderate consumption of fuel. We think we have gained this desirable object in the stoves mentioned, as our yearly consumption of coal for these does not exceed seven tons."

"We make our surroundings as bright and cheerful as possible. Pictures, artificial flowers, bright texts, photos of loved ones, adorn the walls of our dwelling rooms, and it is indeed a striking and most pleasant contrast to the desert waste outside." We need not follow this description in the details of daily routine and of food. For we already know much about these matters. But it will be well for us to think about Mr. Peck's words of caution concerning the life which he has been depicting. "Want of change, the sense of isolation, the hungering for just a word of loved ones, continual contact with a people whose lot is often one of extreme privation, the possibility of magnifying little differences or

seeming grievances with a colleague, which in other circumstances or surroundings would soon be lost sight of—these are factors, and sometimes weighty ones too, which try what manner of men we are. On the other hand we have a good school for faith, prayer, and patience. There are times when one is brought, so to speak, in contact with the heavenly powers; God becomes a reality, faith is strengthened, and hope is brightened."

It is impossible, however, to exhaust in one description the different kinds of trials that beset any life. For instance, we might think that the home which we have had vividly brought into our view would be proof against the variations of weather and thermometer that even Cumberland Sound could produce. But it is not so. Even in January we read of a most wonderful and by no means agreeable change of weather which took place: "A warm wave of air has been wafted along here by the heavy southerly gale, and the consequence is that we are in a most uncomfortable state. A kind of rime forms on the inside of our roof, chiefly on account of the steam issuing from the kettles, etc. This is thawing and dropping down in every direction. The snow porches which we have had built outside our doors are falling down and altogether we are in a lively condition."

Probably we have seen sufficient now of the inner thoughts and outward life of the missionaries

at Blacklead Island to sympathize with them to some extent and to feel thankful that our lot is cast in a pleasanter land. But let us see that our sympathy is of a practical kind. If it is not, we shall forget. If it is practical and influences our lives by causing us to pray, to work and give gifts, it will go on deepening and widening until it takes in not merely the missionaries, but their Eskimos; not the Eskimos only, but barbarian and Scythian, bond and free. We shall recognize more and more that Mr. Peck's work is our work, that he is our representative, that we are responsible.

CHAPTER XVII

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

"Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

AFTER having looked at the inner thoughts and life of the missionary, we now proceed to take up the history of the Mission in the latest sojourn of Mr. Peck of which it is possible to have any record. This period extends from August, 1900, to September, 1902.

We have, it must be admitted, already dipped into diaries of this period in order to present the reader with a complete picture such as was given in the last chapter. But that will not affect the narrative which will be unfolded in this.

On August 20, 1900, the *Alert* came to anchor off Blacklead Island. Mr. Peck's note concerning this is: "Mr. Bilby gave me a hearty welcome. His news is good. The work has prospered. Praise God for this. Eskimo friends clambered over the side; they seemed so pleased to see me. There is

joy and comfort in knowing that our life and work are not lost. To have a place in people's affection is no small gain. I had a nice meal with Mr. Bilby in our own house. What a treat too after six weeks life on board. We carried the Mission (in prayer) to God, and our brother Sampson, now away at Signia, was not forgotten."

Soon after this Mr. Sampson went home to England when the *Alert* sailed on her return voyage.

And what, we ask, were the signs of progress that Mr. Bilby had been able to report and with which he had encouraged Mr. Peck on meeting him? First of all the congregations were large and attentive, but at the same time there was some disappointment about the small proportion of men who attended the meetings. But this was not without its encouraging side, for it was to a great extent to be attributed to the influence of the conjurors. As we have seen before, there is always satisfaction in the opposition of the enemy.

Now, however, there was a difference. It was not as in former years, when the men were led by the conjurors and unhappily reverted to their heathen ways. They did not yield to practising their superstitious arts and immoralities. But the conjurors seemed to retain enough influence to prevent the men coming to Christian gatherings.

Whatever encouragement there may be in this, it is probably in another direction that Mr. Peck

found especial cause for thankfulness. The future of a people depends on the uprising generation. And the work among the children seemed to show solid progress. The average attendance at school we find, soon after Mr. Peck's arrival, was from sixty-five to seventy children daily. This strikes us as being a very high number, especially as we are also told that about the same time the missionaries took the census of the people and found there were just forty dwellings inhabited by Eskimos in and around the island, and in these 194 people lived. So the numbers attending school amounted to one-third of the entire population.

And the knowledge that was acquired was considerable. On December 19 Mr. Peck writes: "I commenced the examination of our elder scholars. The subject was the Ten Commandments with a brief summary of each commandment. The scholars were not asked to say them (straight off) by rote, but each was expected to be able to repeat the commandment corresponding to the number 2, 5, 9, etc. This was no small tax on the memory, but I am happy to say that out of a class of eighteen, eleven passed through the ordeal without making a single mistake."

"The next day the examination was continued. The second class was then taken. Many of these repeated from memory twenty-two Scripture texts without making any mistake."

With regard to secular teaching in the school there is an interesting note: "We have also instructed the children in some of our English figures. Their own method of counting really extends only to the fingers and toes. Some of them now know our figures up to 150. Altogether we have had much encouragement in our work amongst the children, and we heartily thank God for His blessing and support."

But there were better things than these soon to come. All that has been mentioned might be nothing more than, as it were, the first portion of Ezekiel's vision: "The sinews and the flesh came up upon them and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them." The outward life of the Eskimos was something to be thankful for in the abandonment of superstition, in improved knowledge, in cleanliness and other ways. But where was the spirit of Life?

In December, 1900, a marked change seemed to have begun. "Some of the men came to both morning and evening services. The evening service was very hearty and the people listened with evident attention. We certainly do realize some remarkable times, and the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer is moving some hearts. Oh, that one might believe more in the power of God the Holy Ghost!"

A little later on, January 8, 1901, a "cheering

and soul-refreshing incident happened. One of the women came of her own accord to see me. She stated that her heart has been moved by the Word of God. I have noticed her for a long time, and believe that God by His Spirit is leading her on in the way of life."

But this woman was only the forerunner, so to speak, of others. She was the one bolder spirit who was enabled under God to give courage to others. The breach had been effected in the walls of Satan's stronghold, and then others were willing to enter through the way that had been made possible.

January 13 was a day of much blessing. Mr. Peck says, "I was led to speak at our evening meeting regarding the subject of baptism. I pointed out to the people the necessity of confessing their faith in Christ, and invited those who wished to be baptized to come to me to-morrow."

Two wonderful days followed. "No less than two men and twenty-four women came to me wishing to be enrolled as candidates for baptism. I had private conversation and prayer with each one, and I was indeed thankful to notice in not a few cases a real desire to cast in their lot with Christ's people. I told them that it would be necessary for them to be fully instructed in some points, especially the absolute need of the Holy Ghost to teach them and sanctify their lives. I propose

holding classes for them in addition to our ordinary evening meetings. My heart rejoices, and I feel sure the hearts of many of God's praying ones will rejoice to hear such news from our Arctic home."

This large number of candidates for baptism now rendered necessary some change in the arrangement of the meetings for instruction. Mr. Peck rightly felt that these required something rather special in the way of teaching. So on January 18 a separation took place. Mr. Bilby took the ordinary congregation in the church and Mr. Peck simultaneously held the class for the catechumens in the Mission House or " the Manse " as he facetiously calls it elsewhere.

" I took," he says " the opening passage of our baptismal service for adults and explained it. I pointed out the force of our Lord's words, ' Except a man be born again,' etc., and told them how needful it is for each one of them to call upon God earnestly for the gift of the Holy Ghost. A little prayer is being written out for them. It reads as follows : ' O God, give me Thy Holy Spirit, that I may truly repent of my sins, believe in Jesus Christ, and be made a new creature for Jesus' sake, Amen.' "

And there was some satisfaction in teaching people like these, for a few days later, when Mr. Peck was explaining a portion of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, he invited inquiry, and at the same time asked them if they quite understood

our Lord's words. "Yes," was their ready reply, "and if we do not, we will ask you."

When at last the first ripe fruit was gathered in Baptism, it was to be in a very real sense waved before the altar and presented to God.

On April 8 Mr. Peck visited a sick girl named Atterngonyak. She seemed to be wasting away. She had learned a great deal about the Gospel and the love of God, and she listened with much attention to the words of the missionary as he exhorted her to trust wholly in the Saviour. A few days later, on May 4, the sick girl expressed a wish to be baptized. "I see," says Mr. Peck in his notes concerning this, "no reason why the rite should be withheld from her. We claim this poor creature for Christ. I have been and am much helped in prayer concerning her."

The next day was Sunday, and the patient had a violent attack of illness. For her to go out of her house was out of the question, and so she was baptized privately. This, however, did not satisfy her fully. She wished to show publicly her love for, and faith in, her new found Saviour, and she asked Mr. Peck of her own accord, if she gained any strength, that she might be received openly before all the people into the Church of Christ.

The diary goes on to say, "I spoke to some of the candidates for baptism regarding her, and I was so delighted to find that one woman went to

see her and prayed with her. And so the Word of God is doing its mighty work. It does not, it shall not, return void. In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

On May 7, when the weather was a little brighter and the patient somewhat stronger, she desired to be publicly admitted. She was too weak to go to church, so behind a wall of snow at the entrance of her dwelling the Eskimos were gathered together. With praise and prayer she was received into the flock of Christ's Church, and marked with the seal of service to the Saviour. "Just six years since it was decided to start this Mission—six years of toil and prayer and suffering—and now the Lord has, I trust, gathered in the first-fruits of a mighty harvest of souls from the northern wilds. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His Holy Name.'"

This girl was a corn of wheat falling into the ground and perishing in order, as we doubt not, to bring forth much fruit. On June 2 she was wasting away rapidly. Mr. Peck was visiting her two or three times every day. "She likes to hear hymns sung, and always longs to have one of us near."

At last, on June 13, she fell asleep. "I was with her" is the note in the diary, "when she passed away. She was quite conscious, but a calm and peaceful look spread over her face as the Spirit returned to Him who gave it."

And what a contrast that service which followed was to all that the Eskimos had known before! "We desired in every way to show the people how a Christian ought to be buried. I told all that could come to attend a service in church. Many brought their books. These contain a translation of our Burial Service. The first part was read in our little church. After this we all went to the place of burial selected by the relatives. I do not mean that a grave was dug. This we cannot do. There is no soil here deep enough, and what little there is, is as yet thawed only a few inches below the surface. Our burial places must therefore be on the rocks. Big stones were placed on top of the coffin (which had been made by Mr. Bilby) to prevent its being blown over at any time by the wind. Around this we gathered together. I then concluded the service and spoke a few solemn words to those assembled, and then we parted. What a change, thank God! What a contrast to the awful way in which some of the dead have been buried—no covering but the snow and the carcase torn in pieces by the dogs as soon as they could reach it."

But before this girl was laid to rest in the first native Christian grave of Cumberland Sound, more ripe fruit had been gathered. On May 19 Mr. Peck says: "The people do show much more attention now. God is gradually but surely work-

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ing upon this people," and the next day after much prayer for guidance he resolved on baptizing three of the candidates on Whit Sunday. When it came (May 26) it was a day of days. The three candidates mentioned were baptized. We had a large and most attentive congregation. It was indeed a solemn and soul-stirring time, and the power of God the Holy Ghost was with us." There was not any doubt as to the earnestness of these three. For a long time they had shown a great desire for instruction, and they had a good report amongst the Eskimos themselves.

And so the year progressed through the summer, on the whole in a satisfactory manner. But a severe trial came in the beginning of September. On the second of the month there was no little excitement because a ship had been seen in the distance. Later in the day it was evident that she was not the *Alert* because she carried steam power. She was a whaler from Dundee, and brought the news of the death of Queen Victoria. But the trial came to the missionary from the immoral conduct of the crew and from the fact that this snare of the devil proved too subtle and strong for some of the candidates for baptism. "I have more than once," writes Mr. Peck, "at a terrible cost to my own ease of mind, pointed out to these wretched people the sure and certain goal to which they are travelling. The extermination of the whole of the

Eskimo population in Cumberland Sound and elsewhere is only a matter of time, if some check is not put to these awful practices. I see no reason why officers of whaling ships should not exercise proper discipline on board their own vessels. I spoke to the captain about this matter."

The next day he writes, concerning the candidates for baptism who had yielded to sin, "I spoke to these individually and warned them of their danger and told them that Christ had died for them and that newness of life was the real sign of true belief, and that I could not think of baptizing them if they placed themselves in such a position."

There were six in this case and of them "five promised amendment and seemed sorry. May they be led to true repentance. The sorrows and anguish of soul which one experiences here at times are something almost unbearable. My heart would sink within me if I did not know the loving kindness, power and sympathy of my Saviour and my God."

The *Alert* was at last sighted on September 18, and new strength to the Mission was brought in the person of Mr. (now Rev.) E. W. Greenshield. This enabled Mr. Bilby to return to England in the steam whaler mentioned above.

The news, however, which was brought by the sailing vessel was not very encouraging. Mr. Sampson had left the work and gone on a trading

expedition ; the health of Mr. Peck's little daughter was in a critical condition. On reading this the diary records: "My feelings cannot be fathomed by others." Then there was a letter from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, asking the missionary to consider the advisability —principally on account of the uncertainty of means of communication—of abandoning this Mission next year.

It might be supposed that in spite of fruit having been gathered in, the agony of separation from his loved ones, and the disappointment concerning the fall of some of the candidates for baptism, Mr. Peck might readily have persuaded himself that this was the voice of God. This thought too might have gained additional force from the consideration of his own health. His throat was a constant source of trouble and pain to him, from time to time even laying him aside altogether. He was not, however, one to allow the wish to be father to the thought. We discover this when we are allowed to read his meditation on this proposal of the Committee. "God does close as well as open doors. But after due consideration and prayer what conviction comes home to our soul? We ought *not to abandon* this work. Means of communication better than the present can be formed. If we give up our position here, we practically give up the key of Christ's outpost. The utter-

most parts of the earth are his, and the Eskimos who live therein. The salvation of these people is dear to Him, and there is not the shadow of a doubt that He wills us to hold on here and spread the knowledge of His saving name in these Arctic wastes. So great is this conviction that God has put into my heart the desire to formulate a scheme, the outlines of which have long been in my mind. This scheme touches the difficult problem of Eskimo evangelization in the Polar regions. This work we have hardly commenced yet. Now the Lord in these latter days wills us, no doubt, to push it on."

And what, the reader asks, was the scheme that Mr. Peck had formulated? It was to have a mission vessel with which to reach the distant Eskimos and to be independent of whaling ships altogether. With God's help an out-and-out Christian crew would be got together for this mission vessel, so that each member should be a living witness for Christ wherever he touched port and came into contact with native races.

The gift and maintenance of such a ship as this is not much for which to ask the Church of England. Arctic exploration seems always to claim Christian sympathy and support as well as that of the general public. The very heart of the nation becomes stirred with the exploits of Franklin, or McClintock, or Nansen. But these things, noble as they

are in opening up unexplored lands, adding to our scientific knowledge, or testing human nature in its pluck and endurance, leave out of sight the greatest of all human projects, the evangelization of the heathen.

The possession of a properly constructed vessel is still the object nearest to Mr. Peck's heart, but failing this he looks forward to missionaries living on board the whaling vessels and thus ensuring the Gospel going as far as our trade.

But surely if England, the richest country perhaps in the world, can find men willing to take up the life, she will not withhold the paltry few hundreds of pounds, or even thousands, to enable them to prosecute their plans with the greatest possible efficiency ?

But we must return to the immediate work which we are contemplating.

The month of February saw more baptisms. Extracts from Mr. Peck's diary speak for themselves :

"*Sunday, Feb.* 2.—A great day. Nongoarluk, a poor woman who has long been a great sufferer, desired to be baptized. She has learnt to read, and is, I hope, moved by the Holy Spirit to take this important step. She was, therefore, in the presence of some of her friends, admitted into the visible Church by baptism. Nothing, truly, in her surroundings to call forth joy or gladness ;

her small snow-house, her wasted frame, her years of suffering, all these things, she might well say, are against her; yet the tears—tears, I hope, of contrition and holy joy—flowed from her eyes when we sang some hymns, hymns composed by the good Moravian Brethren, which pointed out the boundless love of God and the fullness of Christ's salvation."

"*Wednesday, Feb.* 5.—Questioned another candidate for baptism concerning her spiritual state. There is every reason to believe that God is teaching her, and leading her to a saving knowledge of the truth."

"*Saturday, Feb.* 8.—Have decided after very careful preparation to baptize some more converts to-morrow. Had them with me in the evening, prayed with them, exhorted them to cleave to Christ with full purpose of heart, and then pointed out the particular order of service, etc."

"*Sunday, Feb.* 9.—Another wonderful day. Seven (two men and five women) were added to Christ's flock here in the wilderness. Many came to the church, great attention was shown, and a spiritual power seemed to rest upon us. Those baptized showed a very earnest spirit, and evidently realized the important step they were taking. It was certainly no light ordeal to stand up before their own people and acknowledge their faith in Jesus. We thank Him for this blessing. Let Him be praised for evermore."

"*Monday, Feb.* 10.—'They shall come from the North.' Another Arctic wanderer baptized to-day. His wife, Eve Nooeyout, who was one of the first Eskimos baptized last year, has, I believe, used her influence for Christ and has thus led her husband to make a public confession of his faith. I have been led to pray much of late for the still unevangelized Eskimos. There can be no possible doubt that the souls found in these Arctic wastes belong to our Master. 'All souls are Mine.' Facts like these ought to speak to Christ's people with no uncertain sound, and I boldly ask them in Christ's name to do their duty, to stand, so to speak, shoulder to shoulder with us, to take up Christ's Arctic enterprise with whole-hearted zeal, and never rest till all these lonely wastes are won for their Lord."

"*Saturday, Feb.* 22.—A young man named Rounak came to me for a copy of the gospels. I gave him one, and pointed out to him the nature of the treasure he now possessed. As friends may like to hear his history, I give it here in full. Some time ago Rounak was a candidate for the office of conjuror. He tried to learn the conjurations, etc., but was almost driven mad in the attempt, and for some time was in such a state that he did nothing as regards seal catching. Now as seal-skins are one of the articles of barter here, and as Rounak was in a measure supported by Mr. Noble's agent, he naturally got into troubled waters with this gentle-

man ; so finding matters so tangled and unpleasant he gave up the idea of being a conjuror altogether. His next move, which has certainly proved the most satisfactory—as it has for untold numbers before him—was to enter the matrimonial arena and win the heart of a young Eskimo lady. This young person I am glad to say is a Christian, and she has had a marked influence over him for good. In this connection she told me lately (using an Eskimo expression) that 'his mind is being put in *order*,' and that he wishes to follow her and believe in Jesus. This is good news. Here we see the drawing influence of Divine and human love."

A fortnight later this young man was baptized.

But perhaps there was almost more encouragement than these baptisms indicate in a more general movement among the Eskimos.

In March Mr. Peck, with his colleague Mr. Greenshield, made an expedition to Kikkerton. This was very largely in consequence of what they had heard about complications that had arisen through some vigorous heathen teaching. A man named Angmalik professed to have received a new revelation from the goddess Sedna. As he seemed to be causing a considerable commotion, and to be gaining some influence, it was necessary to deal with it.

The conclusion of the matter came a month later. The new revelation had been made known

far and wide. On Sunday, April 17, Mr. Peck writes: "A wonderful day. The church was packed morning and evening. Hardly any of the men had gone away hunting, and the attention and reverent behaviour of the people was quite remarkable. I naturally inquired what these things meant. This is the answer which I received—an answer which gave me much joy, and will give joy to many hearts. They told me that having considered the new doctrine propounded by Angmalik, and having also considered the words they had heard and read, viz., the words of Jesus, they had come to the conclusion that His words were in every way preferable, and therefore they had determined to cast away their heathen customs and come to the place of prayer. . . . We pray that this movement may lead to the salvation of many souls, and that we may have grace and wisdom given to us so that we may be able to lay before this people the Gospel of the grace of God, which alone can meet the needs of their souls."

There is just one note of interest which belongs to February—a sequel to the baptisms—with which this chapter must conclude:

"*Sunday, Feb.* 23.—Another day to be long remembered. Six of those recently baptized were joined together in Holy Matrimony. Quite a number, chiefly women, came to our little church, and great was their surprise to see how Christians are

married, and to hear the holy and searching words of our Marriage Service. This object lesson will not, I feel sure, be lost upon the heathen. How different to their loose and sensual ideas."

CHAPTER XVIII

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS

"I know thy works and tribulation and poverty (but thou art rich)."

WE have now seen the progress of the Mission and something of its prospects up to the summer of 1902. We now propose to take a few extracts from Mr. Peck's diaries which will serve to bring some scenes in his journeys as pictures before the reader's eyes.

In March, 1901, he started on a journey to Kikkerton; Mr. Esslemont (Mr. Noble's agent) was his companion. "On the 18th we passed on over the barren plains of ice. We drove in a northerly direction, and then proceeded to cross Cumberland Sound. This, however, proved most difficult. The ice in some places was piled up in great rugged masses, and our Eskimo guide had to climb large hummocks of ice so that he might see the best road to take. To make matters worse Mr. Esslemont's sledge-runner broke. This we lashed up with seal line and pressed on our way.

Towards evening we saw a vast extent of rough ice, so we determined to camp for the night, and wait for the morning light. Our Eskimo guide soon cut out a number of snow blocks, and with these we made a snow house, but by the time we had boiled our kettle and were able to partake of our meal it was 10 p.m. Then, after committing ourselves to God's care, we crept into our fur bags and slept through the night."

"*Tuesday, March* 19.—We drove on for some distance and then came to a complete standstill. Masses of ice of various sizes and shapes blocked our way. Furious gales had smashed and welded together these ice blocks in a surprising manner. There was nothing to be done but make a road. Armed with an ice chisel our Eskimo broke up or loosened the blocks which Mr Esslemont threw on one side. I remained behind in order to keep the dogs in order, and watch their movements—a very necessary task indeed, as our canine friends are apt to eat their seal line traces when left to their own sweet devices. One of our dogs actually managed to eat the greater part of one of our whips, and it is hard to say what they would leave intact, if not continually watched. After about an hour's work we were able to move on cautiously, and after a time we came to an expanse of fairly good ice. But another barrier came before long. While struggling through this, sad to say, Mr. Esslemont's

AN ESKIMO BUILDING HIS HOUSE.

sledge became a complete wreck. We were still some distance from the opposite shore, so we packed the necessary articles on our sledge, left the broken sledge and the heavier articles behind, and pressed on our way."

Arrived at Kikkerton, Captain Sheridan kindly lent Mr. Peck a house in which he could hold services. On Sunday, March 24, he writes concerning the morning service: "Our experiences were, I think, somewhat interesting. The house in which we were assembled, not having been used for some time, was coated in all parts with a crust of ice. This, with the combined heat of the stove and our bodies, formed about the middle of our service a kind of shower bath which sprinkled freely our heads, books and garments."

"*April* 4.—When calling the people together for meetings, one old woman crept out of her snowhouse and followed me saying, 'Will you give me some tobacco if I go to the meeting?' The answer was, of course, a refusal. I, however, had the pleasure of seeing her come along, and I think she heard some words which, with God's blessing, will do her good. The sordid, carnal view that some of these people have is surprising. Truly the days of the loaves and fishes are not passed."

A year later, on March 24, 1902, Mr. Peck and Mr. Greenshield were on the same journey. "We travelled in company with an Eskimo, who kindly

offered to take some of our load on his sledge; I also remained with his conveyance. While passing between some islands we met with what might have been a most serious accident. All at once Mr. Greenshield's sledge, which was some fifty yards behind us, broke through the ice. Mr. G. himself narrowly escaped a ducking, which under such conditions might have meant at least some frozen limb or limbs. With great difficulty we managed to haul the sledge up on top of the ice again, but nothing, I am thankful to say, was lost. The accident was doubtless due to the thin state of ice which had been eaten away by a strong under current. Shortly after this strange experience we saw some snow-houses which had evidently been only recently abandoned. We took possession of the largest and *cleanest*, a line of action quite lawful amongst this free and sociable people; here we made ourselves at home, boiled our kettle, warmed our meat balls with a methylated spirit lamp, and then fiercely attacked our evening repast. Our special man for the trip is a Christian, and the man who has kindly helped us is a candidate for baptism, so altogether we were quite a happy band, and right heartily we sang hymns together before retiring to rest for the night. Rest would have been impossible, for some of us at least, had all the articles on Mr. G.'s sledge got wet. Fortunately, however, the very articles we most needed were on top of the load, and these we were

able to haul off the sledge in time. Surely we had, and have, reason to thank God for this mercy."

"*Tuesday, March* 25.—Moved on again over the icy waste. Pressed on for some eight hours. All at once I noticed our helpful companion (Toolsahpiah) pull out his telescope, sweep the vast desert waste, and then we heard the joyful cry, 'Innuēt! Innuēt! Eskimos! Eskimos!' We soon drove on to the place indicated, and there we found two Arctic inns inhabited by some ten inhabitants. Here we were received kindly, and were invited to take up our quarters in the dwelling of a man named Kanaka, who, I may remark, is a mighty conjuror and has much influence amongst his own people. Here in the midst of such novel surroundings we spent a pleasant time, and were able to hold a meeting in the evening. How strange to hear the praises of our King in these cold dwellings built on the frozen sea, eight miles from the nearest land."

"*Easter Day, March* 30.—We read together of Christ's conquest over death, and I then pointed out to them the nature of that marvellous Friend in whom we are all invited to confide. The people assent freely to the great truths brought before them, but when we come to the practical points which naturally flow from the great foundation truths of the Gospel, and when they know that their sins and heathen superstitions must be let go if they are to be saved, then the 'tug of war' commences

—men love 'darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.'"

"*Monday, March* 31.—A poor sick woman, whom Greenshield and I had previously visited, sent word to us that she did not wish to see strangers, evidently meaning white men. All one could therefore do was to speak a few words of comfort to this poor dying creature through the window of her snow-house. This being made of seals' intestines, which are very thin and almost transparent, the sound of one's voice and one's presence outside were evidently known to the sufferer, for she tried to answer from her couch of pain. What darkness and misery surround these poor heathen! If the Lord Jesus was or had been living, as ought to have been the case in the hearts and beings of His people, Arctic explorers for Christ—or better still Arctic soul-winners—would have pierced these polar wastes long ago. These people have seen so many samples of ungodly white men in the past that we can hardly wonder if they view us with suspicion now, and think we are a curse instead of, what we try to be, a blessing to them."

"*April* 4.—Blowing strongly from N.W. during the forenoon; weather, however, cleared somewhat about noon. A man arrived from the north. He came from a party of Eskimos who are living on the ice some twenty miles from here. I determined with God's help to accompany this man. Mr. Green-

shield will remain here till a later date while I minister to these scattered sheep on the icy wastes. Ilak, the Eskimo who arrived, wished to return at once. He told me that he knew his way quite well and that his friends expected him to return with tobacco and biscuit which they were "longing for." Tied dogs to sledge—some ten in all—and pressed on our way, wind being still strong and snow falling pretty freely. As we journeyed on, wind and snow increased. This was driven by the violence of the wind on one's face, where coming in contact with my beard and skin it formed a kind of ice plaster which could only be removed by the naked hand, the removal of which from one's fur gloves resulted in the inside of glove itself being freely dusted with particles of driving snow; these again melted with the warmth of hand when returned to its necessary cover. The sensations thus produced both in the face and hands by this experience might almost be described as unmitigated torture, to say nothing of the sensations produced in the whole body by the continual fury of wind and jolting of sledge. Wind still increased, but Ilak kept the dogs well in hand, and for a time he was able to keep the track which had been made by other Eskimos who had travelled to Kikkerton. Night, however, drew on apace, wind and snow increased, and at last we could see nothing. My companion kept on yelling at the dogs. On they went in spite of heavy wind, which

was almost dead ahead. What sagacious creatures they are! Ilak trusted them fully. He knew that could he only keep them in the right direction their keen sense of smell and evident instinct would do the rest. And so it proved. I was beginning to feel that I could not stand this terrible exposure much longer, and earnestly lifted up my heart to God in prayer that we might be led to the friendly shelter of a snow dwelling, when I happened to look through the drift, and there, quite close at hand, I saw two or three dim lights shining from the oil lamps inside these Arctic hotels. It did not take long to wake up some of our friends. I was kindly received and housed by a conjuror named Okittok. My garments, which were literally coated with snow, were beaten with a stick, and I was soon in my fur bag. I did not, however, sleep much during the remainder of the night. Some eight hours' tossing about had chilled me through and through."

"*April* 12.—As we were near some Eskimos we gladly entered their snow-house, and soon had something warm to drink. As I had not had the pleasure of washing for three days I felt that I must by some means have an ablution. Nothing in the shape of washing utensils, however, could be found amongst these primitive people, so I took my *frying pan*, and in this managed to have a ***kind*** of wash."

Every birthday in Mr. Peck's diary contains some special note. We will take April 15, 1902, as a sample :—

"*Tuesday, April* 15.—My birthday. (Fifty-two to-day.) And this is how I spent it. Blacklead Island was now seventeen miles away,our stock of provisions very low, so it was necessary to get to our journey's end as quickly as possible. The weather, however, was far from favourable. The wind was right ahead, and snow was driving heavily. My Eskimo friends were, however, confident that they could find their way. So we started. But to start was one thing, to get on was quite another. Our dogs were weak, the storm increased, and nothing at times could be seen On we went for some five hours. A lull in the storm then brought to our view an island. This island was about eight miles from Blacklead Island. We had travelled some nine miles in five hours—certainly not express speed. Tired and hungry, we made a kind of shelter with large blocks of snow. These we placed on the windward side of our sledge. My hearty companions hauled out a large piece of seal's meat. This they chopped up with an axe, and attacked with evident relish and delight. Got under the lee of one of the men, and in the midst of driving snow munched away at some biscuit which I had close at hand. On we went again. Had not gone far when a dog belonging to Tooloakjuak's sledge dropped down dead. He, poor fellow, has only

three dogs left out of seven. This mysterious complaint is thinning the dogs out on every hand. We started with ten; one died, another ran away, and the remainder are hardly able to move along. My man consequently goes ahead to lead the weary creatures through the drift. I, on the other hand, stop by the sledge. I shout, and shove, and pull, and help the dogs as much as I can, and so we manage to get along. Sometimes, however, we come to a complete standstill. Sledge and dogs get fast in a bank of snow. Now I have to beat down the snow in front of sledge, and with some mighty shoves, which strain every muscle in one's body, and with a number of regular war cries, which startle —if they do nothing else—the tired dogs, we are again on the move. About 2 p.m. we fortunately saw some old sledge tracks. Our poor dogs brightened up wonderfully. Sledge tracks are to them what one may call Arctic roads—roads which lead them sooner or later to a place of rest. Arrived at Blacklead Island about 4 p.m. Mr. J. Mutch (Mr. Noble's chief agent) received me most kindly, and a welcome repast, which he had most thoughtfully provided, seemed to put new life and vigour into my weary frame. I was also greatly cheered to notice the kindly spirit of the poor Eskimos. Several of the men, I ought to mention, came down on the ice to help our dogs up the rugged shore ice to the level space beyond. I spent the remainder

of my birthday in profitable reading, and in prayer for the people and my own loved ones in the homeland. Speaking of the latter, it is not weakness on my part, I feel sure, to state that their forms stand out as a living picture before me day by day—five cords ever pulling at one's heart, five mighty connecting links with Jesus on the throne."

In June, 1902, the Eskimos of Frobisher Bay were visited.

"After much prayer for guidance I have determined to go to the whaling station near Frobisher Bay. The place has not been visited for two years, and it is our duty to go, so I am now preparing for the journey. It is one thing to take a through ticket, say, from Euston to Aberdeen, it is quite another to travel along an ice-bound shore in an open boat, and to make provision for six mouths for some two months. Here are some of the items needed :— 1st. A good boat. 2nd. A suitable crew. 3rd. A good Eskimo canoe. This is necessary for hunting purposes. 4th. Suitable tents, one for myself and one for my companions. 5th. Necessary provisions—biscuits, coffee, tea, etc. All these must be stowed in boxes or waterproof bags. 6th. Guns and ammunition—necessary items in a region like this. 7th. Suitable clothing, such as sealskin coats, trousers etc. 8th. All needful cooking appliances, fuel, etc. We must take wood (which we get from home) or methylated spirits. No trees or driftwood

are to be found in these barren wastes. 9th. All necessary lines, harpoons, material for repairing boat in case of accident, etc., etc."

"*Sunday, June* 8.—Very good congregations, and very hearty services."

"*Saturday, June* 14.—Saw two beautiful little flowers to-day. What a reminder of the Creator's handiwork, goodness and love."

"*Tuesday, June* 17.—Nearly ready for trip to Frobisher Bay. Spoke to Christ's little flock here in the wilderness. Reminded them of Christ's love for all men. Told them that it was meet and right that I should leave them and preach the Gospel to others also. Exhorted them to cleave to Christ, and to help our brother Greenshield in every possible way."

"*Wednesday, June* 18.—Several of these poor creatures came down to the boat to say farewell. We prayed together on the ice-bound shore, and I then stepped on board. We only went a short distance when a large sheet of ice shut us in on the south end of the island. Our Arctic friends, however, soon came to the rescue, and helped us to drag both boat and baggage over the frozen barrier. Passed into the open sea, where we pulled away with a will. Camped at night in a kind of frozen bay, with great high rocks on our southern hand. There appears to be much ice on ahead, but we will, with God's help, press on."

"*Thursday, June* 19.—About 4 a.m. I heard a

great noise outside my tent. The wind had risen, and the men were busy securing my canvas tent and seeing to the safety of our boat. We are on the edge of a large floe, the inside part of which may be driven from the land. Should this happen nothing remains but to pack up, get in our boat as quickly as possible, and make our way to some more secure shelter. The wind blew strong all day, but we remained safe. I had prayers with our friends morning and evening. This, I need hardly say, is a great help and comfort to us."

"*Monday, June* 23.—The wind is driving the ice from the shore, so we hope to be able to proceed on the morrow. Three bears were seen on a large floe. Our Eskimo friends, however, much to their grief could not reach them, as the wind was too strong, and the ice was driven along at a great speed."

"*Tuesday, June* 24.—One of the men shot a seal on the shore ice—a great treat, as we were getting short of fresh meat. Found a mast of some ship wrecked in the past. Cut up some of this for firewood. Wind moderated, and then came on to blow from seaward. Ice was driving in upon us, so we packed up and got away about 11 p.m. *No night* here now, so we can travel when we see a favourable opportunity."

"*Friday, June* 7.—Saw three bears, all, however, ran away before we could get near them. Tried in the early part of the day to force our way through

an opening in the ice, but we were nearly shut in by large masses moving in different directions. Tried again in the evening, and after a lot of shoving; grinding and not a little nerve-shaking experience, we got safely across to the land we had in view. We thank God for His preserving care. This voyaging in a frail boat in the midst of moving masses of ice ranging from six to twenty feet thick is enough at times to try the stoutest heart."

"*Saturday, June* 8.—Made a number of dashes through open lanes of water which we found near the shore. In the evening tried to find a suitable place on the land where we could spend the Sabbath. We finally found a spot about forty feet above the level of the sea."

"*Monday, June* 30. Tried to move on. Had to shove large blocks of ice out of our way. Went on for about two miles, and then came to a standstill. A large expanse of ice which had not been loosened from the shore stood in our way. Camped on this."

"*Tuesday, July* 1.—Still shut in with ice. How unlike July! We are not in want of food, thank God. One of the men shot a seal to-day; we have also shot quite a number of eider ducks; neither of these is over palatable, but they make a change in our diet."

"*Wednesday, July* 2.—Could not move. Here we are fast in the ice, but safe in the hands of our God.

Men beginning to murmur on account of the tediousness and length of way. We are not half way to Frobisher Bay yet."

"*Thursday, July* 3.—At morning prayer spoke to our companions of the power and presence of Christ to keep and guide us. Truly strength is needed from Christ the fountain Head not only for one's own inner life, but to enable one to pour strength and courage into the hearts of others."

"*Friday, July* 4.—Made another dash at ice barrier. Got through safely. Masses of ice were, however, driven past us at great speed, and we had, to say the least, some exciting experiences. Beyond this barrier we had the pleasure of finding an open space of water running between some islands. We journeyed on and made a good day's work. We were all quite delighted."

"*Saturday, July* 5.—Pressed on again. About noon saw a large bear on ice floe right ahead of us. This monster was going along in a most stealthy manner to a large seal which was basking in the sun. The bear's attention being concentrated on what he hoped would prove a sumptuous repast, he did not notice the Eskimos (Muneapik and Ameksaktok) who were following Master Bruin on the ice. All at once the seal dived; the bear saw his pursuers; 'went for them,' coming up through a hole in the ice close to the men. With gnashing teeth he tried to get on top of the ice, but was soon shot. The carcase

(measuring some nine feet) was hauled up on the floe, cut up, and with a bountiful supply of meat we proceeded on our way. After dinner—some of the bear's flesh formed one of the *courses*—we tried to get on. But we had not gone far when the ice closed in upon us, so we had to beat a hasty retreat. We finally managed to reach a rock island, where we camped."

"*Friday, July* 11.—Fog cleared up. We moved on and came to a point of land with a small passage between it and the ice. We pulled with all our might to get through. We failed. The ice drove on to the point with a crushing grinding noise. Pile after pile of this was heaped on the shore. We backed out in quick time. It was well we did so. Our boat would have been crushed like a match-box had we been in the embrace of that icy mass. Now we had a lively time. Everything had to be taken out of the boat and carried to the open water beyond the point. We all carried what we could. Then we had a little breathing time. Now for the boat. With might and will we hauled it up on the ice. A lot of shouting and shoving and the boat was on the other side. She was launched and loaded and away we went again. It was now 10 p.m., so we managed to get ashore near some high rocks. Here we had supper. An opening in the ice gave us new hope and courage. We determined to go on. We started towards midnight."

"*Saturday, July* 12.—Came to a place where we could not get through. Camped about 1 p.m. on Sunday. Hope to proceed on Monday by another route."

"*Sunday, July* 13.—Spent a very happy day both bodily and spiritually. God's mercies are very real."

"*Monday, July* 14.—Started to try the outer route. This means going along the barren shore of David Strait. Reached the sea, when we saw two bears; gave chase. They went from the ice into the water. We followed in boat. After a long pull came up to them. Both were shot. We took them in tow, when a heavy head wind sprang up and rain came down in torrents. We had now to go to the nearest shelter, which proved to be an awful spot. Big towering rocks above us, while a shelving piece of ice some eight feet broad was the only place we could find to camp on. The wind howled, and the rain fell. Wet and cold, we managed to make a fire in a cave in the rocks. We boiled our kettles and made some tea. I then crept into my fur bag, which was about the only dry thing I possessed. Casting myself and companions upon God, I managed in spite of roaring wind and flapping tent to sleep, at least, through a portion of that memorable night."

"*Tuesday, July* 15.—A fearful day. No change for the better. Remained in my fur bag nearly the

whole day. I could not keep warm or dry anywhere else."

"*Wednesday, July* 16.—Cleared up about noon. We packed up with all speed. All were glad to leave this place of horrors. One of the men told me that he could not sleep. He was in dread, so he said, of those overhanging cliffs. Eskimos believe that rocks have their innua, viz., inhabitant. Strange stories are told in reference to these. Pressed on as far as we could. Camped in a small bay on a large sheet of ice. Men climbed high rocks. They brought back bad news. There is no possibility of our going on on account of icebergs, and vast bodies of ice ahead. Certainly this coast is awful, high rocks, icebergs, desolation, cold, snow and tempest on every hand."

"*Thursday, July* 17.—Tried to return from where we started from on Monday, but, alas, we could not get back. A vast sheet of ice had been driven by the wind right in our way. Made our way to an island, where we camped. Our guide again full of complaints. He spoke of returning to Blacklead Island if possible. I told him we must face our difficulties in the strength of God like men and go ahead."

"*Friday, July* 18.—During night wind sprang up from the north, and drove a lot of ice right in upon us. We could see the open water beyond, but could not move."

"*Saturday, July* 19.—A stirring day. Ice opened out a little. Tried to get away by going along the south end of island, but were nearly shut in; tried north end with the same result; retreated to the shore, climbed the rocks, where we keenly watched the motions of ice. About 4 p.m. saw an opening. Made a dash for this and escaped. Pressed on; pulled with all our might. Found an open space of water between two vast floes which took us almost to the land. An exciting time now followed. The ice closed in rapidly upon us. We all took up the nearest thing to hand and threw it on the ice. Up went the boat; but just in time. On the ice we waited for a time. Change of tide made a change in motions of floe. Launched our boat in an open space, and again we bent to the oars. Passed the place we had left on Monday about 7 p.m. Found to our joy the inside passage open. This runs between large islands—a blank on the map—and is nicely sheltered. Pulled on and finally camped on a nice grassy spot. We all felt utterly tired out, but thankful to God for His help and goodness. Our guide seemed quite a new man. He is full of hope now."

"*Sunday, July* 20.—The fifth spent on this journey. It is well, in spite of our tardy progress, to keep the Lord's Day. Rest for the body and food for the soul are real needs."

"*Monday, July* 21.—Journeyed on again. Found

a large expanse of open water, of which we made the best possible use. After dinner, which we had on some rocks, went on again. We had soon, however, to come to a dead halt. Large blocks of ice had been driven in close to a point where we had to pass. We could not haul our boat over the ice to the open water beyond, as the floe inside the point was in places full of holes. The only way was to try and loosen the ice blocks and force our boat through the pools of water here and there. We set to work at one block which seemed to be a kind of key-piece to the rest. We chiselled and shoved at this for some hours before it started. The ice now slackened. We shoved and hauled our boat along with all our might. We struggled on for some distance and then camped. We thank God for this day's help and take courage."

"*Tuesday, July* 22 .—We made a capital day's work. We met with but little ice and were able to sail for about four hours. We are only one full day's journey from the station (Signia).

"*Thursday, July* 24.—We struck a point of land not far from Signia. We hugged this land and were soon at the station. To our surprise we found Mr. Sampson's vessel, the *Forget-me-Not,* lying at anchor. Both Mr. Jansen, who was in charge of the station, and the captain of the vessel received me very kindly. Mr. Sampson himself, however, was away with some Eskimos walrus hunting, but he

is expected here to-morrow. I am informed that Mr. Sampson's station is some twenty-five miles from this post, but his vessel has come here prior to her departure for home."

These extracts, however interesting they are, must be curtailed. After a sojourn and encouraging work among the Eskimos of Frobisher Bay, Mr. Peck went back to Blacklead Island in Mr. Jansen's vessel, as his own men were going to hunt reindeer on their return journey.

On September 2 the *Alert* arrived with Mr. Bilby on board. He brought the happy news that the C.M.S. had no longer any thought of abandoning the Mission.

Mr. Peck was now to return home once more. But before starting he had one more very happy day on September 14. "Four more of the poor sheep in these desert wastes were dedicated to Christ in holy baptism. They have been candidates for some time, and I believe their faith is real. Again we thank God for His goodness.

A steamer happened to have called at Blacklead Island, so the tedium of a voyage in the *Alert* was avoided. Mr. Peck preferred this, although she was not to return at once but was to touch at various points for the sake of trade.

"*Wednesday, September* 17.—Left Blacklead Island in ss. *Balaena* at 8 a.m. The Lord did not send me away comfortless. Several of the Eskimos

here, who now know the Lord, thank God for this Mission, and for His kindness and love in sending to them the Gospel. The very kindly spirit of my brethren was also a comfort to me, for to leave this hallowed spot, this place of spiritual conflict and triumph in the Lord, was a sore wrench. And what does the Lord will now? What is the desire which lives day by day and hour by hour in my soul? Simply this. To spread the knowledge of Christ over these Polar wastes. The time seems to have come now when a younger brother should finally take my place at Cumberland Sound, leaving my hands free to press to the "regions beyond" in the way the Lord shall through His providential leadings indicate."

"*Thursday, September* 18.—Heavy wind sprang up, also heavy snow. The funnel and weather shrouds of ship were coated with a kind of icy covering. Everything gloomy in the extreme. Continually is my heart lifted up to God for spiritual power. Truly it is needed. Went to the forecastle to see the men. Was most kindly received. There are over forty hands on board. The vessel is fitted with six 'whale boats.' These are always kept ready for use, and a sharp look-out is kept in the 'crow's nest' for a 'fish,' which means, in whaler's idiom, a whale. This vessel, like other whaling craft, is most strongly built, and is fitted with masts and sails, the engines being used more as an auxiliary

power than the main moving agent. This is particularly the case when the ship is in clear water—i.e., water free of ice—and when the wind is fair. It need hardly be said that dangers from ice, icebergs and Arctic gales beset these hardy voyagers on every hand, and many a thrilling tale could be told by these brave men who face the icy seas."

"*Friday, September* 26.—Arrived at a place called by the Eskimo Rivetok, but named by the whalers 'Yahhe Fieord.' On arrival was delighted to meet some Eskimos. They greeted me in a most cordial manner. I noticed in particular one woman named Padlo.[1] She had spent one winter at Blacklead Island seven years ago, and had during her stay there shown a great desire for instruction. I find that she has used her influence for Christ. This fact, I need hardly say, gives me deep joy. So here we find, some eighty miles within the Arctic circle, this little flock without a shepherd's care, but none the less precious are they in the eyes of Jesus. I had a long chat with our Arctic friends, and they told me that far away in the distant north there are other Eskimos who, they said, were 'horrible creatures,' who thought nothing of killing each other. One man also, when I told him that I was going home in the ship, said to me, 'Pray divide yourself in two, leaving half with us and half with those in the white man's land.' Several of them also asked me

[1] See p, 226.

if I could not come back next year, but I told them that I could not order my own movements. God, I said, moved His servants from place to place, besides which I was under orders from the 'believers at home,' and that I would have to go a long way in a ship, and (using an Eskimo idiom) 'end several moons' before I could hope to see their faces again. Poor creatures! Most gladly will I see them again if the Lord so direct. I set to work to teach them all I could. The captain kindly got a place rigged up between decks. Here we gathered together. I went over some of the foundation facts, such as the being and attributes of God, the power and goodness of God shown in His works, manifest to our very senses. I naturally passed on as soon as possible to man's fallen state, how he fell from his high estate, and the wonderful means provided for his recovery and safety through the all-sufficient work of Jesus, and the sanctifying power of God the Holy Ghost. All this has to be taught little by little. These people cannot grasp or digest much at one time, and their ideas of many objects familiar to ourselves are a complete blank. These facts will show the difficulties of this work. What we need along this coast, even as at Blacklead Island, is a station. How such a station can be established is another question. But it *can* be done through the power of our God. If some £60,000 has been found to fit out the *Discovery*, and send

her on her Antarctic expedition, God, I feel sure, can give the means to carry out His plans. Do the souls of these Eskimos belong to Him? Did Christ die for them? Ought He to have them for His own? Certainly He ought. Well, then, our line of action is clear. We must use the means, and go forward in His strength to win them for our King."

At last, on *Wednesday, November* 5, 1902.— "Reached home. Three periods of separation, making in all a total of almost seven years, have now been spent for the Saviour. But do we regret this? In no wise. Both Mrs. Peck and I have found God's compensations very real, and there is very joy and satisfaction in knowing that life is used for a purpose."

APPENDIX

A FEW words on the language of the Eskimos may be of interest to some readers. The following is a short description from Mr. Peck's pen: "The principal peculiarity of the language consists in the length of its words and that feature which grammarians style agglutinative.

"Agglutinative it certainly is, for all the parts of speech may be joined to the verbal root and then conjugated in the various moods and tenses found in this remarkable tongue.

"We have to consider not only our ordinary moods but also an interrogative one, which is most striking and expressive in its use and formation.

"There are three numbers, singular, dual, and plural. Adverbs, particles, etc., are added to the verbal root."

A few examples will illustrate these remarks:—

INDICATIVE AND INTERROGATIVE

Of the Moods

THE INDICATIVE

Singular

Pissukpoonga . . . . . *I walk.*
Pissukpotit . . . . . *Thou walkest.*
Pissukpok . . . . . *He walks.*

Dual

Pissukpogook . . . . . *We two walk.*
Pissukpotik . . . . . *You two walk*
Pissukpook . . . . . *They two walk.*

Plural

Pissukpogoot . . . . . *We walk.*
Pissukpose . . . . . *You walk.*
Pissukpoot . . . . . *They walk.*

THE INTERROGATIVE MOOD

Singular

Pissukpoonga? . . . . *Do I walk?*
Pissukpet? . . . . . *Dost thou walk?*
Pissukpā? . . . . . *Does he walk?*

Dual

Pissukpēnook? . . . . *Do we two walk?*
Pissukpētik? . . . . *Do you two walk?*
Pissukpāk? . . . . *Do they two walk?*

Plural

Pissukpēta? . . . . *Do we walk?*
Pissukpēte? . . . . *Do you walk?*
Pissukpāt? . . . . . *Do they walk?*

The transitive verb *Tekkova*, "*He sees him,*" with first, second, and third persons as subject, and with singular, dual, and plural object:—

Tekkovara . . . . . *I see him.*
Tekkovut . . . . . *Thou seest him.*
Tekkova . . . . . *He sees him.*

With Dual Object

Tekkovâka . . . . . *I see those two.*
Tekkovatik . . . . . *Thou seest those two.*
Tekkovak . . . . . *He sees those two.*

With Plural Object

Tekkovuka . . . . . *I see them.*
Tekkovatit . . . . . *Thou seest them.*
Tekkovât . . . . . *He sees them.*

With various adverbial and other particles affixed to verbal root.

Tekkova . . . . . *He sees him:*

With adverbial particle—*Kaprea*, "*Soon.*"

Tekkokapreakpa . . . *He sees him soon.*

With time particle—*Neak*, "*Will.*"

Tekkokapreáneakpa . . He will see him soon.

With auxiliary verbal particle—*Nashooak*, "*Tries to.*"

Tekkokapreañashooan̄neak'pa He will try and see him soon.

With negative particle—*Yange*, "*Not.*"

Tekkokapreanashooangneat-yangela We will not try and see him soon.

"All learners of this strange language find the principal difficulty not so much in *saying* these peculiar words, as in understanding correctly what the natives themselves say."

Much has been said in the narrative concerning the syllabic character. The Syllabarium which Mr. Peck has adapted for the Eskimos is not without interest.

(For table see next page).

Table of Syllabic Characters adapted for the Eskimo.

	ă	e	o	u	
	▽	△	▷	◁	
p	∨	∧	>	<	<
t	∪	∩	⊃	⊂	⊂
k	ᑫ	ᑭ	ᑯ	ᑲ	ᑲ
g	ᑎ	ᑏ	ᑐ	ᑕ	ᑕ
m	ᒣ	ᒥ	ᒧ	ᒪ	ᒪ
n	ᓄ	ᓂ	ᓄ	ᓇ	ᓇ
s	ᓴ	ᓯ	ᓱ	ᓴ	ᓴ
l	ᓕ	ᓖ	ᓗ	ᓚ	ᓚ
y	ᔪ	ᔫ	ᔪ	ᔭ	
v	ᕙ	ᕚ	ᕚ	ᕝ	ᕝ
r	ᖕ	ᖖ	ᖕ	ᖖ	ᖖ

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